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VOL. VI 1922-1923

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent

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H. W. Lawton,
Brig. Gen.
U. S. Army.

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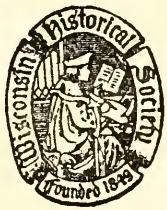

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MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE[1]

General Charles King

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

Major General Merritt, my old-time commander in the Fifth Cavalry, had been hurried to San Francisco to organize a corps of twenty thousand men, with two division and four brigade commanders, and he at once wired to the War Department, asking for me, his adjutant of the Indian war days. At the same time he wired to me at Milwaukee. I received his invitation with gladness, and when two days later there came a wire from the War Department asking if it would be "agreeable" to me to go with General Merritt to Manila, I replied at once, "With Merritt anywhere," and asked that my commission be sent to his care at San Francisco, expecting to start at once.

But the orders did not come. General Greene, for whom I knew Merritt had also applied, had passed through Chicago en route to join. General MacArthur was at the Plankinton in Milwaukee, daily expecting his orders, but not until the fourth day did they arrive. Mine was curiously worded: "This being an original appointment you must go to San Francisco at your own expense." Blow the expense! I would have gone all the way to Manila at my own expense if that were all that kept me waiting and worrying over the delay. The papers announced that Gen. T. M. Anderson with the first brigade had started, and General Greene, Generals E. S. and H. G. Otis had arrived in camp before I got the word to go. Four days later I was with General Merritt in San Francisco, wearing my uniform as a general officer of the Wisconsin Guard, found General Greene just ready to start with the Second Brigade, and a raft of

[1] This article is a continuation of the author's reminiscences, parts of which have appeared in the March and June issues of this magazine. Another installment is being prepared by General King.

Regulars wondering how in blazes a retired captain could so suddenly blossom out into a brigadier. Few of them knew that I had been for over seventeen years the instructor of the Wisconsin troops that had been called into action, and that when Wisconsin was ordered to furnish a brigade, her two senators, Spooner and Mitchell, at once urged that Wisconsin be permitted to name the brigadier, and the only name they placed before the President was mine.

Reporting for duty in camp, I was assigned by Maj. Gen. E. S. Otis to the command of the Second Provisional Brigade (First Idaho, Thirteenth Minnesota, Twentieth Kansas, and First Tennessee). An important meeting was held at the headquarters of General Otis on the morning of the thirteenth of June, at which were present General Merritt, the corps commander; General Otis, the division commander; Gen. Marcus P. Miller, commanding the First Provisional Brigade; General MacArthur, who had just arrived; General King, commanding the Second Provisional Brigade; and a few staff officers. Addressing the camp commander, General Merritt said: "And now, General Otis, we have started the first and second expeditions; I wish the third to be placed in readiness to leave about the twenty-fifth, General King to go in command."

I regarded this announcement as confidential and said nothing about it to my little staff, and was surprised to see the announcement in big letters in the morning paper the following day. A very busy week followed. We were drilling hours each day and making preparation between times for the voyage. The transports were assembling, the stores going aboard, when there came a note from Colonel Babcock, Merritt's chief-of-staff (we had been brother captains in the Fifth Cavalry), asking me to come at once to San Francisco; he had something of importance to tell me. I went, and with no little embarrassment he informed me that General MacArthur had been to see General Merritt, had

pointed out that he was commanding a regiment in the Civil War while I was only a cadet, that he was for that reason my senior in the list of generals (he was by just two places), and as he was present for duty it was a reflection on him to send a junior in command of the third expedition. Merritt saw the point; so did I, though I might have made a similar objection in the case of General Greene, but did not. I rode back to camp almost as sad as when I had to give way to Upham in the spring of '62, yet went straight to MacArthur, congratulated him on his preferment, and told him that had he spoken to me I would have gone with him to Merritt, as I would have gone to Lincoln with Upham, and said that he had the better claim. In the early summer of 1862 Senator Doolittle had taken MacArthur to the President to beg for an appointment at large for West Point, only to learn that Upham and I were already representing Wisconsin on the presidential list. So he went home to become adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin and, before he was fairly nineteen, its commanding officer.

And now he was to go on and reach Manila in time for the one tussle with the Spaniards, he and Greene both my juniors in age and Greene my junior in rank, both to be made major generals as a result of it, while I was left behind to continue drilling volunteers. It was hard luck, but worse was to follow.

Two of the best regiments in my brigade were sent with MacArthur, but in their stead I had received the Fifty-first Iowa, a militia regiment, in very creditable condition as to drill and discipline. Under its lieutenant colonel, however, another regiment had become so slack that Merritt sent for me and asked the direct question, "Which Wisconsin regiment shall I apply for in its stead?"

It was then late evening. "Let me think it over until morning," I replied, and with that we parted; and with the following day came Funston, the young colonel of the Kan-

sas regiment, who had been held in Washington by Lieutenant General Miles because of his intimate knowledge of Cuban affairs, and with Funston came a marked and immediate change for the better. In less than a week Merritt had such excellent reports of the "Jay Hawkers," as the Kansans were called, that Wisconsin's chance in the first army of occupation at Manila was gone.

I now had what was soon called the Union Brigade—Iowa, Kansas, and Tennessee—with three fine colonels, and in ten days their brigade drills and evolutions were worth seeing. Merritt himself left for Manila, placing Major General Otis in command of the three brigades, Gen. Marcus Miller, a veteran regular, Gen. Harrison G. Otis, and myself as the brigade commanders, Otis being my junior. Merritt in going told me that he had directed Gen. E. S. Otis to send me with my three thousand just as soon as the transports got back. Meantime it was drill, drill, drill.

Then came another blow:—Orders by wire from Washington for Gen. E. S. Otis to send the brigade of Gen. Harrison G. Otis, and himself to accompany it. "The President directs" was the wording, and everybody knew why.

During the latter part of the Civil War the Twenty-third Ohio, of which a modest young sergeant, McKinley, was on duty at regimental headquarters, was commanded by its major, Harrison G. Otis, and now the sergeant had become president and commander-in-chief, the major head of a great California paper, and there you were. Again was I overslaughed, as the saying is. Again I congratulated my luckier rival, and then Major General Merriam came to San Francisco to command the Department of California, and presently held the first brigade review of the war, so he said—though I fancy there may have been a few at Chickamauga—and the Union Brigade was called on, and

it was a beauty. Alex. Reid of Appleton was then with us as volunteer aide on my staff, and his description of that event in the Appleton *Crescent* was a joy. Indeed, the major general, a keen drill master himself, was more than complimentary. He had the whole brigade cheering wildly after the ceremony by the announcement that they should go to Manila before the end of the month (August) as a reward for their fine work, and once again we took heart.

Soon, however, came the news of the battle of the thirteenth of August, and soon thereafter General Merritt's announcement that he needed no more troops, and for the third time my hopes were blasted.

Then followed a week of decided depression, and then an inspiration came to General Merriam, who had been most sympathetic. The *Arizona* of the old Guion Line, once the grayhound of the seas, having made the quickest run from Sandy Hook to Liverpool, arrived in port to load up with supplies for Merritt's army at Manila, and to carry over a number of Red Cross doctors, nurses, additional staff officers, etc. The First New York Infantry and the Second Battalion of Engineers had been sent over to Honolulu and were in camp at Kapiolani Park, and they needed supplies, and there had come to our camp at Presidio Heights five battalions recruited in Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania for the regiments of those states already in Manila, also two hundred men for the Eighteenth Regulars. These men being actual members of organizations already in the Philippines, General Merriam declared it could be no violation of General Merritt's wishes to send them where they belonged. "And," said he, "if you don't mind giving up this fine brigade and taking charge of a single ship load, you shall go in command." I could have hugged him.

Merriam felt sure that they would be needed, for no sooner did Aguinaldo's forces find that the Americans sternly

forbade their looting the homes of their former oppressors, the Spaniards, now disarmed and helpless, than they became turbulent and threatening. In writing to the *Sentinel* in August and September, I made the prediction that the Filipinos would give our little army infinitely more trouble than the Spaniards had caused Dewey or Merritt. Whether General Merriam consulted the War Department or not was no affair of mine. On the sixteenth of August I bade adieu to the Union Brigade, assuring them of my faith that they would speedily be needed and sent after me. Our five battalions were ordered to embark the following day. My two staff officers and I moved aboard (a beautiful cabin, formerly the ladies' rest room, had been assigned to me), and then came a message from Merriam. Bad news: Ordered to hold the *Arizona* until the arrival of certain field guns from Rock Island Arsenal, and again my spirits sank. Something kept telling me the plan would fall through after all.

Three wretched days followed. At last the guns came and were hoisted aboard and stowed below, and nearly mad with impatience I drove up to headquarters to urge that the battalions be marched down at once, and Merriam met me with his whimsical grin:

"Another day can make no difference," said he, "and I've about decided to run over with you myself and have a look at Honolulu. The islands are now part of my command and I ought to get acquainted with them, but I can't get aboard until tomorrow night."

"Then I am betting that orders will come from Washington to stop the whole scheme."

"Don't worry," said Merriam, "it doesn't pay. *You* are going—anyhow."

At last he came aboard bringing a little party of friends, and to him, as senior, I turned over the beautiful cabin, turned Lieutenant Colonel Barnett out of the next best, he

in turn recoiled on the senior major, and so there was no end of moving of luggage at the last moment. By nine at night the last soldier was stowed away between decks, and the last stowaway led, crest-fallen, ashore. At ten General Merriam, tired out from three days' rush work, turned in. We were hard aground, with our heavy load of stores and fifteen hundred passengers and crew. "But," said Captain Barneson, "the tide will lift us off toward midnight, then we back out into the bay and anchor until morning."

At eleven everybody except the sentries, the watch, and so on, had gone to roost, officers and soldiers wearied after the long march in from camp, and still I paced the deck, nervous, apprehensive, sure that something still was destined to happen to checkmate our move.

And at 11:30 it came.

The officer of the guard appeared with a telegraph boy, and the lad held out to me the fateful brown envelope. It was oddly addressed: "Commanding General U. S. Troops, San Francisco, California." Official beyond doubt, and as General Merriam, the department commander, had declared himself simply a passenger on the ship, which was under my command, I was undoubtedly the commanding general of the United States troops at that moment at San Francisco, General Miller being in command of the two brigades still left at camp.

But the instant I opened it I saw that the clerk had erroneously addressed the envelope, for this was practically what the message said; at this moment I cannot quote it verbatim.

Commanding General, Department California, S. F.

War Department, Washington, August 20, 1898.

If General King has started send swift steamer after him with orders to hold command at Honolulu.

(Signed) Corbin,

who was the adjutant general of the Army.

If only I had not opened it! If only we could have slid away from that pier five minutes earlier! If only I could rip it to fragments! The boy had gone ashore; the single plank had been hauled aboard; we were at that moment just beginning to stir, heavily, slowly, straining at the stern hawsers landward under the impulse of the flooding tide.

And now—just at the moment when after all the disappointment—all the suspense—all the worry—at last had come the longed-for chance to go, with it had come this wretched order to stay!

A moment later, and I stood by General Merriam's bedside. Reproachfully he looked up at me, disturbed in his dreamless sleep. "What did I tell you, sir?" was all I could say, as I handed him the despatch.

There was a sound of scurrying footsteps out on deck, a muffled order, the splash of some heavy object into the sluggish water alongside, some faint sound and stir in the bowels of the big ship, and a sudden throb and rumble far astern, and all at once the big transport seemed to wake up and pulse and quiver and heave, and then Merriam slowly folded the despatch and looked up at me, quizzically.

"Well, sir, do we disembark at daybreak?" I asked.

"No," said Merriam, "don't you hear the engine? General King has started."

The following day we were far out of sight of even the Farallones, and time and again on the week's beautiful voyage to Honolulu (which we reached August 28) I wondered how on earth Merriam was ever going to "square himself" with the War Department. By this time I knew that sooner than have his plans disarranged, he had not reported until almost the last moment that he was sending the reserve battalions on to Manila and me with them. But not in the faintest degree did Merriam show anxiety. We were off. We would stop at Honolulu long enough to land him, his staff officers and guests, the supplies for the

New York regiment and the Engineers. There was then no cable to Honolulu, and there wasn't a steamer in port that could catch the *Arizona*. "You'll be at Manila," said he, "before any contradictory orders can reach you, unless they cable Merritt to send a boat to meet and turn you back. Once there, you and your men will be welcome."

It looked possible, but I felt somehow that something would turn up to delay me at Honolulu, and that orders to hold would overtake us—and they did.

Arrived at Honolulu, we were received by Admiral "Joe" Miller, one of the most popular men of the old navy, and he told Merriam much about the new conditions there that set my senior to studying the situation. There was much interchange of calls between him and the island officials—Governor Dole, Secretary Damon, and others of the old régime—men of charm and culture and high ideals. Then there were the consular and diplomatic representatives of the United States and a number of officials of other nations. Only a few weeks previous the Hawaiian flag had been lowered over the palace, the stars and stripes run up in its place, and Merriam found a large number of prominent British and German, not to mention Japanese and Chinese, business men and residents who were in sympathy with the former queen of the islands and decidedly against American interests.

There was a big parade to the palace grounds, a public reception for my officers and men. The five battalions made a very soldierly show of it, and the Hawaiian band played superbly. The people who met us were most cordial, but they were few in number. Nine-tenths of the populace held aloof.

The *Arizona* remained at anchor out in the harbor. I moved into the cabin vacated by General Merriam, and every day or two went ashore to beg him to say the word and send us on to Manila, where by this time things were

beginning to look squally—so said the Shanghai and other papers brought in by the eastbound O. & O. liner.

"There's sure to be trouble with Aguinaldo," was the word, and General Merriam grinned. "Didn't I tell you?" said he. "You and your men will be welcome. See if you're not."

"Then send us on," I begged. "We're not welcome, nor wanted, here." But he wished me to go with him to look at Pearl Harbor, and that took another day—five more thus idled away, and then on the morning of September 3, as I rose early, eager and restless, and looked out to sea, lo, there came steaming slowly in the transport *Scandia*, that we had left deserted at San Francisco. She wasn't swift, but she could catch General King and the *Arizona*, held as they were at Honolulu, and at noon Merriam came out in the Admiral's barge, and the guard and I received him with all honors, but with reluctant hearts, for the first sight of his face was enough.

"You are to command the District of Hawaii—the whole archipelago," said he, trying to be consolatory. The *Scandia* had brought the Washington despatch, received at his headquarters in San Francisco, two days after we cleared the Golden Gate, and his faithful staff had sent it bounding after us, over the 2200-mile run to Honolulu as quickly as the *Scandia* could weigh anchor and be off.

And so, heartsick again, I moved ashore to delightful quarters at the Royal Hawaiian. The five battalions marched out to Kapiolani Park, near Waikiki beach, and went into camp. And then came ten of the most trying weeks of my life. The *Arizona* went on to Manila, with her cargo and her array of doctors and nurses. The local papers duly published the order establishing the military district of Hawaii, headquarters at Honolulu, Brig. Gen. Charles King to command. The guns of the *Philadelphia* flagship boomed their salute to that most unwilling official, whose

first act was to dictate a letter imploring the commanding general at Manila to send for us and not keep us where we were, neither needed nor wanted. I had to look over the ground, and almost instantly took exception to Kapiolani Park as a camp ground. It was low, flat, with lagoons of stagnant water about, miasmatic, as anyone could see and the morning sick report of the First New York and Second Engineers too plainly showed. The water supply was inadequate, the ground not suitable for latrines. Only one battalion could drill at a time, and the post hospital had been established in what had been a dancing pavilion in town, two miles away, and that ramshackle old frame shed stood on piles over what had been a swamp. A dozen typhoid and two dozen malarial fever patients were already there and more were coming. We had only five doctors, and as for nurses, they had all been shipped to Manila.

I went to Merriam with my tale of woe, and found him packing. He now felt that the more quickly he returned to his post at San Francisco the better. The *Australia* was due any moment, and within twenty-four hours he was gone, bidding me make the best of the situation and pay no attention to what the papers were saying. And the papers, British or German owned or edited, were saying scandalous things about the depredations and outrages committed by the United States troops in Manoa Valley and elsewhere before we were a week ashore. Without exception the stories were either false or grievously exaggerated. Of course they were copied by many journals in the States.

We had no supplies for so big a command, except the plain army ration, ill suited to such a climate—no fund for vegetables, fruit, ice, milk, etc. The quartermaster in town said he hadn't so much as a storm flag to hoist over camp, or the money with which to buy one. The District of Hawaii started without a penny of the contingent fund provided all other departments and districts, and there we

were out in mid-Pacific, eight days by liner from San Francisco, and by the end of the second week, two a day our men were dying of typhoid, and the only flag to set at half mast when the solemn little cortège marched out with muffled drums was the one I had brought from Milwaukee—for my own purposes.

Soon after Merriam left, our kind and helpful friend Admiral Miller was recalled to San Francisco, as he was soon to retire, and the day his flagship steamed away we ran the six big bronze guns that were once the pride of King Kalakaua's heart, "by hand" through the streets and placed them in battery, screened by some sand dunes, and surprised Miller with a thundering parting salute of thirteen guns to his flag, and right gallantly the *Philadelphia* boomed her reply as her prow turned eastward for the homeward run. The *Scandia* went on to the Philippines, with some lucky artillerymen, and then we were left to battle with our troubles.

We had one admirable medical officer, Major Morris, of the Regulars, and as our sick list soon overflowed the big wooden hospital he begged for more doctors, nurses, field hospital tents, etc., but they were an interminable time coming. The regimental medical officers were few, and with one exception well nigh inexperienced. Our cares and anxieties increased, and October, 1898 came near being the end of me. I doubt if ever I knew a month of such continuous worry. Sleepless nights and fever-haunted days were telling on many of us. At last came November, and with it news that we were almost too depressed to cheer. Just as Merriam had predicted—for Merritt had quit Manila and gone to Paris—General Otis urged our being hurried to his support. General Merriam was sending the *Arizona*, and on November 7 a debilitated-looking one thousand of the men I had led so jubilantly to the August voyage were once more stowed away on the transport we had so hated to

leave. We pulled out into the harbor, anchored three days to weed out the last of the fever cases that medical science could detect, and on November 10 at last turned our backs on the "Paradise of the Pacific," and then the doctors put me to bed.

I had been vaccinated three days before embarking, and whether the Australian virus was impure or my run-down condition was the cause, most violent inflammation and swelling set in, and I broke out all over. I was so weak and ill by the time we reached Manila, the end of the month, that after reporting to General Otis I was trundled to hospital for treatment that could not be given aboard ship. It was two weeks before I could go on crutches again to see the commanding general, and meantime the suffering from carbuncles and swollen legs had been the most serious I had ever known. All this time, however, the utmost kindness and attention had been shown me by brother officers, and at last Dr. Keefer, chief surgeon, decided that I could leave the hospital and move to the big, beautiful home down Malate way, that had been assigned to me and the officers of my staff. It was most comfortable and commodious, with screened galleries on three sides and broad screened porticos, and the upper floor overlooking that wonderful bay, all the way over to Cavite Point—the monitor *Monadnock* being just off shore, long pistol shot distant, the *Olympia*, Dewey's flagship, and his little flotilla at anchor well over toward the westward shore.

It was mid-December when I was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, First Division; General Ovenshine, who was colonel of the Twenty-third Regulars, commanding the Second Brigade. MacArthur, now at the head of the Second Division, with the brigades of H. G. Otis and Irving Hale, was on the north and northeast front of Manila, and we had the south and southeast, the lines forming a big, irregular half circle inclosing the entire city.

By this time, too, my old brigade had come forward from San Francisco, and was broken up and distributed, Funston, with the Kansans, going to MacArthur's division, the Tennesseans over to Cavite Arsenal across the bay. The Iowans were kept aboard ship and presently sent down to a neighboring island.

On December 15 I had my first look at my new brigade, commanded up to that time by that genial soldier and gentleman Col. "Jim" Smith, of the First California, later governor general. The Fourteenth Regulars, a splendid regiment, led by its lieutenant colonel, Robe, was in barracks only a few squares from my headquarters. The Fourth Cavalry—what there was of it—was in roomy buildings on the broad Calle Faura, the main road over to the Nozaleda, on which General Anderson had his post; and the California regiment was stationed farther back, almost under the ramparts of the old walled city. These, for the present at least, with the guns of the Astor Battery under Lieut. Harry Hawthorne, were to constitute my command.

It took several days to become acquainted with the situation, and I own it looked anything but placid or promising.

Long weeks before we reached the islands with these welcome and much needed reinforcements, the relations with Aguinaldo and his soldiery had become so strained that, while demanding that individually or even in small parties his officers and men should be allowed to pass to and fro without hindrance, Aguinaldo declared the Americans must confine themselves to the city. Every road and bridge leading to the suburbs, such as Santa Ana, San Pedro Macati on the southeast, and Pasay to the south, were strongly guarded by the little brown soldiers, many of them well set up and having been trained in the Spanish ranks. They were well armed, too, with the Mauser or Remington, with smokeless ammunition. Our volunteers

had nothing but the Springfield breech loader, calibre forty-five, with the old black powder cartridge. Thirty thousand strong was Aguinaldo's surrounding army. Less than sixteen thousand was the American force in Manila, which had not only to keep order in the swarming native population, all presumably in sympathy with Aguinaldo, but to care for some ten thousand Spanish prisoners, not that they gave promise of trouble, for they would have been long ago massacred to a man but for the presence of the Americans. They were, therefore, on terms of distant but respectful and soldierly courtesy with their conquerors. Moreover, out there in the bay was that little flotilla of Dewey's, with its eight- or five-inch guns, quite powerful enough to blow the whole town about the ears of the people if they started anything objectionable.

We had but two regiments of regular infantry, the Fourteenth and the Twenty-third, the Eighteenth having been sent to Ilo Ilo. We had a squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, dismounted, a battalion of artillery serving as infantry, one light battery of the Sixth Artillery, minus horses and harnesses, and the howitzers of the discharged Astor Battery, manned by Regulars. We had one regiment of volunteers or militia from each of the following states: California, Colorado, Dakota (North and South), Kansas, Idaho, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Washington, with a battalion from Wyoming, a brace of batteries from Utah, and an old wooden river craft rigged up as a gunboat. In point of numbers that could be assembled on the firing line the insurrectos were rather more than two to our one, but except the luckless thousand that had been held up ten weeks with us in Honolulu, our fellows were in fine health and spirits, well fed, well drilled, regularly exercised, and ready for anything. What they could not understand was why Aguinaldo should virtually be permitted to have his own way.

And here is the explanation. The President and his advisers knew well that their political opponents would eagerly seize on every error that they might make, and following the lead of Mr. Godkin of the New York *Evening Post* and its "umbra" the Springfield *Republican*, a number of anti-administration papers were making the most of the fact that we had accepted the assistance of Aguinaldo and his followers in the attack on Manila, and soon thereafter had ordered the Filipino soldiery out of town.

There was every reason for so doing. The insurgents had fully expected, and their officers and men had been promised, the joy of looting the Spanish stores and homes, and that of revenging themselves on every detested Spaniard against whom they bore a grudge. They spoke of all this with entire frankness, as their right, and were amazed and disgusted that the Americans would not permit it.

It was a touchy time for the administration. McKinley and his cabinet, and strong men like Spooner, knew that we were just where we could not let go. Whether we wanted the islands or not, to haul down our flag and pull out and tell Aguinaldo and his people to help themselves would have been a crime of the first magnitude, since thousands of helpless Spaniards would have been butchered and the fate of their wives and daughters would have been indescribable. Until some stable form of government could be devised, the fortunes of war had made us the responsible custodians of Manila and neighborhood, as well as of the other garrison towns. Stay we had to, and keep the peace if we could. In plain words, General Otis told us his orders from Washington were to hang on until further orders, but in every possible way, short of letting them loot the city and shoot the Spaniards, we were to conciliate the Filipinos. No matter what affront or insult our officers or men received at their hands, not a blow must be struck, not a weapon drawn. The hardest test of discipline ever American

soldiery was subjected to was that through which our fellows passed the month of January, 1899.

Very soon after taking command of the First Brigade, I had asked General Anderson to rearrange matters. I was General Ovenshine's senior in the volunteers, but he was my senior in the old regular service, as was MacArthur; yet the Fourteenth Infantry and the Fourth Cavalry were in my command, while their senior officers, Colonel Robe, Major Potter, and Major Rucker, were my seniors in the permanent establishment. It was a source of embarrassment to me, although nothing could have been more courteous, cordial, and soldierly than their bearing to me on all occasions. But, I had had much experience with state troops, while Ovenshine, one of the most lovable men and gallant officers that ever lived, had had none. I asked to exchange the Fourteenth Regulars for the First Washington, and the Fourth Cavalry for the First Idaho, and it was done.

Then came a month of close association with these far western soldiers at the extreme front—drills by day and vigils by night that kept us in almost hourly touch. "When the blow comes," said General Anderson, "it will be in full force on your front," and there was every reason to say so. With its left resting on the Pasig River at Pandacan Point, and its right connecting with Ovenshine's left at Blockhouse Twelve, my line followed the meanderings of the Concordia Estero, a branch of the river, and was bisected in front of Blockhouse Eleven by the main road from Manila to the populous suburbs along the Pasig and the big towns on the Laguna de Bay and all southern Luzon. Concordia Bridge spanned the Estero one hundred yards in front of the blockhouse. Everything across that stream was Filipino territory, where after January 15 no man of our number was permitted to set foot. The bridge and blockhouse were at the apex of an almost acute angle, jutting far out into the level rice fields and bamboo thickets. It had been accepted

and established before I got there, as had the camp grounds and hospital at Honolulu, and I fell heir to the most undesirable, not to say untenable, bit of real estate it has ever been my lot to control.

I pointed out to General Anderson and later told General Otis how faulty it was from a military point of view, as it brought my men between two fires. Moreover, we soon discovered that the insurgents were throwing up earthworks at night, obviously for artillery with which to enfilade both my lines, to the right and to the left of that fateful stone arch. Both generals admitted it; but, said Otis, to fall back a single foot would give Aguinaldo a moral victory that would be heralded far and wide. Moreover, if we abandoned that angle, where could we place the line? The thronging suburb of Paco was only a short distance behind the blockhouse.

I begged to be allowed to throw up earthworks with traverses to protect my men and enable us to hold it; but, said Otis, to throw up a single spadeful would be to say we distrusted our brown brother, and it would be construed as an act of hostility, not only here but at home. "It can't be done," and it wasn't. And it was right there at that infernal point that we suffered most when at last the assault in force took place.

Four times in January had Otis warning from his spies that the attack in force from without, accompanied by a general uprising of the armed natives within our lines, was set to occur on such a night, and so imminent seemed the danger to the Americans in the city, that he felt constrained to hold one-half the California regiment of my brigade back in town, with the Thirteenth Minnesota and Twenty-third Regulars, so that I had only twenty-four companies of infantry to man a mile and a half of tortuous line. Every day the situation became more tense, the bearing of the Filipinos more insolent; yet our orders still

required that we should salute their officers, show them every courtesy, while they and their men jeered at our sentries, drew "bolos" in their very faces, called them cowards, and dared them to fight.

Moreover, every night now their working parties were spading up the rice fields in our front. We could watch their lights flitting about the walls of Santa Ana, a mile away, and dancing like will-o'-the-wisps from one bamboo patch to another; while opposite my left, close to the river, there stood a big redoubt, hidden from us by bamboo thickets on their side of the slough, but plainly visible from the belfry of the old convent behind our lines.

In all their fighting against the Spaniards their attacks were made by night, the favorite hour being just before the dawn. By day, except in little patrols or squads they kept in hiding. A Filipino officer, with a dozen men, occupied a little guardhouse just across the Concordia Bridge, with a single sentry pacing to and fro on the highest point of the arch, absolutely safe from molestation by my men, whose foremost outpost, a corporal and three men of the Washingtons, crouched by night at our end of the arch that spanned the narrow stream.

Not a night in bed had any one of my people after January 15. Just as soon as it was dark we formed the long lines at the stations, from Artillery Knoll on our right, clear around to Pandacan Point, with two battalions in reserve in Paco village. Brigadier and all, we watched and waited, lying down in our blankets when not actually on post, but ready at an instant's notice to spring to arms.

We were able to discover that the strongest force was opposite my left, a battalion in the redoubt, others in farm enclosures back toward the Santa Ana convent, under the walls of which, trained on Concordia Bridge, were the Krupp guns they had captured from the Spaniards. Thus a strong force was thrust far forward, threatening my left at the

Point and ready to burst through the bamboo and take Blockhouse Eleven and the troops holding the bridge, in flank and rear. Only the Washingtons had I to hold that line, from road to river, but five thousand Filipinos couldn't have budged them. I felt so confident of this that I had laid before General Anderson a plan of battle to which he gave unqualified assent. "Only," said he, "remember that you cannot attack until Otis gives the word. You may have to fight on the defensive for hours."

And so it proved, worse luck! And that was why our losses were so much heavier than those of the other three brigades.

I had gone over to our quarters on the bay shore the beautiful afternoon of the fourth of February, leaving all quiet but vigilant along the line of the Concordia. I needed a tub and change of raiment, and as the breeze off the sea was cool and the cotton khaki uniform promised to be too light for the hours of darkness, I donned my complete blue uniform of the general, with its double row of buttons, then sat for nearly an hour in quiet chat with the gallant old colonel of the Tennessee regiment, who had fought all through the Civil War in the "Light Division" of A. P. Hill, the pride of Stonewall Jackson's corps. We parted finally, he to return to Cavite and his devoted regiment, destined within sixteen hours to die at their head; I to mount my sturdy little war pony, and with only my orderly, Mills, to ride leisurely over to the Paco-Pandacan front.

It was just after dark when we passed the Engineer barracks, and they seemed already to have gone out to their night station, Blockhouse Twelve. But at least a battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry was standing at ease in the square beyond, when, all of a sudden, out of the darkness ahead a horseman came at a tearing gallop, nearly colliding with me as he dashed by—one of Ovenshine's orderlies, as it happened, going in search of me.

What seemed odd was the absence of the natives from their usual haunts, and the darkness that enveloped their homes. Even on the main road over to Paco Bridge I met not a soul. White-robed forms could be seen here and there in doorways, but the streets were deserted. Nearing the Calle Nozaleda, on which stood Anderson's headquarters, I heard the measured tramp of soldiery and came suddenly upon a battalion of the Californians, going out, said their commander, to report to me at the Paco front. It was another case of "everybody up," and this time there was need for it.

Just about 8:40 that lovely, star-lit evening, far to our left rear and over toward MacArthur's right, there burst upon the pulseless air, distant yet distinct, the sputter and crackle of musketry, and the Washington officer of the guard slapped his thigh and called aloud, "By God, it's come at last!"

And so it had, and went spreading gradually westward across the entire front of MacArthur's division, covering the northern half of the city. MacArthur at the moment, like Moltke, was having his rubber of whist at his house on the Solano. It was the last card game of his life, as he said when he came to spend his final years on earth at Milwaukee, and he could never be induced to play again.

Presently the crackling of rifles became punctuated by the measured boom of field guns, and yet all about us on the south front was silent, almost breathless. Every light that had been burning in the native quarters of the thronging suburb had been quickly doused the moment the firing began. Mounting my pony, I rode four hundred yards down the street to Blockhouse Eleven, where stood Colonel Wholley and his adjutant, with a little group of men. One hundred yards farther was Concordia Bridge, with Company A of the Washingtons sprawled in long-extended firing line from the roadway up the bank of the narrow and winding

slough. Over against this was the dark bulk of the Filipino guardhouse—not a sentry nor a soldier visible, yet well we knew that in long ranks they were crouching behind the ridges of the rice fields, in numbers exceeding ours, and that far back across the tree-dotted level, where the lanterns were twinkling under the walls of Santa Ana, were reserves in strong force, and the guns of the Krupp battery and the Lantakas at the pottery on the San Pedro road, trained by day on Concordia Bridge or the blockhouse. What were they waiting for? Why did not they, too, attack?

Long weeks later Señor Arellano told us their General Ricarti was in town that night, that the attack had not been planned to begin until four in the morning but that a drunken Filipino officer, with a patrol at his back, had dared to cross MacArthur's lines beyond Sanpaloc, had refused to halt at the orders of the Nebraska outpost, had marched straight toward the sentry until within a dozen paces, and then was heard the shot that waked the eastern world as Private Grayson let drive, dropped his man, and sent the others scurrying back to their lines, which, carried away by excitement, opened fire right and left and the battle of Manila had begun.

Not until six hours later did the fun begin on our front, and then it came in a burst of fire and, as Anderson said it would, came in full force on that exposed angle, at the apex of which stood Concordia Bridge. In view of the fact that my orders were simply to hold the ground, but not to counter attack, I would have been glad to draw my men from the adjacent sides of that angle, where they must be raked by the guns of those two batteries, and line them up on the base, stretching across from the Concordia on the left to the Tripa de Gallina on the right, with the village and convent walls (which we were forbidden to use or occupy) at our backs. Then, just let the enemy take the arch of the bridge, if they wanted it, and pour confusion into

them as they sought to deploy. But no, "yield not an inch and advance not a foot," were the orders I had to transmit to my Californians and Washingtons, and they lay grim and silent along the banks of the slough, and obeyed.

Three mortal hours that dismal game was carried on. From their lines three-quarters of a mile away the natives poured at first a shower of Mauser bullets at the salient, and occasionally sent the Krupp shells screeching over, but made no attempt to storm or charge our lines, so the only thing to do was to hug the ground, let them waste their ammunition and hold ours until we could see something worth shooting at.

Not until dawn of the fifth was this possible, and then as little by little the scene unveiled before us and we could make out the long lines of insurgents, now well back toward Santa Ana, and the groups of white-clad riflemen extending clear around our left until lost in the bamboo toward Pandacan, I sent an urgent message back to General Anderson, begging to be allowed to carry out my plan, confident that we could sweep the field. Anderson relayed it to General Otis in town, and to our chagrin the answer was, by wire, "Not yet."

Not yet, and every moment we clung to that exposed salient added to the peril of my men. Already Brigade Surgeon Shiels had far more than he could handle of wounded at his first-aid station in rear of the blockhouse. Already out of one little company, A of the First Washington, hanging on to the Estero bank, seventeen lay dead or severely wounded. Erwin, their gallant first lieutenant, a graduate of the Wisconsin Guard as sergeant of Company K, Third Infantry, at Tomah, had been borne to the rear, shot through and through at the breast; while their grim captain, Otis, of Spokane, with half an ear torn away and a long gash across his cheek bound up in a bloody handkerchief, was spitting blood and imprecations at the fate that

held us in the leash when all we prayed for was the word, "Go in!"

It came at last, meeting me riding back from Scott's guns on Battery Knoll, at our right. It came after the insurgents, skulking in the native houses along the main road on our side of the Concordia, had shot down our wounded, drifting in from the front, and we had had to clean out three or four of these tenements, and their flames were driving skyward as General Anderson himself rode up from the rear with the welcome words: "King, you can attack."

The Idaho regiment, at the moment, was massed in the side streets, sheltered by the stone walls. Bidding them follow, I galloped out to the Californians on the right front, sending their first battalion splashing breast-deep through the muddy slough and scrambling up the farther bank. Two companies, obeying the same impulse that had carried the lines of Thomas up the west slope of Missionary Ridge in November, '63, had earlier taken the bit in their teeth, finding the flank fire unbearable, and had cleared a little lodgment for themselves on the opposite bank of the stream where, as the only men who could see anyone to shoot at, and being speedily set upon by the sprawling lines of the enemy, they fired away most of their ammunition by daylight and nearly lost thereby their share of the fun that followed.

We went in just as I had planned, in echelon by battalion, beginning on the right. The First Battalion, Californians, with Lieutenant Haan and his Engineers on their right, marching for the San Pedro road to the west of Santa Ana; the Second Battalion, three hundred paces to the left rear of the first; the Third, of the Washingtons, with its left resting on the Santa Ana road; the Fourth, McConville's battalion of the Idahos on the left of the Santa Ana road, were waiting for the word, as I spurred a very

unwilling pony across the bridge and dismounted a moment beyond the Filipino guardhouse, where lay three of the guard dead, and, with a company of Californians blazing away at the fire-spitting earthworks across the level rice fields, got my first good look at the Krupp battery and the straw-hatted ranks of insurrectos supporting it. Now was the time to carry out the plan, and not a moment to be lost. Sending Lieutenant Hutton, my West Point aide, with orders to McConville to head straight for those guns, I galloped to the nearest battalion, already in long line halfway across the fields, ordered its left to halt short, and then wheeled the four fine companies square to their left, driving the insurgents who remained west of the main road scampering before them. The next battalion, taking care of everything in their front, also prevented any attack upon the right of the Third. Then with the four companies of Idahos skipping nimbly into line with the Washingtons, we had that Filipino brigade pinned between the stone walls of Santa Ana, the swift flowing, unfordable Pasig, the Concordia Estero, where Fortson's four companies of Washingtons, moving out as soon as McConville had his distance, were just scrambling up to the attack of the thronged redoubt; we had them where for six long weeks we had been praying to get them, in open field, with the river at their backs, and then at last the poor fellows learned to their cost how their officers, their priests, their papers had lied to them. So far from being in dread, those long lines of blue-shirted "Yankos" were coming straight at them, cheering like mad and paying no heed whatever to their frantic, ill-aimed volleys.

It was all over in ten minutes. Only at the extreme left, the redoubt, was there an instant check. There some of the insurgents, seeing that they were being cut off from Santa Ana, that the American lines had wheeled to the left and were swiftly driving their comrades into the river, stuck

their hats on the butts of their guns and held them high aloft in token of surrender, then shot dead the first two or three of Fortson's men who came clambering up the grass parapet. For an instant, amazed and appalled at such a base violation of the rules of war, some of the men quickly halted; then, with a roar of wrath and vengeance, swept forward in headlong charge just as on the right Sothern's men of the Washingtons, backed by McConville's right company, were ripping their way through the Krupp battery, and all along the intermediate lines, by scores the little brown soldiers were diving into the river, to drown or to be shot in the back as they swam, while some three hundred others threw down their arms and begged for their lives.

One hundred sixty of their misguided fellows lay dead on that field, scattered from Concordia Bridge to the bank of the Pasig, but the dead lay thickest on that wretched redoubt. I fear me there was little mercy shown at that end of the line. Probably sixty or eighty wounded were mingled with the dead, whereas our entire loss was seventeen killed and seventy-nine wounded, gallant old McConville, leading his Idahos, falling mortally hit in the rush on the Krupp battery.

Among the Filipino wounded was an officer who had been employed in the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank, and prided himself on his fluency in English. To our surgeons, dressing his wound, he unbosomed himself, for his mental distress seemed to outweigh his bodily ills. "Often have we fought the Spaniards. We would fire and they would fire, and after awhile we would stop and they would stop. They fight like gentlemen. But you Americans, we fire at you and you *jump up and run at us.* It is not fair!"

Santa Ana town, which we occupied in force before ten o'clock, proved to be quite a storehouse of arms and ammunition. We found two thousand bolos in one building. But its garrison scurried away up stream as our lines enveloped,

and having no cavalry we failed to catch them. They fell back to San Pedro Macati, a mile distant, but had to get out of that, too, when Col. Jim Smith with the right echelon pressed close on their heels, on the Pasig road. So ended Santa Ana, which in point of casualties, numbers taking part, and guns engaged was the heaviest fight of the campaign. My share of the spoils, so to speak, was sent me by staff officer the following week—General Anderson's earnest recommendation that I should be promoted at once to the full rank of major general.

There followed two months of alternate lull and battle. The corps commander, in the endeavor to capture Aguinaldo and smash his army, concentrated most of his force on the line of the Dagupan railway to the north and, to the keen disappointment of General Anderson and myself, for we had pushed ahead and captured the populous island town of Pasig, ordered us to fall back to the line San Pedro Macati-Pasay, and took away so many of my men that I had only sixteen companies left to cover nearly two miles of open line. The insurrectos, who had disappeared for as much as a week from the eighth of February, returned in considerable force and gave us two stirring fights by night, in the endeavor to break through that blue line and go careering on to Manila. But that line held.

Then General Anderson, promoted to brigadier general in the Regular Army, wherein he had been colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry when the war started, was ordered back to the States to command the Department of the Lakes, and there came in his stead to command the First Division our famous Indian campaigner, Henry W. Lawton. He had been quartermaster of the old Fourth Cavalry when I was adjutant of the Fifth. We knew each other well, and the friendship between us was strong. I had parted most reluctantly with General Anderson, and to the day of his lamented death, long years later, we kept up our exchange

of letters, telegrams, or greetings. But if the whole Army had been searched for a successor more to my liking, it could have yielded none to surpass Lawton. We were in harmony from start to finish, but that finish came all too soon.

Lawton was a glorious soldier, and we of the old frontier cavalry swore by him. Sometimes about the camp fires in the Black Hills, toward the end of the Sioux campaign in '76, and again as we marched leisurely home from the Nez Percés campaign of '77, we would get to talking of the men who, still subalterns, had shown the greatest energy and ability in that most trying and hazardous warfare. The Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh Cavalry, the Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third Infantry had been more conspicuously and frequently engaged in the Sioux, Cheyenne, Nez Percés and, earlier, the Kiowa and Comanche wars than had any others; and while each regiment had its favorite son or sons—men like Philo Clark and Sibley of the Second Cavalry, Emmet Crawford and John Bourke of the Third, Lawton, Bob Carter, and McKinney of the Fourth, Hall and Schuyler of the Fifth, Billy Carter of the Sixth, Garlington and Godfrey of the Seventh, Baldwin and Bailey of the Fifth Infantry, Jackson and Woodruff of the Seventh, and Heyl of the Twenty-third—it may be said that for all-round ability, efficiency, and endurance "Big Henry" Lawton would have polled the heaviest vote.

As a general he had fought admirably in Cuba, yet had not won at the hands of the commanding general the commendation his friends expected, and he came to the Philippines intent on proving his worth, and he would have emerged from that war the popular hero had he lived it through. But he was utterly reckless under fire, and because of his stature and dress and the big black horse he rode, by long odds the easiest mark and the most conspicuous figure on the field of battle.

The first day he and I rode out to my front together, from San Pedro cemetery toward the Guadeloupe Ridge, the men at the guns and the rifle pits were moved to merriment at the contrast; he a towering figure, I short and squat on my little plug ugly of a pony—I couldn't help laughing with them.

But my laughter changed to dismay, not half an hour later, when out in front of our advanced line, in full view of the insurrecto riflemen on the ridge (while I was busy calling up a company to swing out over the slope and drive back the opposing pickets so that we could get a good view of the ridge) Lawton disappeared in the shrubbery, and the next thing I saw of him he was perched, like a lighthouse, on the summit of a rocky mound full three hundred yards out to the front, calmly studying the scenery through his binocular. Clapping spurs to my amazed and indignant pony, I galloped out to him full tilt, forgetful of rank or etiquette, thinking only of his peril. "Come down off that rock!" I shouted. "Come down, or you're a dead man!" And presently, laughing, yet grim, he had to. "You'll break my heart," I said to him a moment later, "if you persist in such performances; and the whole Army will damn me for letting you do it," I insisted.

"But, how else can I see what I need to see? "he laughed, in reply.

"What good will it do you or me if you get killed in seeing. For God's sake don't tempt Providence that way." But it turned out even as I feared. In his white helmet and raincoat, the one prominent object on his fighting line, Lawton fell a few months later, shot through and through in a mere skirmish.

But by that time I was no longer with him to meddle or remonstrate. Even before he came I knew my time was coming. The hot suns of March and April, the constant exposure night and day, the irregular hours for food and

sleep, all had been telling on my strength, and the infernal eczema had come back with redoubled force. Lawton saw I was in misery and tried to spare me. I had lost my fine brigade surgeon and physician, Shiels, who had so helped me during the Santa Ana week. He had been transferred to the north line when MacArthur was having his heavy losses, and the assistants left with us tried everything they could think of, but the eruption and exhaustion grew worse and worse. There came a week when I could sleep neither night nor day, and was carried back to Manila and the doctors. "It's home for you by the first steamer," was the verdict. "A fortnight more of this and you'll go in an ice-box."

Now, during those trying days on the south front Lawton's house was back in town, while my quarters were a sand-bagged corner of the building Pio del Pilar, division commander in the Insurgent Army, had used as his headquarters, and many of his papers were left when he had to quit, and Lawton came out every day and spent long hours at the front. We had limes, ice, the wherewithal to offer cool and stimulating drink to many officers and visitors coming and going, especially while Wheaton, with his flying column, was making things lively along the Laguna; not once would Lawton touch a drop, though he willingly allowed his staff the luxury. He was a Spartan in drink and diet during his days with us, gladly accepting for the wife and children half a box of delicious oranges, such as they had been accustomed to at their own Riverside, for a friend had sent me a supply from San Francisco, but nothing else would he touch, taste, or handle.

Yet a most unpleasant episode occurred at a very pretty luncheon given at the Palace Hotel just after my return. Half a dozen prominent officers and as many charming society women were at table, when in a loud voice the senior

major general called to me across the table, and everybody heard.

"Lawton's drinking again, I hear," said he.

There was an instant of dead silence, then everybody heard me reply:

"Not a drop, sir, and I was with him every day and many a night."

"Well, you know, of course, he was drinking hard in Cuba."

"I do not, sir. This is the very first mention of it that ever reached me."

In such a presence and at such a time it was a flagrant breach of every propriety, and the lady on my left turned quickly to me:

"I don't know General Lawton," said she, "but, I hate *that* man!" And "that man" and I were strangers thereafter. Sheer jealousy and utter lack of breeding explained it. Lawton's last letter to me we treasure in the family, and for them I record here what my corps commander Otis and my successive division commanders, Anderson and Lawton, wrote of or to me after I came away.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 31, 1901.

* * * *

The affair was a brilliant and an important one. Early in the morning [Feb. 5, 1899] General Anderson telegraphed me that General King desired to advance his line against the enemy making a wheel to the left towards the Pasig river, on which his left rested. We were not then prepared for this movement, wishing first to accomplish certain results north of the river where General MacArthur commanded. This effected, I instructed General Anderson about eight o'clock in the morning to direct General King to move his brigade as he (General King) had suggested. The movement was made and resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the insurgents in front of General King's forces, the loss to them of many men, all their artillery, considerable ammunition and quantities of war supplies. The movement was suggested by General King, effected under his immediate supervision and he in person led it, at least in part, I am sure, showing conspicuous gallantry and efficiency. He is entitled to special recognition for this affair, and I hope the present brevet board will recommend that suitable recognition be made of his gallant services.

E. S. OTIS,
Major General, U. S. Army.

MANILA, P. I., March 21st, 1899.

Brig. Genl. Chas. King.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Before leaving this department, I wish to assure you of my appreciation of the zeal, energy and marked ability and skill you have shown in the command of your brigade. I would tender my thanks, but that I am sure you were influenced by the higher motive of patriotic endeavor. My division can never know how hard it is for me to sever my connection with it before the end of the war. As for you, my dear General, I am sure you will find your best reward in the consciousness of duty well performed.

Cordially yours,
(Sgd.) THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Major General Com'd'g 1st Div., 8th A. C.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., May 10, 1899.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Your kind letter of the 6th inst. is here, and I thank you very much, and I regret that your health has made it necessary that you should return to America.

But, my dear General, you have not left us until you have established a reputation for bravery, ability, and skill, that will make you honored by Americans while you live. * * * *

With wishes for your speedy restoration to health,

Sincerely yours,
LOYD WHEATON,
Major General, U. S. V.

To Brig. Gen. Charles King,
United States Volunteers,

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,
MANILA, P. I., August 10th, 1899.

To Brig. Gen. Charles King,
U. S. Volunteers,
Milwaukee, Wis.

MY DEAR GENERAL: * * * *

I cannot express to you how much I regret the necessity for your return to the United States at the time you did. I want to say to you that you are the only General officer whom I know who possesses that peculiar faculty or that magnetism which attracts men to him; you are the only one of all the General officers who has excited among the men of his command any great amount of enthusiasm. I remember when you left your launch to come aboard the gunboat just before the attack on Santa Cruz, that a cheer went up from all the men in the transports; and you seem to possess that peculiar dash and spirit which carries men who follow you along with you with enthusiasm.

* * * *

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. W. LAWTON,
Major General, Volunteers.

STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, ERIE CO., OHIO,
October 29th, 1901.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

When you did not receive your well-deserved promotion, you were doubtless disappointed, but I was mortified, because I thought it was from my lack of influence.

* * * * I would state, what is more to your credit, that you did far more than you were expected to do. After holding your share of the San Pedro Macati and Pasay line, you went on and took Pasig and Pateros, which we gave up under orders, and for the retaking of which a great amount of credit was given * * * one month later.

* * * *

When a Brigade or Division has been uniformly successful, some credit should be given to the commanders who have drilled and organized, and infused into them their military spirit.

Very cordially yours,
(Signed) THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Brig. General U.S.A., Late Maj. Gen'l Vols.

Brig. Gen'l Charles King,
Milwaukee, Wis.

529103

RECENT SERVICE

It may be remembered that my spells of ill luck came, as it were, in groups of three. In '93 our bank suspended, our books and papers and furniture were burned, and my wife's injury occurred in quick succession. In '98 I lost in even quicker time the command of the third and fourth expeditions, successively to MacArthur, to Harrison Gray Otis, and then my own, the fifth, was held up at Honolulu. Now came group the third. I planned, having reached home, to go to Europe in the early fall of '99 to join my family and recuperate. I was still undergoing treatment and far from well when I reached Milwaukee. Within six weeks of each other disaster befell my three publishers; Harpers failed, Lippincotts burned to the ground, and Neely, whose notes I had accepted and had discounted because of the needs of the household overseas, was forced into bankruptcy. I stayed home and went to work. It was practically beginning all over again the uphill climb of the previous twenty years.

First there were fair offers for army stories, and later a detail as acting superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. I made enough to bring the family home and start housekeeping on Cass Street, whence we soon moved to Biddle. Then the "Dick Bill," reorganizing the militia as part of the National Army, and making it in arms, equipment, uniform, etc. exactly and in instruction as nearly like the Regulars as possible, with the title of general, as provided by statute law of the United States for officers who had served with that rank in war time in the volunteers. As brigadier general retired, of the Wisconsin Guard, I had thought my days of active duty ended. But the new law provided for the detail of certain retired officers as instructors of the organized militia, and in 1904 I was rejoiced to be selected as one of them, and here, with my old comrades of Wisconsin, up to the date on which I pencil these lines, I have been ever since, one result to which I helped being that in a circular published by the War Department in 1914, to every unit of the Regular Army or the state militia it was announced that, "The Organized Militia of the State of Wisconsin may be taken as a model in training, equipment and business administration." And from that organization grew in great part the famous Thirty-second Division of the Army in France, two-thirds of which was made up of our Badger Guardsmen.

Some rarely valuable men had for long years been my associates and fellow workers—Charles R. Boardman of Oshkosh, on whose sleeves I placed his corporal's chevrons, a freshman at the University in '81, and later Orlando Holway of La Crosse, whom I first knew as a lieutenant in the Wausau Light Guard, being in turn the adjutants general; and Charles R. Williams of Milwaukee, "the whole thing," one might almost say, in the Department of Supplies—ordnance, quartermaster, commissary, and pay. Boardman went to France as commander of the Sixty-fourth Bri-

gade, Thirty-second Division, a first-class leader in every way, until the doctors told him the strain was telling on his heart and he must abandon it; Holway, the head and front of the great work of recruiting and building up the eight regiments of auxiliaries Wisconsin placed at the disposal of the nation; later the State Guard, our defense during the absence of their predecessors; and finally, the calling to life, the organization of the force of ten thousand the Government demanded of Wisconsin, one-eighth of all the National Guard cavalry of forty-eight states being assigned to us—the hardest military task, I venture to say, laid upon any state in the union. In my seventy-ninth year I am still eagerly interested in this work, and but for one wretched mishap might still be in fine physical trim.

On the evening of October 26, 1919, as I reached Oneida Street at the corner of Jefferson, and paused at the northwest curb to reconnoiter, for automobiles by the score were usually rushing in all four directions, I saw not a light on the Jefferson Street driveway, not a light east on Oneida, and the lights of only two cars west on Oneida, coming swiftly my way. Now, it is just fifty feet from curb to curb. It took me at that time just twenty steps to cross. I habitually took two steps to the second, thirty inches each, therefore ten seconds would put me safely over. The forward car was just reaching the middle of Milwaukee Street as I started. It had almost one hundred yards, exactly 254 feet, to come. The second was a short distance behind it. Unless they were coming at thirty miles an hour, I had abundant time. But, before I had taken the ninth step I saw that the leading car was almost upon me. It was keeping well over to the south side of Oneida, because of the light at the intersection of Oneida and Jefferson. I knew that a following car had no right to attempt to pass a leader on its right, so quickening step I easily and safely cleared the foremost car, only to be cut

down by the other on the sixteenth step, hurled to the pavement, my right leg broken in two places below the knee, the fracture of the tibia, as it turned out, extending through the knob or weight-bearing joint, and my back was badly injured. The second car was close behind the first, and instead of following in its trace was running to the right of it within three steps of the curb, just exactly where it should not have been, as the driver could not possibly see anyone crossing from the north to the south side, as I was, and absolutely sure to cut down anyone so crossing directly in front of the leading car. They were running exactly twenty-seven and one-half miles per hour when suddenly they caught sight of me and put on the brakes—too late, of course, to stop their way. They took me, as I asked, to the Emergency Hospital, where a young interne promptly assured me I hadn't a bone broken. I knew better, and my own physician came in half an hour. I was carried to the X-ray room and the rays were sent through from the right side, revealing the transverse fracture of the fibula, but failing to show, of course, the longitudinal split, a far more serious injury to the main bone, the tibia. They put me in "the Roosevelt room," and doubtless would have given me proper care but that half a dozen people were just then brought in from a smash-up, one man with fractured skull, and the doctors and nurses apparently were needed. "Push that button if you want a thing," said the doctor, and after midnight, when the pain became serious, I wanted several things and pushed accordingly, but without the faintest result. No one heard, and I had to grin and bear it until three o'clock in the morning, when a nurse casually looked in. Then the discovery was made that the push button or something was out of order.

All winter long, all spring, and until mid-July the trained nurse rubbed at that injured knee in the effort to get it to bend. The best of surgeons, like our good old

Guardsmen Seaman and Evans, came frequently to see me, but I could never again mount my horse from the ground, and going up and down stairs is a matter of difficulty. God be thanked it was no worse!

(*To be continued*)

EARLY DAYS IN PLATTEVILLE

The three articles which follow, from Hon. D. J. Gardner, Rev. Truman O. Douglass, and his wife, Maria Greene Douglass, all relate to the early history of Platteville and practically to the years prior to the close of the Civil War. The editor is very glad to present these contributions to the readers of the magazine. They are all well written, by responsible first-hand witnesses who, though venerable in years, are gifted with excellent memories and trained to careful, discriminating statement in historical matters. It will be noted that, whereas the two Douglass papers deal mainly with reminiscences of those pioneers whose interests centered in the school, the Academy, and the Presbyterian or Congregational Church, the reminiscences of Mr. Gardner deal with incidents more characteristic of the mining frontier. In a way, therefore, Mr. Gardner brings to us the atmosphere of the earliest Platteville, the Douglasses that of a somewhat mature community.

Platteville became a lead mining center with the discovery of rich deposits in 1827, the year that miners began fully to prospect the Wisconsin mining area. In the fall of that year John H. Rountree became part owner, by purchase, of one of the principal diggings opened in the spring. He and his partner, J. B. Campbell, are said to have taken out within a year mineral to the value of $30,000.[1] They erected a log furnace, opened a tavern and store, and otherwise prepared to take advantage of the trade which the mineral wealth attracted to the vicinity. Communication was maintained with Galena, which continued to be the metropolis of the lead region, though Mineral Point soon became the leading town in the Wisconsin field. In 1829 "Platte River," as the place was at first called, was given a post office.

Soon after the Black Hawk War the Platteville mines began to attract wider attention. In 1834 a "rush" of small proportions occurred, which may have been due in part to the recent survey

[1] Castello N. Holford, *History of Grant County* (Lancaster, 1900), 454.

PLATTVILLE.

THE subscriber has laid out a new Town at Plattville, in Iowa County, Michigan Territory.

Plattville is handsomely situated on the border of the Prairie, in a grove that connects with the extensive Forest on the Platte Rivers; and is 24 miles North of Galena, 18 miles South-west of Mineral Point, and 12 miles East of the Mississippi; on the main Stage road from Galena to Prairie Du Chien.

The surrounding country is inferior to none, in fertility of soil, and adaptedness to agriculture. The timber on the Platte rivers, is of excellent quality, and abundant; and very convenient to the farming land on the Prairie; the little Platte, which runs within a mile and a half of the Town, is a valuable Mill stream, affording fine falls in various places for mill sites, and a sufficient volume of water at all seasons of the year, to carry extensive Machinery; a Saw mill is already in operation on this stream, 3 miles below Plattville, and another a few miles above Springs and streams of purest water abound in every part of the contignous Country. In addition to those advantages, it may be safely affirmed that the mineral wealth of this region is equal to that of any other portion of the Mining District; attracted by such inducements, an industrious, intelligent and moral population is settling and improving the country rapidly, and purchasing the lands as they come into market.

Persons wishing to purchase property, and settle in the Territory; would do well to explore this section of Country, before purchasing.

JOHN H. ROUNTREE.

Sept. 19, 1835. 43—4t.

From *North Western Gazette and Galena Advertiser*, September 19, 1835

of the lands.[2] The increase in population justified the platting of the town, and in September, 1835 Major Rountree placed in a Galena paper the advertisement of the site of Platteville which is herein reproduced. It will be observed that among the advantages claimed for the place were a fertile soil, a good supply of timber, and a fine water power stream, in addition to the mineral wealth.

The village grew by irregular accretions to its mining population, and little by little, especially after 1846, when miners were permitted to enter at the land office the lands containing their mines, farming in the fertile prairies and adjacent openings came to furnish a more permanent basis of its prosperity. The census of 1850 assigns to the town of Platteville, including the village, a population of 2171. Just how many the village contained at that time cannot be ascertained. In 1855 it had 1427 when the entire town had 2789. An analysis of the population in 1850 shows that 1552 were American born, 616 foreign born. Of the American born 573 were natives of Wisconsin, 181 of Illinois, 164 of Pennsylvania, 142 of New York, and 122 of Ohio. Natives of the southern states aggregated 162; of the northern, aside from Wisconsin, 817. This reveals how rapid must have been the influx of emigrants from the northern states after the first flush of the mining boom had passed. Of the foreign element England was credited with 349, Germany 145, Ireland 69, Canada 28. There were 5 Scots, 4 Welshmen, 9 Norwegians, 4 Dutch, 2 Swiss, and 1 Frenchman. This is the social environment into which the narratives by Mr. and Mrs. Douglass fit. The Gardner narrative, except for the incident about General Grant, must be referred to a condition which by 1850 was already somewhat altered.

The footnotes appended to the articles by Dr. Douglass and Mrs. Douglass were very kindly furnished by Hon. James W. Murphy of Platteville, whose knowledge of the antiquities of the place is at once extensive and minute.

From the pen of Mr. Josiah L. Pickard, who figures so prominently in the article by Mrs. Douglass, this Society has an

[2] The range of townships which includes the town of Platteville, range one west, was surveyed in 1833 by Sylvester Sibley.

extended manuscript of great value as a source for educational history. That manuscript will be published in later issues of the magazine.

INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE WISCONSIN LEAD MINES

D. J. Gardner

John H. Rountree, who came here from Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, early in 1827, and who remained here until his death, was the first permanent settler of Platteville, although there were hunters and trappers in this vicinity many years prior. Grant County takes its name from one of these hardy men. A man named Grant came into the county and located on the river bearing his name, in the year 1816. He had a kettle which fitted over his head and which he frequently wore in that manner. An incident of him is related by one of the early settlers. While attending his traps on the Grant River, a band of Indians came upon him suddenly and one of them rushed up and struck him on the head with his tomahawk, which did no more damage than to produce a ring from the kettle. The Indian turned back and yelled, "Manitou," and the whole band fled.

Prior to the advent of the white man the Indians mined and smelted lead ore here quite extensively, and when the early white settlers came they used the same method employed by the Indians, which was known as the "log furnace." In the early forties the Yorkshire English brought in the blast furnace. Two of these furnaces were in operation for many years here, the Coates furnace and the Straw furnace, the latter being dismantled about twelve years ago. The first white settlers came from southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and a little later there came numbers of Europeans. All of the lead was hauled to Galena by ox team and shipped from there by boat to St.

fraternally yours
John H Rountree

Louis and other points down the river. Dubuque is as close to Platteville as Galena, but the road to Galena, until recent years, has been much better than the road to Dubuque. The average lead ore of the early-day mining ran from seventy-five to eighty-eight per cent metallic lead. Most of the early mining was shallow, and in fact many of the largest bodies of lead ore were discovered at the grass roots. The Rountree lode was discovered in 1827 in a ground-hog den. The Finney patch, one of the most extensive lodes ever worked here, was discovered in 1828 at the grass roots. This mine turned out nearly five million pounds of lead ore and was not over thirty feet deep in the lowest place. Mining was the principal occupation of this region until about the year 1846, when agriculture began to have a good start.

One of the early settlers of Platteville was Jacob Hoosier, who came here in 1828 and located on a tract of land about a mile south of this city. In the year 1831 he built a house on this piece of land, and in 1846 he built a stone house and occupied it until the date of his death. His daughter, Mrs. Frank Young, now owns the farm. This farm has never been out of the family since it was first occupied by Mr. Hoosier. Mr. Hoosier was noted as a crack shot with the rifle and a race-horse man. In the fall of 1848 he participated in one of the most unique horse races that was ever run in Wisconsin. As related to me by Mr. Hoosier, he and Mr. James Vineyard, who was also a race-horse man, had had a race in which Mr. Vineyard came off victorious. Mr. Hoosier then went down to Edwardsville, Illinois, and purchased a sorrel mare which he called Big Ann, and he turned her over to his jockey to care for and train. In the meantime he fixed up another race with Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Vineyard found out from the jockey that Mr. Hoosier had purchased a new horse, and he and some of his friends and the jockey stole the horse out one night, tested her

speed, and found that she was much more fleet than the Vineyard horse. They made an arrangement with Mr. Hoosier's jockey, by the terms of which he was to hold Big Ann in and let the Vineyard horse win the race.

In some unaccountable manner Mr. Hoosier found out what had been done but did not let it be known and kept on putting up money on Big Ann until he exhausted his resources. The morning of the race he put up an additional five hundred dollars brought to him by Tim Barr from Beetown in this county. He also drove up all of his horses and cattle to the place of the race and bet them against money. Judge Paine, one of the early-day lawyers of Platteville, was the stake holder. The race was run in a straight mile track about two miles northeast of the city of Platteville. All of the lovers of horse racing in southwestern Wisconsin were on the ground the day of the race, and Mr. Vineyard and his friends felt sure of breaking Mr. Hoosier.

As the hour approached, the jockey, all togged out for the race, was walking the mare up and down the track when Mr. Hoosier stuck his finger in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle and a young man by the name of Gregory, dressed for the race, came out of the hazel brush. Mr. Hoosier whipped out a brace of pistols, walked up to his former jockey, and said, "You d— thief, stand aside," and picked up the young man from the hazel brush and put him on Big Ann, at the same time saying, "You win this race or I will kill you." At this juncture of affairs excitement was running high and the Vineyard forces were trying to withdraw their money, but the unwritten law of the mining district would not permit it and Judge Paine held fast to the stakes. The race was run and Big Ann came in first, winning her owner about ten thousand dollars. After the race was over, Mr. Hoosier went up to Big Ann, put his arm around her neck, and patted her and said, "Ann, horse racing and me is done. You will not have

to work any more or run in any more races." He gathered in his boodle and went back to his farm home and never tried racing any more. If some of the modern race-horse men would follow his example they would be much better off. Mr. Hoosier lived about a mile from my father's farm, and Big Ann lived until she was about thirty-five years old. I remember seeing her in the early seventies.

Most of the early settlers coming to this vicinity brought their rifles with them and many of them brought pistols and bowie knives. I very distinctly remember the first governor of Wisconsin, Nelson Dewey, who was living at Cassville, Wisconsin, in 1878. He had had some trouble with a doctor then living in the town. I overheard some remarks that the doctor had made and I went into the Governor's room in the hotel and told him to be careful, that the doctor had a revolver. Whereupon Governor Dewey said, "If he pulls a revolver on me, I will cut his d— head off," at the same time pulling out of his inside vest pocket a bowie knife.

There were a great many rifle matches held here in the early days, the prize usually being a fat three- or four-year-old steer. The best shot had the first choice of hind quarters, the next best shot had the second choice of hind quarters, the third best shot had the first choice of fore quarters, the fourth best shot had the second choice of fore quarters, and the next best shot took the hide and tallow. Mr. Jacob Hoosier quite often went away from these matches with the choice of hind quarters. There were many other crack rifle shots in the Wisconsin lead mines, and every early settler had from one to three rifles hanging up near the fireplace with all ammunition ready for any emergency. They were all of them muzzle loaders. Mr. Hoosier had one gun that he called "Long Tom." I think it weighed about fifteen pounds, and he had another rifle which he called "Old Rusty." My father, who came here

in 1840 from Ottawa, Illinois, was also a crack rifle shot. He had two of the famous old-fashioned guns. Col. Joseph Dickson, who came here in 1827 and who lived about two miles west of my father's residence, and who was noted as an Indian fighter, was also a crack rifle shot.[3]

From 1850 to 1855 there was an exodus of the early settlers from here to the California gold fields. Mr. Jacob Hoosier and his eldest son crossed the plains in 1850, and men who were in his company have related to me that Mr. Hoosier and his son supplied the train with fresh meat all along the trip. They had two saddle horses with them and killed a large amount of game on the way.

Many of the early settlers of Platteville were personally acquainted with General Grant before he went into the Civil War from Galena, and when he was a candidate for the presidency in 1868 he visited Platteville and made a short speech in the normal school here. A new addition to the school was dedicated at that time. General Grant came again in 1878 after he had made his tour around the world, and had a public reception at the residence of Major Rountree; while there some gentlemen from Lancaster, Wisconsin, wished to talk to him over a telephone, which had been built by Capt. W. H. Beebe—one of the first telephone lines in southern Wisconsin, if not the first. General Grant was sent for and came to Captain Beebe's office, and for the first time in his life used the telephone.

Another very interesting character of the early days was a man by the name of Colonel Teller. He started mining on lands now belonging to Hon. J. W. Murphy just southwest of this city, and sunk a shaft without the aid of a partner. In doing this he used what was known to early miners here as an "Indian ladder." After working for some time the Colonel became short of funds and could not obtain credit at the stores. His wife pleaded with him in vain to stop the

[3] For Colonel Dickson's own narrative, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, v, 315-317.

mining and go at something else which would give them a livelihood, but he insisted that there was a large body of lead ore under his shaft. He left home one morning intending it to be his last day in the shaft. He did not return in the evening, and his wife waited until about midnight and then called upon some friends to assist her. A searching party was formed and they went toward the prospect. When they arrived at the shaft, they heard the Colonel shouting at the top of his voice. One of the men went down the ladder and tried to get him out, when he saw a sheet of lead ore covering the entire bottom of the shaft. The Colonel during the day had struck it rich and had got beside himself in his excitement. This lode made him a few thousand dollars, and a few years afterwards he left here.

One of our oldest living residents at Platteville is Mr. Frank Rowe, who came here in the forties and who crossed the plains to California with an ox team in 1852, leaving Platteville on the last day of March. There were five ox teams in the company. Close to the mouth of Shell Creek, Nebraska, the company was attacked by Indians, but fortunately at that moment another company bound for California came in sight. A corral was quickly made of the wagons, and the oxen, horses, and non-combatants were put in the center. The battle lasted for a considerable time, and finally the Indians withdrew leaving nine of their number dead. This company had difficulty with the Indians not far from Salt Lake City, but no one was hurt. After something over three months' travel the company arrived at Placerville, commonly called "Hangtown," California. Mr. Rowe states that while in California he called upon the family of Mr. James R. Vineyard. Mr. Vineyard had preceded Mr. Rowe to California and never returned to Platteville. Mr. Rowe was present at the "Hoosier horse race." He is now past ninety years of age and in possession of good health.

Dr. William Davidson came to Wisconsin Territory in 1828 and lived close to my father's home. He also discovered in 1830 one of the large bodies of lead ore. His principal occupation all of his lifetime was mining, although he used to pull teeth, bleed, and dispense calomel and other early-day medicine, and many an old settler has been the victim of his "pullicans" and bleeding methods. He was frequently a guest at our table for Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners.[4]

Another famous character who lived near my father's farm was a Mr. James Clark, who was nick-named "Boots." He was killed in his cabin by another miner, named Kerns, during the course of a heated political argument. Kerns was arrested, tried, and acquitted. It was shown in his trial that "Boots" was a bad man generally and always carried a bowie knife, and some witnesses were introduced who showed wounds which they had received in encounters with "Boots" and his famous bowie knife. Mr. Clark had no relatives in this part of the country. My father discovered a body of lead ore and called it "Boots Range" because "Boots" had his cabin on this range.

PLATTEVILLE IN ITS FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

Truman O. Douglass

My biography can be written in three sentences: born in Illinois; raised in Wisconsin; lived in Iowa. California is simply a remnant, and doesn't count.

On my father's side I belong to the innumerable Douglas clan of Scotland, and on mother's side to the prolific McCord family of Protestant Ireland. Both families settled in the South. Father was born in middle Tennessee in 1812, and mother in Bond County, Illinois, in 1817. Shortly

[4] Dr. William Davidson wrote his reminiscences for the Society. These are published in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, v, 317-320.

before her birth, in 1816, a colony of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, grandfather Robert McCord the patriarch of the company, moved from Tennessee to escape the influences of slavery, although some of them had made merchandise of human flesh. They settled at Bethel, near Greenville, the county seat. Here father and mother were married February 19, 1833, Rev. Albert Hale, a member of the Yale band of Illinois and a home missionary pastor, officiating. Here, too, I was born May 3, 1842. The same year my people moved to Platteville, Wisconsin, and this was counted my home for a quarter of a century.

I never lived in the village of Platteville but grew up in the country near by. Great multitudes drifted in with us to the lead regions about Galena. Galena in those days was a rival of Chicago, and had the prospect of becoming the great metropolis of the Middle West. I think we selected Platteville as our place of residence because Rev. Alvon Dixon, mother's nephew by marriage, was then in charge of the Academy recently established.

The *American Home Missionary Magazine*, about the best history of the Middle West, gives us glimpses of Platteville as it was when we arrived. In the April number of 1840 we have the following:

> Platteville is near the Little Platte River, some sixteen or eighteen miles from the Mississippi, having a small mill stream on one side and an extensive forest of hardwood timber on the other, with prairie all around, and rich beds of lead ore under the soil in all the surrounding country. There are therefore at this place all the facilities for a flourishing town—the most so of any in the western part of Wisconsin. The only church organization has been a Methodist Society, strong and numerous, until a few months ago when a Presbyterian Church of twelve members was formed by Rev. Messrs. Hale and Kent.[5] The Methodists have a convenient, and even for this country, an elegant church, with basement rooms for a school or academy, now consisting of about 130 pupils of both sexes and of all ages. The teacher, Mr. A. M. Dixon, a graduate of Jacksonville College, is one of the elders of the infant Presbyterian Church. I may add that the present population

[5] Albert Hale was from Bethel, and Aratus Kent, coming to Galena in 1838, was for over forty years pastor there and did missionary work in all the region round about.

on a mile square is perhaps 400—so that it is not a paper town, many of which sort are exhibited at the East, and are likely to exist a long time only on paper. The town has the reputation and appearance of being healthy, abounding in springs and streams of water in hill and dale, the village being mostly on the eminence.

Here is a picture of Platteville in 1842:

This place contains 800 inhabitants, and is located about twenty-five miles from Galena, and the same distance from Dubuque. There are here facilities for a flourishing inland town. The Church was formed by Rev. Messrs. Kent and Hale about three years ago. The church is exerting itself to erect a building to be occupied both as a place of worship and an academy. It is expected that this building will be completed the present autumn. Mr. Dixon, who now supplies the pulpit, having devoted himself particularly to the interests of education, will then take charge of the academy with from 70 to 100 pupils. Of course an efficient minister will be needed for the congregation. There will be work enough in the vicinity for two or three ministers.

Mr. Dixon reports for the Church:

During the past nine months there has been an increase of religious feeling. Fifteen have been added to the Church. The congregation has been doubled. The Church now numbers 57 members. Almost everything that is done in a pecuniary way, goes into the building which is nearly finished.

A belated report was published in 1844. The *Missionary* says:

The cause of the delay of this report is the existence of the smallpox in an epidemic form in our village; we have been and are being most severely and dreadfully scourged with it. It commenced in this village Oct. 28th [1843] in very mild form, and continued such for a considerable length of time, so that four weeks elapsed before any of our physicians discovered its true character so as to venture to call it by its true name; and another week passed before they could be persuaded of it. No deaths occurred until Dec. 6th, since when it has been very fatal. All business is at a standstill; the schools are suspended; and places of worship are nearly deserted. The whole village is affected with the disease. Fifteen, who a few days since were among us in all buoyancy of spirits and of life, now lie beneath the turf. What the end will be, God only knows. The disease stole in among us in so mild a shape that almost the whole community were fully exposed to its contagion before they were aware of the danger. When the alarm came it was too late to flee or take measures in self defence. The vaccine matter imposed upon us proved to be no protection, and was worse than none. May Heaven dispose this people to profit by this severe judgment.

We spent the first winter in a double log house a short distance from the village. This was our welcome to Platteville. Often did I hear my father tell of that fearsome winter. At times he was utterly homesick and discouraged. I grew up with those whose faces were pocked and pitted in this dreadful scourge.

In the spring of 1844 we moved out into the big timber six miles to the northwest, and there began the attempt to grub out a forty-acre farm, destroying enough of wood to serve almost a township. My earliest recollections are of a log cabin sixteen feet square, with puncheon floor, in the midst of the black stumps of this timber farm. The fireplace was built of sticks and mud. The shake roof was weighted down with logs and stones. The door had wooden hinges and a wooden latch, and the latch string was out all the time to neighbors and to strangers. I really pity anybody who never lived in a log house and does not know what this "latch string out" signifies of frontier hospitality. In that one room were six of us, and beds and a table, all the cooking outfit, and a spinning wheel and a loom—and sometimes we had company. The hired man had to sleep in a straw stack.

My only association with Platteville while we lived in the timber was in the church on the Sabbath day. The twelve miles in a lumber wagon was something of a journey, but our people had been brought up to attend church and they continued to do so now. The meeting house of those days was a room in the old Academy building, and Rev. John Lewis was the home missionary pastor.

But the timber home was too far from church, and our people could not long endure separation from kindred and friends. Both father and mother had the clan instinct fully developed. Four years of this isolation was sufficient. During this time a number of the Bethel community, including uncle James B. McCord, had settled at Limestone, on

Limestone Creek, among the limestone quarries one and one-half miles west of the town.[6] Thither late in 1847 we moved, and this was my home until I went to college in 1861.

For the first years of our residence at Limestone my associations with Platteville continued to be confined almost wholly to church attendance. Almost the whole neighborhood went to meeting in the village. The hitching-posts around the meeting house were all occupied in those days. We did not care much for the Platteville society. We were sufficient in ourselves and quite self-satisfied. Were we not more pious than were the town people? Did we not send five young men into the ministry while Platteville sent only one?[7] Were we not all abolitionists and prohibitionists? And then was not a Lodgeman in the neighborhood; were we not equal to the town folks in intelligence? Did we not take the *Ladies Magazine* and the *National Era*, in which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first published? Did not our log schoolhouse, with its slab desks and benches, soon develop into a large stone structure with modern furnishings? Under the tuition of our able teachers did not a number of us only by a little "fall below Demosthenes and Cicero?" Did we not excel in music, with our tuning fork and violin and clarionet and splendid voices? Deacon McCord turned up his nose at the tuning fork but I must relate that at times he would back up and start again, although usually he would strike the key note at the first trial. We had sufficient social life among ourselves. We had our social

[6] Limestone Hollow is one mile north of the city, on the east side of Little Platte River. Lime kilns, stone quarries, brick yards, and turning mills were operated there. There was also a sawmill and later a woolen mill on Platte River near the mouth of Limestone Creek. A stone school building stood on the north side of the valley. It was abandoned in 1877. Many laborers were employed in this valley. They owned and cultivated little plots of ground around their homes, which were situated between this valley and the city.

[7] Mr. Douglass mentions that five young men from the valley entered the ministry. That number is now increased to seven by the addition of Rev. Francis Kehoe and Rev. James Kehoe, Catholic missionaries, of whom the former is now a missionary in India, to which place the latter will soon follow him.

gatherings, our spelling schools, our debating societies, our charade parties, etc., etc. And we had our own Sunday school and neighborhood prayer meetings. We were not very refined; we had most of the crudities of a frontier settlement. Our men were sometimes rough in speech, and our boys followed the example of their elders. Our women were very homely in their virtues, and our young ladies were some of them rude and some of them were prudes; but on the whole we were a fine bunch of people, and we needed not to seek our well-being in the society of the village.

When I was old enough to go to town on errands, I came in contact with the "seamy side" of Platteville life. "Grocery Street" was given up to groggeries. I often saw men reeling on the streets or lying in the gutters. I met men on the road, homeward bound, running their horses at the top of their speed and shouting with all the strength of their voices. Now and then some poor fellow would fall out and break his neck or some of his bones. Well do I remember when Pat was pitched into the Platte. I heard his call for help; when we fished him out he was almost sober, but not quite.

Sometimes the young hoodlums of the town called me "Country Jake." Considering the source I did not care much for that. Well do I remember my supreme disgust when two distinguished men—great babies!—complained that when they first came to this country they were called "Dutch" and "Sheeny," and "the iron entered into my soul!" each said. I was ashamed of them both for their unmanly whining. I think I rather enjoyed the doggerel which the town boys sometimes sang to me:

> Abolition Hollow; ten feet wide;
> Nigger in the middle, and a McCord on each side.

This was a faint echo of the feeling of some of the people toward our Puritanical neighborhood. But these whisky

shops and this harmless hoodlum element were not the real Platteville. The real Platteville was the churches; the Academy; the honorable business and professional men of the town; "The Beloved John" [Lewis] of the Congregational Church, and his wife Electa Page, and Mr. Pickard of the Academy, and the scores of good men and women who worked and prayed for the moral and spiritual well-being of the community, and for the uplifting of men the world around. This was the real Platteville, and its ideals were more and more realized as the years went by.

Of course the Platteville of our days was a mixed multitude. There were Yankees—not very many of them—and a few New Yorkers. The English were a good deal in evidence, and there were many Germans. We called them all Dutch in those days. There were a good many Southerners —some of them of "the first families of Virginia," but more of them had simply passed through the South on their way from Scotland and Ireland; and there were also many Catholic Irish. Limestone at length was captured by these people, and the schoolhouse and the mill pond and the prayer meeting disappeared.

The nativity of people is to a considerable extent manifest in the churches to which they belong. The Methodist Church of Platteville was composed of all sorts and conditions of men. The Presbyterian, organized in 1839, became Congregational in 1849 because our people, Scotch-Irish, were outnumbered by the New Englanders. The English, of course, must have their Primitive Methodist Church; and the Germans divided into Presbyterian and Lutheran camps. Late in the day some of the English and some of our United States people united in forming the Episcopal Church. All these and perhaps other churches were in Platteville in my day.

As a matter of course, as the years went by, I got more and more into the social life of the village. Now and then I

attended a lecture or a concert in the town, and I attended the Academy, though irregularly because father was in ill health, and I, the oldest son, was needed at home. But in one way and another I became acquainted more and more with the young people of the town, homes were open to me and I ventured to call at a few places. There was one house especially that I passed by more often than was really necessary, and a few times I knocked at the door, and, only once, sat at the table with the family. So, at last, Platteville became dear to me as the home of a good many friends—one of them the best friend "in all the world to me."

Maria Greene, of English ancestors on both sides of the house, both families coming to America in the seventeenth century, was born at Richmond, Ontario County, New York, September 10, 1843. She was the daughter of Benoni Greene and Oracy Clark. In 1855, at the age of twelve, she came with a remnant of the family to Platteville. She graduated from the Academy, from the Albany Normal School, took a course in the Oswego training school, and was a teacher for two years in Philadelphia. In 1868, at the age of twenty-five, she was a little body weighing less than one hundred pounds, with brown hair, brown eyes, and brown cheeks. Her dress, showing the characteristics of her mind and heart, was always simple and of quiet colors. She was unassuming, sober-minded, serious, conscientious even to a fault, studious, industrious, and ready for every duty or sacrifice life might have in store for her. But, withal, she had a mind and will of her own, and some shades and tinges of radicalism, the product of heredity and environment, for she was born and brought up in the midst of anti-slavery, anti-saloon, anti-Masonic, anti-Mormon, and other anti-agitations of the middle decades of the last century, and her father took radical grounds on all these questions. We were married at Platteville June 25, 1868, Rev. J. E. Pond, the pastor of

the church, performing the ceremony. We took a short wedding trip and then began at Osage, Mitchell County, a life of fifty years in Iowa. Four years ago we observed our golden wedding.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PLATTEVILLE

MARIA GREENE DOUGLASS

As I sit at my desk there is before me the portrait of a man in the prime of life, of large frame, broad shoulders, wide brow crowned with an abundance of dark hair, a well formed nose, firm mouth, and dark beard. The outstanding of the features are the dark, full, kindly, piercing eyes. When fixed upon one they seem to penetrate to one's inmost being, "discerning even the thoughts and intents of the heart." Such was the outward appearance of one of the great educators of the Middle West in the last half of the nineteenth century, Josiah Little Pickard.

Born in 1824 in New England, where his early life was spent and where he was educated, his life service was given to the Middle West, and his last years were spent in California, whence he departed this life in 1914, a noble Christian man and educator, the impress of whose life was left upon many thousands of young men and young women. No one could fail to be a better man or woman from having come in contact with this great-hearted friend.

I first met Mr. Pickard when I was at the age of twelve. My parents, with their minor children, moved from western New York to the young state of Wisconsin in the autumn of 1855, and settled at Platteville, Grant County, in the southwest corner of the state. Entering as strangers the Congregational Church, where we were accustomed to worship, we were greeted by Mr. Pickard as a deacon of the church. The opening of the Sunday school found Mr. Pickard as its superintendent, alert and interested in every

individual member; so he became a formative influence in my life from our very first meeting.

Platteville was a typical western village of those early times, rude and uncouth in many ways but not lacking in signs of refinement and good taste. Situated in the midst of the lead mining region, its people were of a number of nationalities and tongues. The men and women who were counted as leaders and who gave tone to the town were largely from New England and New York, and from the South. These were for the most part enterprising, public-spirited, cultured people, bringing with them the traditions of the several sections from which they came. The majority of them, being professed Christians, were gathered into the Congregational and Methodist Episcopal churches. The miners' families were predominantly English and Welsh, and a Primitive Methodist Church accommodated them. A considerable German population supported a Presbyterian and a Lutheran Church. The growing Irish population erected a Catholic house of worship, and later an Episcopal Church was built. There was one institution open to all, and patronized freely by many of the citizens—namely, the saloon. In those early days, because foodstuffs and drink were supposed to belong to the same category and were dispensed by the same business houses, the term "grocery" was appended to the store which furnished them. Later, when staple foodstuffs and dry goods were combined in general stores, the term "grocery" still clung to places where drinks were the principal merchandise. Thus, in my early days in Platteville "groceries" were the equivalent of saloons of later years.

Main Street in Platteville extended east and west through the entire length of the village. Branching off about midway of its length to the north was Grocery Street,[8]

[8] Grocery Street (Second Street) was a unique institution of modern city government. The first business houses were erected on this street, but gradually business drifted onto Main Street. The first village board, 1845, refused to grant licenses for sale of liquors

where the drinking places were segregated within a block or so. Beyond this section were residences, but that part of the street was popularly known as Slab Street. In addition to the groceries (or saloons) there were several other business houses on Grocery Street, a shoe shop, harness shop, etc. From the doors of the groceries drunken men were often seen reeling, and men and boys were often seen entering for drinks. Women and girls were not often seen on Grocery Street.

On all sides of the town the mining industry was carried on in a primitive way, and mineral holes abounded everywhere. They were well-like excavations sunk for lead ore. The ore mixed with earth was lifted in buckets operated by a hand windlass; when the vein of ore was exhausted, the digging stopped and the hole was left open; not seldom a drunken man or an animal would fall into one of these holes and suffer injury. The holes varied in depth from a few feet to twenty or thirty feet, so one had to watch his steps carefully if he were walking elsewhere than on the regular highway. Many were the warnings given us children when we went into the country to gather flowers or nuts, not to fall into mineral holes. As I remember it, the lead ore that was mined was taken to a smelter and melted and run into a mould of certain dimensions, and came out "pig lead," in which form it was taken to market. I have no data as to the annual yield of lead, but it must have been considerable.

At the time of my first acquaintance with Platteville there were three public schools. The north and south schools for younger pupils were accommodated in small brick structures. The more advanced boys and girls were gathered into the one-time dining room of a rather commo-

on Main Street, but no ordinance to that effect was ever enacted. It remained the unwritten law, however, and the saloons were ever after confined to Second Street, which thus became and remained Grocery Street.

dious brick hotel building called the Campbell House, which had ceased to be used as a hotel and was rented for school purposes. It was this school that I entered in the autumn of 1855, Mr. H. Robbins, a farmer-citizen of Platteville, being the teacher. The one thing that I remember with distinctness about that school was the thorough daily drill given us in mental arithmetic. At the close of the winter term the school was discontinued. The following summer I attended the south school taught by Miss McMurray, who afterward became Mrs. W. Grindell. The next year, because there was no other place for me to attend school, I entered Platteville Academy as one of its youngest pupils. Looking back over a period of sixty-five years, I count my enrollment as a pupil of Platteville Academy one of the most fortunate occurrences of my life. I do not hesitate to assert that in my belief it was providential, as have been all the orderings of my life. Mr. Pickard as principal and Miss Fanny S. Josslyn as preceptress were rare teachers, and rare persons for a young girl to be associated with. To these, together with our pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. John Lewis, I am more indebted than to all others outside the family circle, for influences exerted and ideals presented which determined the course of my life. During the previous winter, after a few weeks of residence in Platteville, my father suddenly sickened and died of pneumonia, so that because of our great loss and bereavement I was in a state of mind to be influenced in the best ways.

At the time I entered Platteville Academy there were a number of boys and young men from Southern slaveholding families enrolled as students. They were among the popular and influential students. In course of time a refined colored girl came to town with a prominent white family and was entered as a student of the Academy. There were threats on the part of the Southern students of leaving

school if that colored girl were allowed to remain. The matter was taken up by the trustees of the Academy, who decided the girl must be dismissed. Mr. Pickard, being ill at the time, gave notice to the trustees that when the colored girl was sent away they would receive his resignation as principal of the Academy. While the matter was pending, the girl in question announced that she had applied for admission to Rockford Seminary and had been accepted, so the matter quieted down; but young girl as I was, and almost heartbroken at the prospect of losing my beloved teacher, the thought of his great sacrifice in giving up all rather than compromise principle made an impression on my mind which remains to this day, and many a time has helped me to be firm and uncompromising in standing for the right as I have seen it. I count that as one of the most valuable object lessons of my life, and in my girlhood imagination it set Mr. Pickard upon a pedestal high above most other men that I had known.

The Academy building of my day was a rather imposing three-story stone building west of the business section of the town.[9] The first floor consisted of an entrance hall with stairway, on either side of which were recitation rooms. In the rear was a large assembly and study hall, where also recitations were conducted in front of the teachers' platform. It was a well lighted, pleasant room. Its decorations were engraved portraits of great statesmen —Washington, Webster, Franklin—also several framed mottoes to which reference was often made from the platform.

In the second story were music room and physical laboratory, and the third story was used as a dormitory for men students. The building was surmounted by a belfry from

[9] The Academy building described is still standing, being now used as the State Mining School; and the houses described as across the street, one occupied by Mr. Pickard and one by Mr. Lewis, are still standing.

which a sweet-toned bell tolled off the hours for coming and going, change of classes, etc. In the principal's record book are found the names of the pupils who had come under his instruction in Platteville Academy, to the number of 1137.

Across the street from the Academy were two brick residences of similar construction, in size and quality above the average of the dwellings of the town. These were the homes of Mr. Pickard, with his devoted wife and three wide-awake, happy children and foster daughter; and of Rev. and Mrs. John Lewis, with mother and sister and foster daughter. The Academy and these homes formed the center of efforts and influences which radiated in all directions for the building up of true, noble manhood and womanhood of that community, and reached well into the country beyond.

Much less time and thought were given to recreation and social life in the Academy of those days than is devoted to athletics and social occasions in most educational institutions of today. I think there was no organized form of sports among the boys, though they were often seen on the Academy grounds playing ball. For the girls there were classes for drilling in calisthenic exercises, which were the forerunner of girls' gymnasium work.

There was held annually a May Day picnic, in which all, both teachers and students, joined. The crowning event of the day was choosing by ballot the May queen and king and attendants—then came the weaving of floral crowns, the making and decorating the throne seats, the ceremony of escorting the queen and attendants to the throne, followed by the picnic lunch, at which we were seated in a circle; then songs, speeches, stunts, and games concluded the gayeties. These were red-letter days spent in the open under great pine trees by a clear running brook,

with the freedom and good fellowship known only to young people in natural and wholesome surroundings.

The boys would sometimes plan jokes of their own, as when one morning, all being assembled, Mr. Pickard opened his drawer to take from it his Bible and hymn book for the opening devotional services, and found a rooster hidden there. A titter was heard from a nearby group of boys, but Mr. Pickard, lifting the rooster from the drawer, walked down the aisle and passed through the entrance door. Having disposed of it, he returned and went on with the usual exercises, making no reference to the unusual occurrence. Some of us wondered on whom the joke was.

In the early years of Platteville Academy a record was kept of deportment, attendance, punctuality, and church attendance, and each student was expected to report on these several points. These reports helped to determine the students' standing in the school.

A literary society met weekly, to which the upper classes were admitted. It was regularly organized, and varied programs were given, consisting of declamations, essays, recitations, debates, music, etc., with regularly appointed critics to pronounce upon the several parts. Much earnest work was done and not a little fun was extracted from the programs. The attendance and help of the teachers added dignity and interest to these gatherings.

The tone of the social life in Platteville on the part of a few families was more or less aristocratic, but for the most part was friendly and democratic, as became well meaning, industrious, intelligent citizens of an American town in the making. Anyone of worthy character and life had an equal place for helpfulness and influence with that of any of his neighbors. This was finely exemplified during the Civil War when the people generally were united in sustaining the government measures and in ministering to the comfort of the soldier boys. There were a few exceptions where

families sympathized with the Confederate South, but these sympathizers were usually discreet in expressing their views. Well do I recall the mass meetings of the citizens, the speeches, the martial music of the band, the singing of popular war songs, and the recruiting of our boys for enlistment in the war. The women and girls of every community were gathered into soldier aid societies for the knitting of socks and mittens with one finger, the making of garments, scraping of lint, rolling of bandages, etc. The making of "housewives" containing thread, needles, buttons, scissors, etc. for the soldiers was generally claimed by the young women, and into many an one was slipped a pocket testament, a note, a photograph, or other token of remembrance and regard.

In the year 1859 Mr. Pickard was elected state superintendent of public instruction in Wisconsin, so he resigned as principal of Platteville Academy. He was succeeded for a year or two by Mr. A. K. Johnston, a young man from a New England college. He in turn was followed by Mr. George M. Guernsey, who continued at the head of the Academy until it became a state normal school.

Having finished the Academy course in the winter of 1861, I taught the following summer at Limestone, but was graduated with my class in June of that year. The following year I taught country schools near Platteville. In the spring of '63 I entered the state normal college at Albany, New York, from which I was graduated the following year. Then taking a short course in the Oswego, New York, training school, I accepted a position in Philadelphia in a young ladies' seminary, where I taught for two years. In this way I was removed from close connection with Platteville for several years. In the summer of '67 I returned to make preparations for my approaching marriage to Rev. Truman O. Douglass, which took place in 1868, upon the completion of his theological seminary course in Chicago,

when we removed to Iowa. Occasional visits to Platteville through the following years kept me in touch with relatives and friends there, until by removal and death most of them were gone and I began to feel a stranger in a strange land.

One memorable visit there was on the occasion of the Pickard reunion in the summer of 1887. Former students of Platteville Academy conceived the idea of bringing together as many as could come of the old students, in honor of our beloved Mr. Pickard. Committees were appointed to plan for it. Just as far as the addresses could be secured, every living former student was notified of the plan and urged to be present. Local committees made careful and rather elaborate preparations for entertainment, social functions, and banquet. A program committee had a varied and interesting intellectual feast prepared, and opportunities to renew friendships in delightful fellowship were enjoyed to the full. Expressions of esteem and loving regard for him whom we all delighted to honor were freely given and gratefully acknowledged. That so large a number could be brought together after the lapse of years was a marked testimony to the strong hold Mr. Pickard had on all our hearts.

During all the busy years of nearly half a century, my husband and I were happy in keeping in touch with Mr. Pickard by occasional exchange of letters, meetings at religious conferences, and rare visits—the last, in 1910, in sunny California. During several months' stay there we received calls from Mr. Pickard and, best of all, spent a happy day with him in his daughter's pleasant home in Cupertino. It was a rare occasion as we talked over old times and acquaintances and experiences in Platteville and the Academy, and were shown many cherished mementoes and memorials of his life work, with the prized pictures of students and friends of the early days, especially those associated with Mrs. Pickard, who had been a helper and loved companion for over fifty years of wedded life.

At Christmas time of 1913 we received a beautiful characteristic letter from Mr. Pickard; then in a short time came the news of his passing beyond the realm of our earthly vision, and we doubt not he had entered upon that larger, fuller, blessed life of the spirit for which he had been preparing in the long years of faithful service here.

BY THE WATERS OF TURTLE LAKE[1]

ANGIE KUMLIEN MAIN

PART I: AUTUMN

It was the time of the hunting moon, the first month of autumn. The waters of Turtle Lake which could be seen around the edges were covered with a slimy ooze. Next to this slimy margin was a border of iris, whose blue flags had beautified the place in early spring. Then came the arrowheads, which still showed a few scattering waxy white flowers. After them the cattails, pickerel weed, and various sedges flaunted their browning leaves, the down from the brown velvet cattails falling into the tangle below. Beyond these nothing could be seen but a wide-spread of the dying plants of the yellow lotus. For the most part the plants still stood erect and proudly waved what was left of their large, mutilated leaves.

Suddenly the skies darkened; the distant thunder rumbled and the light breeze changed to a wind storm which caused the water plants to angrily switch their leaves. In a few moments many more of the pads of the lotus were tattered and torn, and as the cattails clashed their swords many of them were bent and broken. Almost as quickly as the storm had arisen the wind subsided and the sun shone as before.

A Virginia rail tooted to his fellows from the cover of the canes. A few wild ducks came from the lake just across the road and lit among the rushes. Instantly the boom of a gun was heard, which announced that this was the hunting month. A tall blue heron waded out in the water and stood

[1] The following paper was read at the June meeting of the Friends of Our Native Landscape at Holy Hill, Washington County. Turtle Lake, whose seasonal appearances are herein described, is typical of many small Wisconsin lakes; this one is located in Albion Township, Dane County, and is noted as one of the few places in Wisconsin where grows the great yellow lotus, the largest wild flower of North America.

PHOTO BY

statue-like while he patiently watched for a fish or frog. An American coot, thinking that all was well, gabbled to his friends who were with him in the rushes. A family of spotted sandpipers hunted along the shore, and as they walked about in their ludicrous fashion it was plain to be seen how they came by their common name of tip-up or teeter snipe, for with every step their small bodies tipped and teetered. Killdeer plovers flew from lake to lake and cried "killdeer, killdeer." A belted kingfisher flew over the lake and sent his noisy rattle to the wooded shore beyond, and in a clear place among the lotus he dived for his finny prey. The blackbirds swinging on the rushes sang of the green-corn moon which had just passed. In the trees along the shore a troop of hungry warblers, who were journeying southward, fed as they moved from branch to branch. How changed were their suits from the gay wedding attire which they had worn when on their northern journey they traveled through in May!

On the shore nearest the public highway the bright goldenrod and purple asters were growing in close proximity. Here, too, the sunflowers and burr marigolds nodded their fair yellow heads, and over all flitted the gaily colored butterflies. Here among the flowers were the roadside butterfly, the little sulphur, the orange sulphur, the viceroy, the silver-spangled fritillary, and our common mourning cloak. Farther on among the thistles the red admiral was at home and the monarchs claimed the milkweeds as their own special property.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of beauty
And autumn's best of cheer.

PART II: WINTER

Months afterward, when we again went to the shores of Turtle Lake, there was silence over all. The falling-leaf

moon had passed and had stripped the trees of their leaf dresses. The mad moon with her storm kings had struggled with life about the lake until the frogs and turtles had taken refuge in the mud at the bottom of the water; the woodchucks had gone to sleep far down in their holes beneath the ground; the chipmunk had stuffed his alleyway with earth and had also gone to sleep; the gopher had made a soft, warm nest of grass in his underground home, where he could doze away the long months until the reign of old North Wind had ended. The migratory birds had long taken their departure, but a few of the braver among them had lingered until the very waters were frozen. The aquatic plants were protected at their roots by the thick sheet of ice which kept out the cold. December, the snow moon, or the moon of the long night, was no more.

It was now January, or the cold moon, and it *was* cold at Turtle Lake. The snow crunched under our feet and creaked under the runners of the sleigh. Everywhere it lay about us shining and glistening. Everything was white with the night's storm, white as the coat of the ermine which we had seen running along a stone wall fence. Tracks in the snow around the lake showed where a hungry rabbit had searched for food. Muskrat houses thickly dotted the lake and were snugly covered with thick white blankets. Near the wooded shore the deep silence of the lake was broken by the friendly "yank yank" of a white-breasted nuthatch who was searching the bark on the leeward side of an oak tree. A downy woodpecker said "peek," as he poked his head out from his winter quarters. Several crows cawed from an adjoining field, where they proclaimed the wonderful news that they had found something to eat. A bluejay lit on a bush, adding a beautiful bit of color to the scene. Three merry chickadees with fluffed-out feathers hunted among the branches and at intervals performed their acrobatic feats. As we retraced our steps to the

waiting sleigh, these inquisitive chickadees followed at a short distance and chatted about the intruder.

PART III: SPRING

The long months passed, even the month of the hunger moon dragged by, and the waters of Turtle Lake were again unbound, for the awakening moon had come creeping in and opened the way for the wild-goose or green-grass moon. Now these were joyous days around the water. The underground folk came out, stretched themselves, and found that the great sun and the south winds were doing their best to clear away the last remnant of the winter's snow. Great flocks of ducks traveled overhead and paused for a time about the water. Long strings of geese honked by in regular, wedge-shaped rows. It was indeed the glad spring-time at Turtle Lake.

The middle of the song moon found us again on the shores of this little lake. Smooth, clear, and clean were the waters this day, not a sign of the dead, broken water plants, nor of the slime on its surface. Many large herring gulls, with a wide expanse of wing-spread, flew back and forth from Turtle Lake to the other two small lakes which form a chain here in the hollow. Graceful black terns skimmed over the water and feasted on dragon-flies. A grebe swam out from the shore and exhibited his skill in diving. All the members of the swallow family, who claim this state as their home, dipped, turned, and circled about. The drum corps, too, were out in full force; hairy and downy woodpeckers traveled around the tree trunks where they were doing their bark police duty. Flickers ate ants by the hundreds and looked about for more. Fun-loving red-headed woodpeckers played about the fence posts. Contented, happy robins were everywhere about and were singing to all who would pause to listen. A scarlet tanager brightened an oak tree with his flaming color. Bluebirds

who had heralded the springtime were homemaking in a hole in a fence post. From the woods back of the hill a wood-peewee called in a sweet, sad voice "pee-a-wee, pee-a-wee." A bittern called from the marsh land, and when sought assumed the pose of a decayed stump, thinking to deceive our eyesight. An indigo bunting, bluer than the sky above him, sang to his dull-colored mate of the beauty of the springtime. In and out among the trees the yellow warbler, the chestnut-sided, the black and white, the bay-breasted, the Wilson, the redstart, the myrtle, and the magnolia warblers flitted and flashed their brilliant bits of color.

It was indeed the happy song moon, for the air was filled with melody—songs in many keys, but all blended into one. Meadowlarks announced that it was "nice singing here, nice singing here." Blackbirds sang in chorus while they teetered and swung on the willows. A catbird performed in splendid style from the heart of an alder thicket, where he imitated his fellow songsters; then all at once he yowled like a cat and repeated the remarks of a frog close by. Marsh wrens sang from their favorite haunts their lively bits of music. A vesper sparrow, in a more serious mood, kept chanting his hymns of praise. Several white-throated sparrows sang from the woods, in triple time, the praises of "old Tom Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." From the meadows beyond the marsh, happy-go-lucky bobolinks sang as they mounted in mid-air, in liquid, bubbling notes, of the joy of their homecoming; then descending, they let loose a torrent of irrepressible glee. A brown thrasher from the topmost branch of a dead hickory tree sang his famous corn song and told us that this was also the time of the planting moon, for he ordered us to

> Hurry up—hurry up; plough it, plough it,
> Harrow it—harrow it, drop it, drop it,
> Four in a hill, four in a hill
> Cover it up, cover it up; weed it, weed it,

Hoe it, hoe it, tut, tut, tut, tut,
I'll pull it up, I'll pull it up,
I have it, I have it; eat it, eat it,
Tastes good, tastes good; I love it, I love it.

Bright and gay Baltimore orioles, glad to be at home, added a dashing bit of orange and black to the scene and whistled their jubilant songs from the treetops. From his lookout on the wire fence a phoebe watched for his unsuspecting insect prey and petulantly called his own name, "phoebe, phoebe." Gallinules and phalaropes calling from the marsh grasses made known their presence. A pair of towhees scratched among the dead leaves with both feet at one time, and when disturbed darted into a brush heap with a quick flirt of their long tails and a sentinel call of "chewink." Down among the violets, anemones, cranesbill, shooting-stars, and polemonium the gentle thrushes were searching out their favorite beetles. As we left the lake this glorious May morning a black-throated green warbler sang out, "There's no time like May."

PART IV: SUMMER

The happy, carefree days passed by. One by one the birds wooed their mates and settled down to family cares. The violets, wild crab-apple blossoms, and other early flowers of the woodland bloomed and were replaced by the daisy and pasture rose, for did not the rose moon follow in the wake of the song moon? Oh rose moon, why couldn't you stay forever?

Warm, muggy days came and the thunder moon was ushered in. The tenth day found us again by the waters of Turtle Lake. But *where were* the waters of Turtle Lake? Around the edges flourished the cattails, the arrowhead, and the pickerel weed, whose bright purple flowers blended well with their surroundings. Covering the whole surface of the lake were large, glossy, green leaves and bright, lovely

flowers of the yellow lotus. Turtle Lake was beautiful, with a beauty that made us forget her former self.

Sweetly the birds sang of this beauty of Turtle Lake!
Proudly the tall stems waved their large upturned green umbrellas!
Proudly the large yellow flowers nodded their queenly heads!
Each one nodded welcome, welcome to our lotus beds.

DOCUMENTS

DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO WISCONSIN IN 1840[1]

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Thursday [Fultonville, N. Y.] May 7th, 1840—Cool west wind and pleasant this forenoon. Being in rediness and after having been detained since Monday in consequence of the breaking of the canal and freshets, I finally embarked about noon on board the boat Oliver Newberry, Capt. Edwin Monger which transferred its loading to another and returned from Auries-Ville, there were nearly 75 boats laying above the lock, while the boat was passing which, I walked to John F. Starin's to bid them all good bye and arrange some other small matters & where the boat overtook me She was light and had no passengers but myself and a young German pedlar After getting on board I found myself rapidly gliding along

> Leaving the Mohawk, its valley, the home of my childhood
> For the charms of Wisconsin, its prairie and wildwood.

This is the boat on which Hiram Barber and Wilbur who murdered him were passengers three years since Cool wind and pleas't after-noon.

Friday May 8th 1840—On awaking this morning 5 o'clock we were at Frankfort lock, very pleas't morning. Arrived at Utica about ½ past 7 o'clock. I called on prof.s. [sic] Perkins and Barber. Mr. Perkins Gave me some references to persons of his acquaintance and was as usual, about proceeding to [give] me some marvelous result of his ingenious, mathematical com-

[1] Mr. Frederick J. Starin, a first installment of whose diary follows, came from Montgomery County, New York, to Wisconsin in the spring of 1840, landing at Milwaukee. Thence he walked to East Troy, which he described with its beautiful lake; he rode on a wagon to Whitewater and described the beginnings of that place; took a trip across Bark River into the forest and described the beginnings of sawmilling operations there. Later he made a trip from Whitewater, via Madison, to Fort Winnebago and used his pen cleverly in depicting all that he saw on the way. He traveled over other portions of the state, describing the prairies, the openings, the heavily timbered lands, usually locating himself by reference to range, township, and section. Mr. Starin was a beautiful penman and a delightful writer. We have in this journal a kaleidoscopic picture of the settlements of southeastern and southern Wisconsin, and of many of the favored places which were soon to receive settlements. It is a valuable source and has not hitherto been published. The original diary was lent to the Society by the diarist's daughter, Mrs. Imogene Starin Birge, of Whitewater.

binations of letters and symbols, when I was obliged to leave him, if practicable, to exchange some money before the boat went out which was to lay [sic] but ½ an hour. Being somewhat tardy in my operations gave me a stern chase of about two miles. The sun was quite warm and on reaching the boat [I] was in a state of complete perspiration. At Whitesboro Mr. Sweet one of the firm of Sweet & Babcock at Sharden Geauga Co. Ohio came on board on his way to Chicago, intending to stop a week at his store. Mr. S. has some land in Buffalo Grove on Rock River Wisconsin where Samuel Steward one of his tenants lives. In the afternoon the east wind sprang up and grew cold towards night strongly presaging a storm. Arrived at Canastota·8 o'clock in the evening.

Saturday May 9th 1840—Arrived at Syracuse this morning 4 o'clock. The east wind blew very cold. After remaining here two hours the boat Venice, Capt. Lewis, which we had passed a short distance above Fort Plain, and which was the first boat that passed the broken aqueduct, came in sight, and we started out It soon commenced raining and was cold rainy and unpleasant all-day. Arrived at Lock-pr't 7 o'clock in the evening.[2]

Sunday May 10th 1840—This morning is very pleasant. Arrived at Palmyra 6 o'clock. Mr. Sweet and myself walked 4 miles this forenoon and in the afternoon, and by walking 3 miles, anticipated the boat in Rochester which arrived there at 3 o'clock A. M. Was delighted with spending an hour at the Genessee falls which is truly majestic and Grand and strikes the spectator with a sense of awe while standing on the east bank which is high and commanding just below the falls. Saw here the first wooden pavement on Liberty St. that ever I met with and which I am induced to believe in point of beauty, convenience and durability exceeds stone. Started out about 5 o'clock. Has been a very pleasant warm sunshiny day.

Monday May 11th 1840—Bright and Pleas't. this morning, arrived at Albion 6 o'clo where we stopped half an hour and which is a very fine place. Mr. Sweet and I walked from Eagle Harbor to Medina. Saw the Road culvert, and the wire bridge at

[2] Not *the* Lockport, which was reached May 11.

Medina. Very fine warm and pleasant day. Arrived at Lockport about 3 P. M. The boat consumed one hour in passing the locks and taking passengers during which time, I had an opportunity of exchanging 200 dols. for gold at the Canal Bank, by paying ¾ Pr. cent. Locked up about two feet by the guard lock into the Tonawanta Creek ½ past 6 o'clock P. M. after which we glided rapidly with the current. Arrived at Tonawanta 15 minutes before nine in the evening—where the Captain's wife lives and where the boat lay about ½ an hour. As soon as we came on the creek we experienced a piercing, chilly breeze from the lake.

Teusday May 12th 1840—This morning found myself in Buffalo, having landed here about 2 o'clock at night—And it being a pleasant morning, after getting our baggage up to the Traveller's Home kept by H. D. Huff, Mr. S. and myself walked about the city an hour or more before breakfast. There being no boats to start out for the Upper lakes to-day I shall be obliged to remain untill to-morrow. Mr. Sweet, Mr. E. Tallmadge & lady left about one o'clock P. M. on the Boat Chicago, an old and in the opinion of many, a dangerous craft managed by hands who appeared to be very intemperate, and whose machinery seemed ready to go to pieces at every Stroke of the wheel.

The afternoon was very pleasant, and I passed it in rambling and writing, till near night when I went to the office and found a letter from home, which I answered the same evening, by sitting up till 11.

Wednesday May 13th 1840—. . . . After taking breakfast I walked to the dock and was pleased to find that the Constellation, (a S. B. of the upper line) which had advertised to leave to-day at 3 P. M. for Chicago, had arrived, and would redeem its berth, which was about to be supplied by the "Bunker Hill" as it was conjectured that she was ashore on lake Michigan, as indeed she had been & was detained some time, while she was exchanging her cargo and cleaning up which occupied some 6 or eight hours I amused myself by looking about the City & purchasing some small articles which I supposed would be useful, such as books, thermometer, spy-Glass &c. The day being very fine with a moderate breeze from the lake, commercial and mercantile

transactions wore an aspect of activity and life. The principal article of import seemed to be flour from Ohio and Michigan. About half past 4 o'clock we headed about and moved out of the harbor. There was at the time a light breeze ahead, which however soon died away, and the waters of Lake Erie were smooth and unruffled save where the noble steamer left undulating evidences of her passage. Buffalo and the hills of Chautauque soon left the horison. . . . About ½ past 7 o'clock we landed at Dunkirk, a small port 39 miles from Buffalo, and took in a supply of wood which detained us an hour.

Thursday May 14th 1840—This morning was extremely delightful. . . . At 7 o'clock A. M. we again landed at a place called Conneaut a few miles east of Ashtabula O. for the purpose of taking in wood. It grew warmer and more pleasant as the sun attained his meridian. About 12 o'clock M. we landed at Fairport at the mouth of Grand river, to land and receive passenger and to take wood. While this was taking place two gentlemen and myself went up into the light-house which stands considerably elevated on the bank, and from which with the aid of my glass we had a commanding view of the town, most of which lies ¼ or ½ mile from the lake and the neighboring county seats some of which were very pleasant. Fairport is distinguished for the number of its public houses and for its safe and commodious harbor, and is 163 miles from Buffalo. At ½ past 4 o'clo. P. M. we arrived at Cleveland, 193 miles from Buffalo, where we landed and received freight and passengers Most of the town is situated on elevated ground and has quite an extensive prospect. The boat was detained here two hours during which time Mr. M. M. Goodwin a fellow passinger and myself made quite an excursion into the city. The wind had now somewhat increased and was accompanied at times by a sprinkling rain. The sky was overcast and all seemed to indicate a stormy night yet it was not cold. At ½ past 9 o'clock P. M. we touched at a place called Black River, and at 12 o'clo at Huron where the boat stopped 2 or 3 hours.

Friday May 15th 1840—This morning the weather is very fine, much different from what was anticipated, with a moderate

southeast wind blowing. About 9 o'clock A. M. we arrived at the mouth of Detroit river. My curiosity led me to ascend to the mast head when I apprehended I would become dissy and soon feel uncomfortable. But quite the reverse, the air was pure and a cool breeze swept gently along, doing away completely [with] the sultry influence of the solar rays and I felt aught but disagreeable sensations. In the mouth of the river and on our left was a small island on which I discovered three small fortifications or rather block houses one on each end and one in the middle of the Island, which were probably occupied by the patriots during the late struggle. Each is surrounded by a low brush-work in the form of a square. I was surprised and delighted with the prospect on the right, for miles, as far as the eye [could see] I think I never beheld a more pleasing landscape, without any intermission of beauty, it was apparently one continued field of blossoms and herbage. The ground seemed cloth'd with richness and the farm-houses betokened luxury and abundance combined with taste, neatness and good-husbandry. One novelty here presented itself, viz, a windmill at each convenient place on the coast and for the most part on each farm. At the entrance of the river on the Canada side is Amherstburg, a very pleasant little place where we touched and landed one or two passengers. It is 299 miles from Buff. At first thought I was somewhat surprised at seeing men in military array parading, and sentinels posted at the entrance of each street. But was soon set aright on reflecting that it was one of her Brit. M towns. A short distance above, is Ft. Malden A british post commanding the west branch of the river. Above this, either side of the river presents a very pleasing prospect, yet I think the Canada farmhouses surpass those of Mich. in point of taste, neatness and size. As the sun shone exceedingly bright and we were now going with the light wind that blew up the river it was uncomfortably warm. Thermom. 75° About 11 o'clock A. M. we landed at Detroit, where more than ½ the cabin passengers and quite a number of the steerage passengers left us. Mr. Goodwin & a young man from New York (who has a brother engaged in the mercantile business at Racine and with whom fellow-passengership had worn into a

kind of intimacy), and myself walked up into the city, which is very pleasant indeed, has the appearance of being a place of considerable trade, and much exceeded my expectations. Here as well as elsewhere the fire of Harrison and Tippecanoe-ism is raging under all its fantastic, bombastic, and I should say ludicrous and air-founded forms.

A "log cabin" about 40 feet by 50 furnished with rude benches, at the farther end of which is erected a kind of speaker's stand of unplaned boards in the centre hangs a chandalier—formed of part of the trunk and the roots of a hickory sapling, behind the desk was placed a portrait of Wm. Henry Harrison and about one hundred tin mugs which smelt strong of hard cider decorated the ventilating walls. Overhead are suspended at proper intervals, wild cats, ducks, owls & other game, and crowning the speaker's stand stood erect a spiritless image of the bird of liberty, besides these, codfish, political mottos, dried pumpkins and a number of other equally interesting objects were here exhibited to the enlightened freemen of America as inspiring motives to patriotism. Here Mr. Goodwin and I took a stateroom for our better comfort and convenience. Left this place about 2 o'clock P. M. and were soon plowing the bosom of St. Clair. At Detroit there was lightning and other indications of a storm, but now all was clear with a cool stiff breeze right ahead. The channel through this lake is marked by stakes driven into the mud, and it is so shallow that even then the boat rubbed for miles and left a muddy track. The lake is about 30 miles long and terminates with low, marshy and unwholesome banks, although near the middle, especially on the Michigan side they appear to be high healthy and fertile. The St. Clair R. presents nothing very interesting save plenty of wild ducks and geese, Gulls frogs and other waterfowls which seem to hold peaceable possession of the dominions of their ancestors, finally the whole appearance of what was this evening seen of the St. Clair river is anything but prepossessing. About 8 o'clock P. M. we stopped to wood at a place called Newport. it being about dark we were enabled to see but a small part of what few houses there were in the place. Took in a plentiful supply of fuel, in consequence of our not being able to obtain any more short of Presque Isle.

Saturday May 16th 1840—. . . . All on board seemed cheerful & happy and many were the expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for the divine favor which seemed to have accompanied us thus far on our voyage. About 8 o'clock P. M. a fresh breeze sprang up from the south. On the east the water bounds the horison, and the dense forests and habitless beach of Mich. with here and there a whitened rock to catch the traveller's eye is all that can be seen westwardly About 10 o'clock A. M. we passed White Rock which consists of a saw-mill and log cabin. About one and a half miles above are two or three small cabins. White rock itself is under water The waters of Huron are more clear & appear much deeper than those of Erie We were soon at the entrance of Saginaw Bay and from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M. no land could be seen. About 7 o'clock the boat stopped off Thunder Island, but no signal being discovered on shore she again proceeded on her journey, N. N. W. There is a light-house and comfortable dwelling on the southern extremity of this island where there are a few acres cleared. The rest of it is one dense forest, and really a bleak, lonely, desolate place. About in the middle I discovered a few miserable huts, probably the abodes of fishermen, saw several other small islands between it and the main land, all thickly wooded. Pretty hard S. S. E. wind all the afternoon.

Sunday May 17th 1840—This morning is very pleasant with a fresh breeze in our teeth On the left within a league and a half is the Michigan shore, on which with a glass I discovered the wreck of a schooner said to be that of the Lafayette About 8 o'clock we passed the lighthouse at a place called [blank in MS.] where there were also one or two dwellings And about 9 o'clock landed at Mackinaw 646 miles from Buffalo, situated on a rocky barren island in the straits which connect Lakes Huron, Michigan & Superior The place contains nothing of interest except the fortifications, which have a very commanding position, landed three indian chiefs who had been on some public business to Washington. They were very intelligent and well dressed and one especially had many well-founded claims to the appearance if not to the character of a gentleman with the indians on shore of

which we saw a number these contrasted strikingly. There are but one or two well-finished houses in the place and one of these is occupied by the indian department. After leaving the straits the wind gradually increased in violence, so that by 4 o'clock half the persons on board were completely nauseated. The scene inasmuch as there was no danger attending it was ludicrous in the extreme to one who was unaccustomed to such sights. The first convincing evidences of that were manifested of those unpleasant symptoms, I discovered while in the gentlemen's cabin below deck, where as I supposed I saw (although I thought it was rather an unusual number,) 10 or 12 individuals completely resigned to the arms of Morpheus, some on settees, one or two on "three stools" and others in their berths. But which as I knew it to be Sunday after-noon did not much excite my curiosity, untill as I was walking to and fro, watching the heaving and pitching of the boat and listening to the creaking of the timbers and laboring of the engine which I thought unusual in so light a sea, I discovered the muscles of one gentleman's face alternately relaxing and contracting as if to subdue the foul mutiny of the ingredients of the stomach, and on looking around me, observed those symptoms to exist simultaneously among most of those present. The simple idea of what was soon to follow roused me to a true sense of my situation, and knowing that the spectacle before me would soon enlist my feelings though involuntarily into its disagreeable service, O'er scenes of holier things to gaze, I hastened on deck. But alas!! [Here follows a description of his seasickness.]. . . .

About ten o'clock in the evening we landed at one of the Manatoo Islands to wood & were detained in consequence of some defect in the machinery which had to be repaired, untill 6 o'clock the next morning.

Monday May 18th 1840—Rather chilly this morning with considerable wind. The southern extremity of the island at which we were detained is said to be 70 feet high, and to contain a lake on its summit more than a mile long. It grew very foggy about 8 o'clock and remained so for two hours, when it was dispelled by an increased head wind & superseded by a chilly & inclement

atmosphere, which continued nearly all day. Passed the mouth of the twin rivers[3] about 5 o'clock P. M. & saw the sun set in Glory behind the hills of Wisconsin for the first time Arrived at Milwaukie about 2 o'clock at night, found the Steam Boat Madison laying opposite the mouth of the River just out from Chicago. About 25 passengers landed in the small S. B. Menominee and one or two families, [It] having been recommended to me, I stopped at the Milwaukie House[4] kept by Mr. [George P.] Graves formerly from Canajoharie Montg.[omery] Co. N. Y. Having been up late the preceeding evening I felt disposed to improve the few hours before 6 o'clock in a comfortable "snoose," and soon after laying down was agreeably indulging in a reverie on the scenes I had just left. Soon falling asleep the mysterious future, was unfolded to my imagination. . . .

Teusday, May 19th—On looking out the first object that engaged my attention was a dense mist rising from the overflow portion of lowland adjoining the river which, by the bye, is quite considerable As I was walking before breakfast towards Walkers point, there being at the time a stiff breeze from the lake I involuntarily endeavored to avoid inhaling the foggy atmosphere by which I was surrounded by holding a kerchief to my mouth. Having been credibly informed that there was nothing unhealthy to be apprehended from it inasmuch as it is daily freshened [by] the overflowing of the lake—The morning was very pleasant. I called on Paul Juneau a young man who attended school at the C. L. Institute a few years ago, & to whom I was refered by Prof. Perkins, & whose father[5] is post master at this place. by him I was introduced to Mr. Joshua Hathaway[6] a gentleman who has for several years been engaged in survey in public lands in this Territory, and to whom I am indebted for much valuable information & advice. About noon it rained some, but the after-noon was warm & Pleasant Spent most of the day in examining the place which in point of location prosperity & trade somewhat exceeded my expectations, which had been formed chiefly

[3] The town at the mouth of Twin rivers is now called Two Rivers.
[4] Called the Bellevue when it was opened in 1837.
[5] Solomon Juneau, founder of Milwaukee.
[6] A prominent engineer, who resided at Milwaukee from 1834 until his death in 1863.

on the description which my brother gave, as I now suspect with the very intention of having me thus agreeably disappointed In the evening I called on Mr. Geo. [O.] Tiffany to whom I had a line of introduction from I. H. Tiffany Esq. of our place, and who has an excellent and very pleasant location on the high ground adjoining the village This evening is somewhat rainy and unpleasant.

Wednesday May 20th 1840—This morning is fine, and there are no indications of rain. Started about ½ past 8 o'clo. for Doct. J.[ames] Tripp's residence which is 28 miles from Milwaukie,[7] having an opportunity to ride with a Mr. A. [W.] Perry from the same neighborhood, and after riding 14 miles over an execrable road we arrived at a good specimen of Wisconsin inns which consisted of a small log hut 15 by 20 which is divided into a Barroom & setting room with an addition of a shanty in the rear—in which we partook of a dinner much better than I expected, and I supposed was called the dining-room but from this was again taken a kind of anteroom into which the women and children retired while we dined. about ten more miles were as bad as could possibly be imagined, four wagons having been broken in two days on the same, and what was most singular each of them had one hind wheel "lamed" in the afternoon we experienced an occasional shower but they were warm & genial not "cold and drizzling" as we have them in New York. After crossing Fox River [or the Pishtaka] I was at once delighted and surprised at the scene before me which I will not here stop to describe The roads from the river to Mr. T's were excellent, far superior to those of N. Y. which are annually wrought When we arrived about dusk—Found them just setting down to supper, and an excellent one it was one that would be relished by any rational being and by an irrational one after having rode 28 miles over roads that are as indescribable as those over which it was our fortune this day to pass.

Thursday May 21st 1840—Last night did I sleep sweetly for the first time under the roof of a Wisconsin Cottage and this morning is somewhat rainy & unpleasant. Passed the day

[7] In the town of East Troy, Walworth County, at the outlet of Beulah Lake.

within doors, inasmuch as the sun did not shine. Frequently was the oft-told story of my Grand parents brought to mind as I beheld here their habits & customs yet extant, & their mode of living again adopted and made agreable by circumstances. As I saw the humble log-houses and huge fire-places, out door ovens and earth-covered cellars, gathered in small groups beside the winding highway of the Adventurous pioneer,—Here again were the private decanters and unadulterated spirits to stimulate the morning meal or give superior relish to the simple yet wholesome burden of the dining table—none shrank from the delicious draught, for the fear of violating propriety & decorum. But it was sipped in harmless moderation. . . .

Friday May 22nd 1840—The day opens very pleasantly, feeling an inclination to see the surrounding beauties of nature I shoulder'd Mr. T's gun & proceeded along the right bank of the lake. My excursion although not very succesful proved very pleasant & interesting. beneath me were spread in rich profusion the beautiful yet wild and uncultivated flowers of the prarie, around me was the oak orchard [?] of the wild man where the wood-pigeon fluttered unharmed. The rippless & mirrored lake where the loon, Duck, pickerel in safety revelled, strangers to the fear and persecution of the civilized man. The sky was robed in matchless beauty & all was harmony, natural, varied & matchless enchantment. In the afternoon I was gratified with an opportunity to ride with Dr. T. & his family to Honey Creek or Meacham's Prarie.[8] Stopped at Mr. Syvenus [Sylvanus] Spooer's [Spoor's] & Mr. [Austin] McCrackin's The evening is exceedingly fine. The soft moon-beams fall gently on the quiet lake. . . .

Saturday May 23d 1840—A Pleasant morning but a rainy afternoon. Amused myself fishing & sounding the lake below the sawmill[9] which was found to exceed 40 ft. in depth—was shown a specimen of Wisconsin springs which have a very singular appearance as they boil up & the water oozes through a

[8] Meacham's Prairie is in the southern portion of the town of Troy, Walworth County. It was named for Maj. Jesse Meacham, its first settler.

[9] Built by Dr. Tripp in 1838.

mass of coarse white sand, a portion of which is all that can be discovered to have any kind of motion, after having been distilled through which the water becomes tranquil and is invisible, although from 6 to 12 inc. in depth—and is pure, cold and palatiable

Sunday May 24th 1840—This morning Dr. Tripp proposes to take part of a load of lumber for the repair of his mill to White Water,[10] & from there a load of flour to Fort Winnebago, where the Winnebago indians are collected by the U. S. troops under Gen. [Henry] Atkinson for their removal beyond the Mississippi[11] I ride with him to White Water. Left his house about ½ past 9 o'clock and after having a very pleasant ride over tolerable roads we arrived at the mill about 5 o'clock P. M. it being about 17 miles. The place consists of the grist-mill, one log store, a Public house just not finished, a black-smith shop & a dwelling house of logs. I took up my abode at Mr. Asaph Pratt's house a mile or more south west from the mill on the Prarie. Have had a very fine day.

Monday May 25th 1840—Some appearance of rain this morning. Went to see the west ½ of the S.W. ¼ of town 5 N Range 15E which Henry [Starin—the diarist's brother] purchased last fall at the land sale in October. Mr. Tripp started about 10 o'clock accompanied by Mr. [Willard B.] Johnson who also took a load—rather rainy and unpleasant in the forenoon but after noon it cleared up & was quite reconciliable.

Tuesday May 26th 1840—Fair weather Mr Pratt went out to the bark river saw-mill this fore-noon and I concluded to accompany him. Accordingly about 8 o'clock we set out, preparing ourselves with a number of boards to serve as a raft in crossing the river. The way to Bark river is alternately over bluff openings and very wet marshes, succeeding each other at regular intervals. We came out to the river a short distance below its confluence with the Scuppernong Creek,[12] and after having tied

[10] For the story of the Whitewater grist mill, built by Dr. Tripp in 1839, see Prosper Cravath, *Early Annals of Whitewater, 1837–1867*, 33. Dr. Tripp laid out the original village of Whitewater.

[11] According to the terms of the Winnebago cession of 1837, the Indians were removed to Iowa Territory.

[12] In the town of Cold Spring, Jefferson County.

the horses to the wagon & crossed the stream with our raft proceeded on foot, for half a mile across the marsh adjoining the river and some distance into the wood we found water ankle-deep. Then after wending our way through heavily timbered & apparently rich land for two miles we arrived at the mill, where there are two small clearings and two small frame houses, having much the appearance of being lost in the depths of the wild-wood by which they are surrounded. Mr. Pratt having obtained a wornout mill saw, which was the sole object of his errand and which are much used in making breaking plows for the Praries, we returned. The river where we crossed was perhaps ten rods in width and very shallow The south bank is dry & much resembles the Mohawk Flatts. here also grow wild onions in abundance. The north is very low & wet & is covered with high grass. on our return we also found in a thicket on the road, wild cherry & plum, crab-apple & Buck-Thorn bushes in abundance. The whole distance is called 8 miles and we arrived at Mr. P's about 2 P. M. with a good appetite under which the onions we found and vinegar relished well. The afternoon was pleasant and was spent by myself in writing & Journalizing—Two of Mr. Pratts sons gave us a fine concert at their father's house on violins—this evening.

Wednesday May 27th 1840—Warm & Pleasant all day, took a tramp through section 10 & its vicinity this afternoon—

Thursday May 28th 1840—Having made arrangements to start For John Hill's 2½ miles east of Elgin Ill. this morning, I started about 7 o'clock. The weather was fine & (as the people term it) seemed to have settled for the season. Having an opportunity, I rode with Mr. Cutter & Mr. Pratt as far as the Bluffs between Round and Heart Praries[13]—who were on their way to Milwaukie. Then taking a south-east direction I crossed the east Part of Heart Pra. where there are several frame houses. Water rather scarce the wells being from 50 to 60 ft. deep—from thence S. E. to sugar Creek Pra. in crossing which I passed to the left of a small lake which has neither outlet nor inlet.[14]

[13] In the town of La Grange, Walworth County.

[14] Sugar Creek Prairie is in the town of Sugar Creek; the lake noticed was either Otter or Silver Lake.

The wells here are from 40 to 50 ft. deep—After passing several slews (properly sloughs) arrived at E[l]khorn Centre about ½ past 12 o'clock M. situated in the S. E. corner of the town of Elkhorn and is the proposed county seat. Having heard much of the place I was somewhat surprised to find only a small frame building which was at once a court house, Post office, atty's office & clerks office, a small house of Oaken plank which was their Gail, but which I discovered to contain Goods instead of prisoners, a little to the right a very good School house & 2 ordinary farm-houses ½ a mile beyond, at one of which I succeeded in obtaining a bowl of milk & ½ Baked bread. Started about 2 o'clock P. M. and after traveling a very circuitous route through the north and east Part of Elkhorn Pra. & then south thro. broken openings, sloughs and marshes I arrived at Como. lake, called Duck lake at the foot of which a Mr. Pane[15] owns a saw-mill, having about 8 feet fall of water. a mile & a half beyond this is the foot of Genava lake at which there is a thriving village called Geneva where I stopped about 7 o'clock in the evening, & which is 30 miles from Whitewater. There is at this place a Grist-mill, a Distillery, a saw-mill, two stores two Public-houses & quite a number of neat dwelling houses all Put up within a year. The fall of the outlet at the mill is 11 feet. Having a letter of introduction to Dr. Oliver [S.] Tiffany from his uncle I. H. Tiffany Esq I spent most of the evening very pleasantly at his room, & am much indebted to him for the loan of a map of Illinois which he kindly offered me. The lake is very pleasant & is said to abound in good fish, & is about ten miles long.

Friday May 29th 1840—Left Geneva about 8 o'clock this morning & after traveling 4 miles came to Geneva Prarie,[16] beyond which I found some fine springs. The weather was very hot, took dinner on Minsink or Nipsink Pra.[17] Water not very good & is obtained by digging 15 or 20 feet. My course across this Pra. was 6 or 7 miles, after dinner I saw no house on the Pra. The sun was excessively warm & not a breath of air stirring

[15] Christopher Payne, an interesting pioneer character and the founder of Lake Geneva.

[16] Also called Bloom Prairie, in the town of Bloomfield, Walworth County.

[17] On Nippersink River in McHenry County, Illinois.

The thermometer stood at 85°, Plovers in abundance hovered around me and occasionally sailed within a few feet uttering hideous screams & seeming ostensibly to watch an opportunity to take advantage of my inattention & strike me. Brook after brook & slough after slough did I wade. Bluff after bluff did I thus ascend but not a tree, nor house nor fence nor stump nor object of any-kind was there to catch my wearied eye all was one waste of weeds & grass—and it was not till I had thus traveled 6 miles till I was nearly exhausted by perspiration till my energies began to leave me and I involuntarily lagged, choked with thirst & my feet burning from the heat of the beaten track, that I in the distance discovered a few panels of fence, & as I gained the summit of the next bluff, forest trees, a shaked roof & finally a comfortable looking cabin appeared in the edge of the wood Here my anticipations began. The cool shade, the refreshing draught of spring water & finally all good things that could be imagined seemed there to await my coming. I approached the house. The men & children labored in an adjacent enclosure, & to all appearance it was even as I had anticipated, but the door was on the other side of the house. I passed the corner & O! Disappointment! vexation misery & wretchedness! The sun poured his scorching rays directly into a kind of aperture on the ground as if to light whoever entered into the abodes of darkness. This I supposed to be the door. I kneeled before it as I could scarce stand any longer & knew not but I should be compelled to pray for admission, & here another scene of poverty or rather beastliness met my eyes, a perfect picture of slovenness sat on the ground (for I could see no floor) a child in her arms & one in a box in the corner (apparently twins) a heap of mud & potatoes beside her from which she was selecting & cutting for seed, in two corners were smoky heaps of rags, which I took to be beds under the influence of extreme fatigue I threw off my budget & seated myself on a kind of bench which seemed to serve for table, chair, & cupboard. My first inquiry was for the next house, & was so absorbed in the spectacle before [me] that I was about leaving the hut before my thirst reminded me of what I most needed Called for water & was given a mug of

filthy liquid from an open barrel beside the house, and which upon inquiry proved to be brook water which she said had been hauled two miles that morning I drank deep but tasted not & was off with a very good idea of an "arabian desert trap" Then crossing the grove about a mile in width I came to an Irish hotel. They were out of spirits which I fancied myself then to be in need of if ever, but a large churn "patent rocking" which must have been made in the house stood in the middle of the room & on application obtained a delicious draught of its contents which were good & thick, then crossed Highland Pra. 2 miles, to the house of a Mr. Griffin where I was strongly inclined from the painfulness of my limbs to stop for the night, but finding circumstances rather unfavorable, I again entered the woods & wended my way. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills & the clouds were tinted with his dying luster. Scarce had I entered the thicket ere myriads of musquitoes swarmed around and attacked me on all sides, for a time I was able to walk leisurely as I defended myself manfully with my umbrella case. But reinforcements were continually pouring in upon me. I chose new weapons & in my danger lost all sense of weariness, became utterly wreckless of the road I was pursuing, plunging on at hazard & at every step making "cut & thrust" at my enemy. But night coming on & all hope of victory vanishing, I was almost driven to desperation, to proceed was hazardous to stop & build a smudge was impossible, & knowing not but that I was on the wrong road was about yielding to fate & my merciless adversaries when a fence which Proved to be the extremity of what was called the Virginia settlement, caught my eyes & my energies returned. I soon reached the door of a small cabin at which was seated a ragged urchin, whose hair gave him the appearance of being isolated after undergoing the rigid scrutiny of a sentinel of the canine species, which threatning glances & meaning growls induced me to submit to, the following dialogue ensued—Boy. How far is it to the next house? Bout half er mile. Have you any water here? No, our well has got a stinkin so we've got ter drink Butter-milk. Will you let me have some? Yas an its good en thick too 'twas churned this mornin. [after

drinking two cups which were delicious] How many of your folks are there? I dun know Theres me & suke & mother & pap & John & Sam & Bub & lemuel, that's all? But they're all gone away some visitin & some to work be home pretty soon. Looking around & seeing but three bunks in the house, took another drink of Butter-milk & was off, & never suffered more pain from walking in my life. about ½ a mile bro't me to a comfortable looking shanty where I put up for the night. about 8 o'clock observed a curious phenomena in the heavens which was a stream of light shooting from the eastern & extending to the western horison, exceeding the brightness of the moon & apparently the width of full moon, it however died away in about an hour—& after a refreshing sleep

Saturday May 30th 1840—I started this morning with renewed vigor. The sun was very hot. passed thro. Virginia settlement, & Chrystal lake Ville & struck Fox river at a point 5 miles above Dundee where I met with an opportunity to ride as far as Elgin where we arrived about 4 P. M. From there I walked to Mr. Hill's which is 2½ miles east, found them all well. & at the end of my journey was much elated with my success & delighted with my newly discovered traveling faculties, feeling none of the least unpleasant symptoms of weariness—and by a delicious bath in the poplar Creek revived all my sources of Pleasant feeling, it being the first of my bathing this season.

Sunday May 31st 1840—A very Pleasant day yet the sun was uncomfortably warm. Mr. & Mrs. H. attended church, & I journalised this A. M. In the after noon went out to see Mr. H's improvments. his wheat is very heavy & was sowed while the corn was yet unripe & harrowed in between the rows, which I find to be a very common practice west of the lakes, unheard of in York State. A small animal resembling the Yorkstate chipping squirrel is here found to be very troublesome in the corn-fields,—known by the name of Goafer, & burrows in the ground was much annoyed this evening by musquitoes

[Meteorological Table and Weather Table]

Monday June 1st 1840—Had an opportunity to ride to Chicago with Mr. Josiah Burret who was going out with a load of

wheat. Started accordingly about 6 o'clock, found very good roads for about 15 miles when we were hindered by getting into a slough & compelled to lighten our load into another wagon after which we got along very well except for 5 or 6 miles out of Chicago—which is one extensive plain of wet Prarie & marsh. The City can be seen at the distance of 7 or 8 miles, with the aid of a glass. Saw some fine claims & improvements on the way which is most of the distance through rich and dry-praries, interspersed with some beautiful groves of timber, where is found oak & maple in a thrifty & growing condition. Arrived at Chicago about 6 o'clock the distance being 35 miles, & finding there a Mr. Sweet with whom I became acquainted on the canal stopping at the Sauganash Hotel took quarters at the same place. The forenoon was warm & Pleas't . . . & in the afternoon had two fine thunder showers.

Teusday June 2nd 1840—Spent the forenoon in looking about the city & harbor. The Steam Boat Cleveland came in yesterday morning & is to start out on Thursday was much pleased with the appearance of the harbor but the city seems to lay rather low & on a dead level. The streets are not paved probably on account of the impracticability of obtaining stone In the afternoon went up into the observatory of the Lake House & with the aid of a large glass obtained a complete & comprehensive view of the city & the surrounding scenery for miles in extent North of the north branch of the river the streets end in a beautiful grove of trees, in which may be discovered vined porticos & finished roof-walks strongly indicating the presence & characterising the abodes of Luxury, opulence & wealth. The lake house is now said to be the first house in the place & in point of convenience is situated at the S. B. landing and in the most comercial & thriving part of the town. Not a sail nor craft of any kind was to be seen on the lake, & a cool steady land brezze was steadily blowing. Called on Mr. E S. Prestcott, reciever at this place to whom I had letters from Elijah Wilcox Esqr & from whom I obtained some valuable information respecting that portion of the state which is now under contract and about to be surveyed. Having seen the Great city of Chicago & finished

purchasing some necessary articles which I could not find elsewhere, I fortunately met with and improved an opportunity to ride out of town about 5 o'clock with a Rev. Mr. Elmore who lives about 5 miles south of Elgin on the west side of the river. It was truly surprising to see the number of teams and loads of produce that are daily entering the city & on coming out to find such detestably execrable roads, over which we empty as we were (it having rained some in the after noon) could scarcely pass without miring. Stopped for the night at Spencr's Hotel or the Tontim Coffee house on the des Plaines river at a place called Lyons Observed some very vivid lightning & an incredible number of flashes in rapid succession on the S.W. horison & which continued all the evening

Wednesday June 3d 1840—After leaving Mr. Elmore[']s wagon and riding with a Mr. Curran till within a mile of Mr. Hill's where we stopped at the tavern on account of the rain a short time, I walked the remainder of the way & arrived at Mr. H's about ½ past ten o'clock A. M. It stopped raining and was bright and pleasant all the afternoon untill 6 o'clock when we had a fine shower. Felt very sleepy this P. M. But took a tramp in the woods beyond the creek which kept me awake.

Thursday May [June] 4th 1840—Set out on foot about 7 o'clock this morning Stopped at Elgin untill 9, & then went southwardly, passed some excellent claims & some very fine situations on the road between Elgin & St. Charles, which is ten miles. St. Charles is a fine little place situated on Fox-river. Has a large flouring-mill & one saw-mill, supports two schools & has a population of 450. One Hotel from thence to Geneva two miles farther down the river, is not so large as St. C. but is the County Seat of Kane Co. & is mostly on the west side of the river.

From here I took an east course & by walking 9 [6?] miles over an extensive Prarie & some Burr oak openings came to a saw-mill and dwelling-house called Gary's-mill from this place & bearing south some I passed thro'. Timber 3 miles to a small village called Warren-Ville where sun-down found me & I put up for the night at the only Hotel The village is much scattered

and is mostly on the prairie. Have a saw-mill on the Desplains river & but one store Pop. is 92 & out of this No. 42 have had the fever & ague this spring & I find this disease is more prevalent the farther south & on small streams.

Friday June 5th 1840—Started from Warrenville about 6 o'clock this morning for Naperville which is three miles dist. encountered a shower accompanied with much thunder & lightning, one stroke was so near & the flash so vivid that I involuntarily staggered from its effect. It however soon cleared up and I arrived at the Preemption house in time for breakfast This is a place of considerable trade 30 miles from Chicago, on the Dupage river and is the County Seat of Cook Co. After taking a circuit of about 14 miles in a Northeast direction and returning within a mile of the village I was over-taken & driven into a house by a violent thunder shower from the South. luckily they had just prepared dinner and I partook with them, but was surprised to find on inquiry that they charged me nothing therefor the first case of the kind that has occurred to me since I left White Water After being sheltered and having partaken of the hospitality of this good family I bade them good by about 3 P. M. and wended my way which by this time on so loose a soil as this had gotten to be a complete slipping up place. Stopped a short time at the village & then proceeded on my return after a very slippry & unpleasant walk being much annoyed by musketoes I arrived at Gary's mill where with the prospect of a very heavy thunder shower before me from the south & west I suspended farther operations and stopped for the night. The Black clouds of heaven gathered over the place . . . but they passed away harmlessly. . . . Supper was soon prepared of which I partook with a good relish. The evening was passed in political debate by Mr. Gary & a Fever & ague physician "got up for the occasion" whose name was Marvin & boarded at Mr. G.'s.

Saturday June 6th 1840—Having but 14 miles to travel I felt no strong inclination to tax my energies untill 6 o'clock. At the breakfast as well as at the supper table a blessing was asked and after breakfast & the reading of a chapter in the Bible

the whole family kneeled in prayer which occupied untill 8 o'clock when I paid my fare & departed after crossing the Du page river on which the mill is situated I took the right instead of the left hand road which passes through St. Charles— & after walking 12 miles over woodland, prairie and oak-openings & encountering many sloughs I found myself on the Galena and Chicago road at a Mr. Leatherman's Hotel one mile from Mr. H's where I arrived about noon.

Sunday June 7th 1840—This afternoon I accompanied Mr. & Mrs. Hill to church at Elgin held in the unfinished meetinghouse north of the Elgin house. The Day was very fine.

Monday June 8th 1840—This morning I had calculated to leave for the Territory, but as Mr. Hill had been the day or two previous appointed a delegate from Barrington precinct to attend the county convention which was to be held this day at the Old Doty Stand a short distance below the confluence of the Salt Creek & Des planes river, he gave me an invitation and I concluded to accompany him. We accordingly started about 6 o'clock. The morning being rather cool we were enabled to drive pretty fast & arrived at the Buck horn House on the Galena & Chicago road which is 18 miles by ½ past 8 o'clock, and after taking a course south s. west & driving 13 miles across the prairie fording Salt Creek once we arrived at our destination about ½ past 11 o'clock, where we found a goodly number of Office seekers and political idlers already collected. The place is a retired one on the bank of the River and has quite a romantic appearance. The business of the convention was not completed untill about 7 o'clock in the eve. And after a nocturnal ride of 31 miles during which each of us alternately slept & drove we arrived at Mr. H's about 1 o'clo. at night.

Teusday June 9th 1840—After passing rather a sleepy forenoon I set out about 2 o'clock for the Territory. passed through Elgin, Dundee Cornish-Ville & arrived at the Lake-house kept by Mr. King at Crystal-lake ville about 8 o'clock, having walked 17½ miles.

Wednesday June 10th 1840—Took a very seasonable start this morning, went to see the lake and as far as Virginia Settlement

before breakfast. at 1 o'clock arrived at a Mr. Disbrow's 5 miles south of Big-foot Pra.[18] Arrived at Mr. [Phipps W.] Lake's[19] about 5 o'clock having traveled 25 miles. Went to see Mr. Geo. W. Trimbal[le] respecting his farm which Henry looked at Last fall and talked of buying. Saw the first Straw-berries in plentiness to-day

Thursday June 11th 1840—Did not start untill after breakfast this morning & after going round the east side of the prairie pursued a course a little north of west through openings of white, Black, & Burr oak & occasionally a marsh or slough untill after I crossed a branch of the Turtle Creek at a mile beyond which I came to Jefferson prarie. took dinner at a Mr. [Joseph] Pierce's, a mile from the East Side It is six miles wide & has several excellent springs. at the west side I changed my course to south of west & arrived at Beloit about 7 o'clock P. M. Put up at the Hotel which is kept by a Mr. Buntley, having traveled 25 miles.

Friday June 12th 1840—Started from Beloit about 7 o'clock this morning & proceeded up the river arrived at Janes Ville about 5 o'clock P. M. & having an opportunity rode across Rock prairie to Mr. Stearns' where I stopped for the night having traveled 23 miles.

Saturday June 13th 1840—Having but 14 m yet to go I started about 5 o'clock & arrived at Mr. Pratt's at 11 A M. Was glad once more to return home as White Water then seemed to me. Having sweat profusely for the last 3 or four days, I was much benefited by a delicious bath in the White Water dam.

[*To be continued*]

[18] In the town of Walworth, Walworth County. Nathan Disbrow lived near the Illinois line.

[19] Mr. Lake was a member of the state assembly in 1854.

LETTER OF SENATOR JAMES ROOD DOOLITTLE[1]

CHICAGO, ILL., April 16, 1880.

Gen'l C. A. Dana.

MY DEAR SIR:

Yours of the 12th is duly received for which I thank you most sincerely.

I agree with you that the name of John M. Palmer, if he could be nominated as the Democratic candidate, would probably lead us to victory over Gen'l Grant.

But let me tell you the difficulties in the way of his nomination. If, as is probable, the health of Mr. Tilden is such that he cannot be a candidate, let me say to you that the reason why Gen'l Palmer will not probably be nominated lies in the fact which neither you nor I can control, viz.; that the Illinois delegation cannot be united upon him. Many of the leading Democrats of this state will never forget nor forgive him because, like you and me, he acted with the Republican party during the war. Many others are committed to Col. Morrison, and many others are committed to the nomination of David Davis; and to his nomination Judge Trumbull will not consent.

It is the same eternal trouble growing out of the selfish wish of men to lead, to disorganization and defeat, rather than by self-sacrificing patriotism, to unite and organize a victory. It is the same thing which scourges New York, and causes all your troubles there.

Instead of saying all for the cause nothing for men; it is all the time *aut Caesar aut nullus.* When that spirit prevails as much

[1] This letter is copied by the contributor from what appears to be a rough draft of a letter to the late Charles A. Dana, at the time of its writing the editor of the New York *Sun.* The handwriting in the letter in question is clearly that of the late ex-Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin. Of that fact there is not the possibility of a doubt. Whether or not the letter was ever sent may be more doubtful. As the entire "tone and tenor" of the letter comports exactly with what is believed to have been the sentiments of Judge Doolittle at that time, it is safe to say that the letter was sent, although the correspondence in the possession of the contributor does not disclose any reply by Mr. Dana. There are several political letters from Mr. Dana in the Doolittle correspondence, although they do not refer to this particular letter.

The letter is exceedingly interesting because the author of it was, at the time of its writing, familiar with all of the political facts with which it deals. Senator Doolittle was, moreover, a national figure of no mean proportions. Few public men were more widely known or more generally sought in the political campaigns of the period covered by this letter. We may, or we may not, agree with all that Mr. Doolittle chose to say about men and measures. But he was an intelligent and interested observer of current political events.—DUANE MOWRY.

as it now does in democratic councils, east and west, we cannot achieve victory; we hardly deserve victory.

Now, let me call to mind what has occurred four times in succession. In 1864, if the Democratic party had, by its platform, declared for the Union and for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, instead of declaring for "peace at any price," McClellan would have been president instead of Mr. Lincoln. You and I were then for the Republican party and for Mr. Lincoln; and against McClellan and the Democratic party; because the Republican party and Mr. Lincoln were right; and the Democratic party, and McClellan, in spite of his letter of acceptance, which struggled to set him right, were wrong. Had the Democrats then nominated Gen'l Dix upon a Union platform, he would have beaten Mr. Lincoln as certain as the election was held. But the Vallandighams would not allow that.

In 1868, Mr. Seymour, who, in spite of repeated declinations to accept, accepted the nomination, was defeated by Gen'l Grant, though a majority of the people did not want Gen'l Grant for president. It was because Mr. Seymour presided at that convention of 1864, which passed that suicidal platform of surrender to the Rebellion. In that convention of 1868, had a war Democrat been nominated, Gen'l Grant would never have been elected president.

I speak of what I know, for I stood upon the border line of parties then. I had lately presided over the Union Convention of Philadelphia, and from all quarters, by letters and otherwise, knew the feelings and aspirations of that great mass of conscientious men, who seek for truth, and follow the dictates of duty and patriotism wherever they lead, rather than obey the mere behests of party. I was then in the van, leading the War Democrats and Liberal Republican masses into alliance with the Democratic party and to the support of Mr. Seymour because the Democratic party was right upon the issues of 1868. You may, or you may not, call to mind the letter to Ostrander of Pennsylvania in which I appealed to them to come earnestly to the support of Mr. Seymour. I was in the canvass from the beginning to the end. I helped bear its burdens in several of the states;

and I tell you only what I know, that the mill stone on Mr. Seymour's neck, and which dragged him under, was not his speech to the New York rioters; but the fact that he presided over that Convention of 1864, which passed those resolutions.

Had Chase been nominated in 1868 (but Pendleton and others in Ohio would not consent to that), or had a War Democrat, English, of Connecticut, or Parker, of New Jersey, been nominated, he would have been elected, and Grant never would have been president. But this same rivalry and selfishness defeated us then, and forced the nomination of Seymour with a load upon his back too heavy for us to carry; and Grant was elected.

Again in 1872, when a very large portion of Liberal Republicans left the Grant party, and the Democratic party magnanimously said to them, if you will hold a Convention and nominate a candidate we will back you with all our power.

The same spirit of rivalry in the State of Illinois defeated us again, in the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati. Trumbull, Davis and Palmer all had friends, uncompromising friends. Neither would yield or consent that the Illinois delegation at the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati should unite on either. The result of this same selfish, unsacrificing spirit prevented the nomination of a candidate who would have been elected as certain as the revolutions of the earth; that forced the nomination of Mr. Greeley. If David Davis had been nominated at Cincinnati in 1872 for president and Horace Greeley for vice-president, they would have been supported by the Convention at Baltimore over which I presided; and at the polls by the whole rank and file of the Democratic party. Davis would have then carried Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, probably Wisconsin, and perhaps Pennsylvania. He would have carried New York, also.

But Mr. Greeley, while he was right upon the great question of Peace between the North and the South, and did all in his power to lead both to "shake hands over the bloody chasm," had, unfortunately all his life, done little else than abuse the Democratic Party; its men and its measures; and, so bitterly,

too, that thousands upon thousands, (although the great mass of its leaders and rank and file forgot and forgave it all and supported him heart and soul) shrank from the polls and did not vote at all; and thus Gen'l Grant was elected a second time as president.

Again in 1876, Mr. Tilden was nominated and was elected; but, unfortunately, he was elected by the votes of the South, mainly.

Had the Convention at St. Louis in the platform, only inserted a resolution, which I begged and implored them to do, to re-monetize the silver dollar; a measure which after the election, the public voice demanded in tones so loud that more than three-fourths of Congress voted for it; and which was carried over the president's veto, a measure by which alone we would have been able to resume specie payments. Mr. Tilden would have carried Illinois, and Ohio and Wisconsin, as well as New York and Indiana. The question of Solid South versus Solid North would have forever disappeared from our political struggles. There would have been no returning boards; no threat of civil war; no calling of armies, or of gunboats to help inaugurate a president who was never elected in March, 1877, at Washington; no Electoral Commission of 8 to 7, whereby a president, never elected, was put into office; and made a legal president; just as a child, bastard born, is made legitimate by the subsequent marriage of the parties.

Would to God some of the spirit of the Old Democratic Republican Party could return to inspire the hearts and guide the councils of the Democratic Convention to come off at Cincinnati in June next.

From the proceedings in Chicago last night at the Grant meeting, at which the only son of Lincoln presided; and young Stephen A. Douglas made a speech; and from the character of the men who called it, and managed it throughout, you may expect Illinois will go for Grant in the Republican Convention. He will be nominated on the first ballot, if not by acclamation.

If Grant is nominated, you may rest assured that there will be little or no substantial withdrawal of republican votes from

his support. There will be no third ticket of any moment in the Northern States. The Tribune here, with all its anti-third term articles, will support him. Its voice already this morning mellows in its tones; and it sees its opposition is likely to be unavailing. It is getting ready to bow to the inevitable. Grant's nomination will be a bitter pill to swallow, but bitter as it may be, they will swallow it; and unless we, on our side, nominate a man whose Union war record is as clear and certain and pronounced as that of Parker, of New Jersey, Hancock, of Pennsylvania, Groesbeck, Ewing, or Payne, of Ohio, Palmer, or Davis, or Trumbull, or Morrison, of Illinois, or Field, of California, his election is a certainty. Either of these gentlemen and others of that stamp, I believe we could elect over Grant.

In my letter to you I spoke of Mr. Parker, of New Jersey; You reply, if Mr. Tilden is not nominated no other eastern man will be. Now, my dear Sir, why could not Parker be nominated? And if nominated, why could not he be elected? Why could not Mr. Tilden, if his health is failing, give his voice and influence for one of these gentlemen, and give us a certain victory?

I hope you will not think I trespass on you by these long letters, written so freely and frankly to a friend, who, like myself, has done the country some service, and has no personal interest, or wish, that is not for the good of our cause, and of our common country.

Will you let me be favored with a still further expression of your views, from your stand point?

This letter you see, of course, is not intended for publication, but it is for free and frank and full consultation with one who is in a position to have a potent voice in shaping the future action of the Democratic party.

Truly yours,

J. R. Doolittle.

Editorial Note: Mr. Duane Mowry, the contributor of the above letter, is an enthusiastic admirer of the character and political career of Senator Doolittle. In submitting some other papers Mr. Mowry says: "Senator James Rood Doolittle, for twelve years, from 1857 to 1869, a United

States senator from Wisconsin, was one of the ablest as he was one of the most maligned and persistently misunderstood public men ever sent to Congress from Wisconsin. Not only was his ability of the strictly statesmanlike quality, but his integrity, both officially and in private life, was absolutely unsullied, in spite of the efforts of his political traducers to question and belittle it."

Senator Doolittle, in his career as a public man representing Wisconsin, experienced the embarrassment commonly incident to shifting from one party to another and back again. Beginning as a Democrat and ending his career as a Democrat, he coöperated during the Civil War with the Republican party because of his pronounced anti-slavery views, and was elected a senator from Wisconsin as a Republican. After the assassination of Lincoln and the split between President Johnson and the Republican party, Mr. Doolittle adhered to Johnson and brought down upon himself not merely the wrath of the party but the condemnation of the Wisconsin legislature, which by resolution called upon him, though unavailingly, to resign his senatorship.

Mr. Mowry is in possession of letters written to Senator Doolittle by men prominent in public life, expressing appreciation of his pronouncements on public affairs at critical times. Copies of three of these letters, of which a brief description follows, have been sent by Mr. Mowry to us with a view to their publication. We deem it sufficient to take this means of calling the attention of those interested to the fact that Mr. Mowry is in possession of the letters and that copies may also be found at the State Historical Library.

1. A letter from President Martin B. Anderson of the University of Rochester, under date of February 12, 1866, speaks of Mr. Doolittle's "triumphantly conclusive speech

on the monstrous heresy of state suicide. I can imagine the squirming of Sumner while listening to you," etc.

2. A letter from Lieut. Col. A. S. Daggett, dated Fort Wadsworth, New York, January 19, 1866, requesting a copy of Doolittle's speech delivered in the United States Senate on the seventeenth instant, which evidently refers to the speech praised also by President Anderson.

3. A letter from S. W. Thayer, dated Warsaw, New York, February 3, 1866, thanking Doolittle for his speech and praising it as presenting the "only true theory on which our Union can be restored and maintained."

Students of the character and political career of Senator Doolittle will be interested to know that Mr. Mowry has other Doolittle correspondence in addition to the above.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HISTORICAL "FIRSTS," "EXCLUSIVES," AND "INCOMPARABLES"

Prof. Frederick J. Turner once criticized a former student in his kindly, helpful, but perfectly frank and decisive manner for calling a distinguished pioneer state-builder whose career was under discussion a "great man." "Able, and influential, no doubt," said he, "but not great."

That comment struck home. The young neophyte was quite old enough and experienced enough in history to know that the title "great" applies properly in the rarest cases only. But biographical study is a seductive thing. Its essence is the contemplation of a given career isolated from other careers. This person had so filled his mind with the virtuous deeds and words of his favorite, his delight at the evident strength and originality of intellect growing with every new manifestation of it encountered in the sources, that almost unconsciously he came to express a judgment which was not intellectually discriminative and objective, but subjective and emotional. To correct that error required a distinct effort to see the subject in a perspective favorable to the assessment of his merits compared with those of other men.

The reason why biography is such a disappointing branch of history is illustrated by the above example. Without in the least wishing to exculpate the young scholar, in whom for many reasons I might be deeply interested, it is still true, as all are aware, that discriminating biographical judgments are the exception rather than the rule. We are all tempted to ascribe to those about whom we possess special knowledge a superiority over others about whom we know less; and the degree of the assigned superiority has a suspiciously close relation to the degree of fullness of our special knowledge.

The same principle applies rather widely in historical matters other than the biographical. Examples are particularly apt to occur in the domain of local history. We were told long ago that "the pole of the earth sticks out visibly in the center of every man's town or village." And most of us, when we undertake to write about our "town or village," assume that the pole sticks up high enough to enable the whole world to see the glorious banner we are going to fling out from its pinnacle. The local historian, like the biographer, tends to become obsessed with the idea that his town is ahead of others, and for the same reason—the absence of knowledge about others to correct the distorted outlines of his picture. Just as the cities of ancient Greece contended for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, so most modern towns, through their historian spokesmen, try to lay claim to some unique distinction, something in which they are *exclusive*, if not exclusive then *first*, and if not first at least *incomparable*. I do not now remember to have read any local history which was wholly free from such amiable indulgence in community self-gratulation, and frequently the basis of it is most unsubstantial.

A little more than a year ago, to my profound regret, I had the misfortune to wound the feelings of a local landmarks committee which was engaged in a most laudable work, when I objected to the wording of their proposed inscription, on a permanent bronze tablet, which recited that "the annals of Indian warfare show no parallel" to the battle the marker commemorated. As a matter of cold historical fact, the story of that battle, while revealing admirably the bravery, hardihood, and fighting morale of the few white soldiers engaged, is remarkable chiefly as the sole military incident in the annals of an otherwise uniformly peaceful neighborhood. One need not mount higher in the reading of Indian war history than the struggle

of the Puritans against the Pequot to find "parallels" to the particular battle to which allusion is here made. Local patriotism, however, insisted on the *incomparable*, and thus will it stand doubtless to the amazement of future generations. It goes without saying that some of the claims to the distinction of having the "first white child" in county, state, or region, the first mill, the first pottery, the only this, the greatest that, must of necessity be true. The difficulty is that, since local writers have a natural desire to distinguish their own localities they are tempted to put forward such claims indiscriminately, on hearsay evidence, with little or no previous investigation.

That is a tendency I hope to forestall in the cases of contributors to this magazine (who thus far have afforded us very few occasions for particular criticisms) by presenting the above considerations. To make a critical examination of proffered manuscripts is obviously an editor's duty. For, while on the negative side the magazine assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors, there is a positive moral obligation to be as helpful as possible to those who generously devote time and effort to the preparation of articles, and it is no kindness to permit a writer to commit historical errors in print. If we were all careful of our "firsts," one large class of potential errors would disappear.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN—REVELATIONS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENSUS

Thirty years ago it was customary for denizens of the older Wisconsin to think and speak of northern Wisconsin as if it were some foreign and almost alien country, containing limitless pine and hardwood forests, mill towns, and scattering lumber camps. Hardly at all was the region thought of as one possessing an established agricultural character, or even agricultural possibilities similar to those

of the south. It was known, indeed, that farmers had pressed forward to the sound of the steam mill whistle, and that some settlements existed to perform a kind of service of supply to lumbermen and loggers. But there was no general knowledge of the aggregate extent of such settlements and little imagination of the development destined to take place.

About that time the practical exhaustion of the first quality western prairie lands; the partial depopulation of regions once hopefully entered, where the rainfall proved inadequate for crops, like western Nebraska and Kansas; the sharp decline in the price of wheat and the resulting emphasis on the disadvantage of a long rail haul to market; all these factors generated in men a new vision of the farming possibilities in areas like northern Wisconsin, which had once been looked upon as hopeless, or as destined to remain unoccupied for indefinite periods of time.

Since pine lumbering was already in the "clean-up" stage, millions of acres of fertile cut-over lands were to be had for a song. Hardwood lumbering was extending as rail facilities opened area after area to profitable exploitation, so that settlers could often pay for clearing their land out of the sale price of the hardwood timber it yielded. Besides, there were hundreds of square miles of "double burned" lands which were all but ready for the plow.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that a new pioneering movement should have occurred, within our own state, which now turns out to have been quite as significant as some of those vast migrations from Wisconsin and elsewhere to the western prairies, like the rush into the Dakotas, with which older Wisconsin people are so familiar. For the census shows that the New North—the twenty-nine counties including Ashland, Barron, Bayfield, Burnett, Chippewa, Clark, Douglas, Dunn, Eau Claire, Florence, Forest, Iron, Jackson, Langlade, Lincoln, Marathon, Mari-

nette, Oconto, Oneida, Polk, Portage, Price, Rusk, Sawyer, Shawano, Taylor, Vilas, Washburn, and Wood—contained in 1920 more people than either one of the Dakotas, more than any of the Rocky Mountain States save Colorado, and nearly as many as Oregon despite her large seaport city. The aggregate, 703,000, is more than one-third as large as that of the balance of the state (forty-two counties), notwithstanding the presence of Milwaukee and of the other large cities in the south.

If we compare what the census calls the "rural population" in the north with that in the south, we find it already more than one-half as great. But the south's rural population practically stopped growing twenty years ago, while the north in twenty years gained 141,000 and is advancing apace. According to the census, one of the northern counties, Marathon, has a larger rural population than any other county of the seventy-one in the state, Dane standing second in the list. Little did our fathers dream that such a result would follow the destruction of the "pineries."

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending July 10, 1922, there were nine additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. One of these enrolled as a life member, Albert O. Trostel of Milwaukee.

Eight persons became annual members, as follows: Frank K. Bissell, Marshfield; Ernest Bruncken, Milwaukee; Robert Dessureau, Antigo; Dr. Alexander Dienst, Temple, Tex.; Manly J. Hemmens, Columbus, O.; Norman A. Knudson, Manitowoc; Richard B. Thiel, Algoma; Leonard A. Waehler, Lomira.

With this number this magazine enters upon the sixth year of its publication; it is believed it has succeeded in its object of drawing the Society's members more closely together and of keeping them informed of the various historical activities of the state, as well as of furnishing a medium for the publication of articles of value and interest to the people of Wisconsin. With this number also there begins a change in the editorship of the magazine. Dr. Milo M. Quaife, who was its originator and has had constant supervision of its interests, first as superintendent of the Society, then as editor of its publications, severed his connection with the Society the first of May. The success of the magazine has been due, in large part, to his unflagging zeal and broad ideals. The editorial chair will henceforth be occupied by the Society's superintendent, aided by the research associates and other members of the staff. It is planned to devote a portion of each number to some particular locality in the state; this number features the early days of Platteville.

Since the beginning of the year 1922 three of the Society's curators have died, of whom Judge Siebecker and the Hon. John Luchsinger were on the roll of the vice-presidents. The following brief sketches of their careers are presented in place of more extended biographies or obituaries.

Chief Justice Robert George Siebecker died at his home in Madison on the eleventh of February, 1922, aged sixty-seven years, three months, and twenty-five days. Judge Siebecker was a native of the town of Sumter, Sauk County, where his parents, who were immigrants from Germany, had settled three years before his birth, which occurred October 17, 1854. At eighteen he entered a private academy in Madison and afterwards completed a course in the University of Wisconsin before matriculating in the law school, from which he was graduated in 1880. He rose by successive steps from a trusted position as practising attorney (partner of Robert M. La Follette) to city attorney of Madison, to the judgeship of the ninth judicial circuit, and to the supreme bench, where his long, honorable, and distinguished service won for him the universal esteem of bench and bar throughout America. The career of Justice Siebecker had in it elements of great value to industrious and aspiring young men. It is to be hoped that an adequate biography of this honored jurist may some day be published for the benefit of Wisconsin

youth. He had been for many years a member of the Historical Society; he attended its meetings, participated in its councils, and as curator in recent years helped to shape its policies. The loss to the commonwealth in the untimely passing of such a man is a cause of poignant regret.

Hon. John Luchsinger passed away at his home in Monroe April 23, 1922, aged eighty-two years, nine months, and twenty-four days. Mr. Luchsinger migrated with his parents from Canton Glarus, Switzerland, at the age of seven and after spending ten years in Philadelphia, where he enjoyed the advantages of the Jefferson School, removed with his parents to New Glarus, Green County, Wisconsin, settling among the Swiss colony from the old home. Mr. Luchsinger became a leader in that colony, in the county, and in the state. He was farmer, legislator, lawyer, judge, and banker, as well as always a kind neighbor, a generous friend, and a wise counsellor both to his Swiss countrymen and to all others. He was deeply interested in the work of the Historical Society, writing for its *Collections* an authentic history of the Swiss colony of New Glarus, also a history of the cheese industry as carried on in New Glarus. Both papers have been widely distributed. No service which he was able to render the Society was ever withheld, and only a few weeks prior to his death he brought to the library documentary material needed in connection with our publications. In his removal the Society loses a dependable curator and officer, his community a chief benefactor, and the state an exemplar of the noblest citizenship.

June sixth last, Col. Jerome A. Watrous, curator of this Society since 1918, died at his Milwaukee home. Although born in New York State in 1840, Colonel Watrous was essentially a Wisconsin man, coming here in 1844 with his pioneering father and growing up in Calumet County. He was educated at Lawrence College and continued his education in the printer's trade and the editorial chair, serving on the Appleton *Crescent* during college days, and after the Civil War on the *Jackson County Banner*, the Fond du Lac *Commonwealth*, and the Milwaukee *Sunday Telegraph*. Young Watrous responded in 1861 to the call to arms; enlisting as a private in the Sixth Wisconsin, he obtained by his merits a commission and at the close of the war was brevetted captain for gallant conduct. During his editorial career he kept in close touch with the militia, serving on the staffs of Governor Fairchild and Governor Rusk. Promptly on the opening of the Spanish War he volunteered, was made paymaster and lieutenant colonel in the regular army. Thence he retired in 1904, after service in the West Indies and the Philippines. He was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, serving for both as commander of the Wisconsin department. In 1885 he was state pension agent and in 1889 collector of customs at Milwaukee. In May, 1919, he was appointed commandant of the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, resigning in October, 1920. Although his term as curator of our Society was brief, he evinced much interest in our work and furnished freely his reminiscences of early days in Wisconsin.

The centenary of the birth of General Grant has revived many memories of his visits to Wisconsin. The southwestern part of the state recalls his frequent itineraries therein during his undistinguished pre-Civil War days in Galena. Grant came to Milwaukee in 1880 in the full flower of his prestige as general, president, and world traveler, to attend a reunion of Wisconsin's Civil War veterans. His escort was Milwaukee's Light Horse Squadron, first organized for this occasion. Grant was a guest at the home of a grandson of Alexander Hamilton, Charles H. Hamilton, who had been the General's classmate at West Point and had served with him in his campaigns on the Mississippi.

The Society was recently honored by a visit from Mrs. Lucy Preston Beale of Virginia, the great-granddaughter of Col. William Preston, whose papers constitute a portion of the Draper Manuscripts and who was himself an outstanding figure in the Western Movement. Colonel Preston came to America as a boy with his uncle Col. James Patton, who was in 1755, when on a journey examining western lands, murdered by Indians. Mrs. Beale had family recollections of this outstanding event in border history, which she related for the Society's benefit and which add to the vividness of this bit of frontier life. She also gave an interesting account of how Smithfield, the ancestral home of the Prestons, acquired its name through the bravery of its first mistress, Mrs. William Preston, née Susannah Smith. Among a host of historical stories we also chose to record from Mrs. Beale's description a vivid incident of the presidential campaign of 1848, in which her father, Gov. James Patton Preston, had a prominent part. Mrs. Beale expressed herself as greatly pleased at the interest taken by Wisconsin in the Preston papers, and her belief that but for our Society's careful preservation these papers would now be irretrievably lost.

THE ALFRED KITTREDGE HAMILTON PAPERS

Alfred K. Hamilton was one of Wisconsin's progressive business men, who began his career in our state during the Civil War and died at the close of the World War. He was born October 31, 1840, at Lynn, New Hampshire, entered Dartmouth College in 1859, and two years later became a West Point cadet, where after two years' study he ranked second in his class. For his standing at West Point he was granted his degree at Dartmouth with the class of 1863. An unfortunate accident at artillery drill cut short his military career, when young Hamilton, having already had experience in a sawmill in his native place, emigrated to Wisconsin and engaged in the lumber business at Fond du Lac. At first the firm name was Hamilton and Finley; later the senior partner operated alone, doing business on the Wolf River and around Winnebago Lake. In 1883 Mr. Hamilton removed to Milwaukee, where he had large business interests; he managed the Milwaukee Harvester Company and developed a lime and stone business at a place in Fond du Lac County to which was given his name. Mr. Hamilton was president of the Webster City and Southwestern Railway Company, director in many enterprises, and trustee from

1899 to 1918 of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. He died December 20, 1918, in California. His daughter Mrs. Charles J. McIntosh of Milwaukee has presented his papers to our Society under the auspices of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America in the State of Wisconsin, of which she is state president.

The collection is not large, but it illustrates the methods of conducting the lumber business, with contracts for logs, scaling of rafts, inventories of lumber camps, price schedules, and so forth. Among these papers there are also a number of interesting letters from Gen. E. S. Bragg, Col. William F. Vilas, Sen. John L. Mitchell, and others prominent in the political field.

THE DIEDERICHS DIARY

Hon. Emil Baensch of Manitowoc has translated for our Society the contents of a small printed book of fifty-eight pages published in 1848 at Barmen. It contains the letters and journal of Johann F. Diederichs, who emigrated in 1847 from Elberfeld to America, and bought land near Manitowoc Rapids. The account is a vivid picture of the experiences of a German forty-four years old, who came with wife and four children to found a home in Wisconsin. Especially interesting are his descriptions of the life of the first year on the new farm, the building of the log house, the clearing of the land, the obtaining of stock. We hope in the future to publish portions of this translation.

THE SCHLAICH PAPERS

Capt. Julius Schlaich was born at Grossheppach, Wurtemberg, September 13, 1830; at the age of twenty-one he emigrated to Wisconsin and settled at Plymouth, where he became a prominent member of the community and in 1861 was appointed postmaster. He soon resigned, however, to recruit for Company B, Twenty-seventh Wisconsin Infantry, of which in September, 1862, he was commissioned second lieutenant.. Eighteen months later Lieutenant Schlaich became captain of his company, and in November, 1864, was brevetted major for "meritorious service." After the Civil War Captain Schlaich resided in New York City until 1870, when he returned to Plymouth and there died March 11, 1919. His widow, Mrs. Augusta Schlaich, has on the instance of Curator Lacher presented to the Society a few papers; while former Mayor Charles Pfeiffer has donated the minute book for 1898 of the Plymouth Farmer und Gewerbe Verein, of which Captain Schlaich was a prominent member. A sketch of his career prepared by Mr. Lacher accompanies these gifts.

CHICAGO RELIC SOUGHT IN WISCONSIN

Chicago's first fire-fighting machine was bought in 1835 from Gurdon S. Hubbard, pioneer fur trader and early citizen of that place. The volunteer company by which it was operated called it "Fire King No. 1." It is a small affair mounted on wheels and equipped with two

brass single-action pumps. After doing valiant service for twenty-five years in the Windy City the still effective "Fire King" was sold in 1860 to the city of Stevens Point, where again it was actively employed in fire fighting for another quarter of a century. At its superannuation it was sold to a private party who used it for drainage work and finally stored the old veteran in a shed at Bancroft. There it was recently found by an agent of the Chicago Historical Society, who purchased the historic relic and had it transferred to its earliest home and installed in state in the historical society's rooms.

FRIENDS OF OUR NATIVE LANDSCAPE

The Illinois society of this name was organized in 1913 by Mr. Jens Jensen, landscape architect of Chicago. In 1920 the Wisconsin chapter came into being and in June of that year the first joint meeting was held at Devils Lake Park. The next June the Illinois association entertained at the canyons of Apple River, on the boundary of the two states. This year the joint meeting was held June 3 and 4 at Holy Hill, in Washington County, Wisconsin. About eighty Illinoisians were present; the numbers from Wisconsin have not been estimated but large delegations came from Milwaukee and Madison, including several of the professors in the College of Agriculture and the other departments of the State University. Members were also present from Fort Atkinson, Oshkosh, Baraboo, Fond du Lac, and other places. The society is devoted to the preservation and enjoyment of the beauties of nature and to the instruction of the public in the scientific, archeological, and historical features of our local environment. It aims to have an influence on the acquisition of state and local parks, upon the increasing delight in the life of the out-of-doors. The last meeting was especially enjoyable and developed a spirit of comradeship and appreciation that augurs well for the future of the society. John S. Donald was reëlected president of the Wisconsin society, and Prof. F. A. Aust secretary.

LAKE GENEVA PAGEANT

An elaborate pageant of Wisconsin and local history was presented on the lovely shores of Lake Geneva May 29, and may in itself be considered an historic event. Historical education was afforded to the large number of participants, and the whole community was imbued with a sentiment of affection and reverence for the past. The author was Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker of Chicago, who four years ago collaborated in the centennial pageants of the Illinois celebration. It was somewhat unfortunate that the exploded theory of Mound Builders as a separate race from the Indians was presented. The Indian scenes, especially the wedding feast and the dances, were particularly successful. Realistic were the Indian treaty and the struggle for land by conflicting claimants. A daughter of one of these claimants was in the audience. Wisconsin's admission to the union was dramatically rendered by the personification of the states and their warm welcome to the new sister. Lake Geneva will hereafter be alert to the significance and interest of her history.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

Seventy-five years ago last twenty-sixth of April, the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri was organized at Chicago for the entire Northwest. The diamond jubilee of this founding was celebrated widely throughout Wisconsin, where many affiliated churches of this synod now exist. Beginning in 1847 with twelve churches, it now numbers 4,300 pulpits, foreign missions of large proportions, and is one of the largest synodical bodies in America. President Harding sent congratulations to the officials, which were read at the several celebrations.

During the first week of June the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of St. John's Episcopal Church on the south side of Milwaukee was observed; the church building, now seventy years of age, was consecrated by Bishop Kemper.

Sunday, June 12, the St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Millersville, Sheboygan County, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of its founding, with appropriate exercises. One of its founders, Johannes Dengel, is still living in the vicinity and was present at the services.

Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church of Milwaukee held a three-days' celebration of its sixtieth birthday last May. This church has occupied three buildings, its present one being at Fourth and Lee streets.

Oregon Methodist Episcopal Church was built by the grandfather of Dr. Philip Fox of that place, who was the first circuit rider in this vicinity. The church building, begun in 1861, was completed the next May. Last May the sixtieth anniversary of its dedication was celebrated by local members and Madison friends.

A jubilee observance on June 6 for St. John's Catholic Church near Hilbert brought out a notable assemblage of clergy, among them Rt. Rev. P. P. Rhode, bishop of Green Bay.

In March the Shawano Presbyterian Church held an historical review of the fifty years' existence of the organization. Dr. Ganfield of Carroll College was the chief speaker.

THE DRAMA OF RED BIRD

The Curtain Club, sponsored by the University faculty, presented at Madison, April 27, an historical play written by William Ellery Leonard, one of their number. Professor Leonard, who is a student of Indian lore, has already written and published *Glory of the Morning*, one of the best and most typical pieces of literature having the North American Indian for a theme. He had for some years been considering the tragedy of the Winnebago chief Red Bird, whose surrender to the army officers in 1827 has been called the most dramatic event in Wisconsin history. Using this event as a basis, Professor Leonard has produced a powerful drama, whose central theme is the conflicting ethical ideals of the two races red and white, and the inevitable tragedy that such diversity implies. Red Bird, the hero of the play, having heard that the whites had murdered one of his own tribe, felt morally bound to

avenge that death by the double massacre of two innocent white persons; then when American soldiers advanced against his tribe and threatened it with annihilation, he was impelled by his conscience to offer his own life in atonement for the salvation of his people. In prison he learns that his sacrifice has all been vain, that his supposedly murdered comrade still lives; he dies just as the president's pardon arrives to set him free.

The presentation of the character of Red Bird as conceived by Professor Leonard affords almost unlimited scope to any actor; the student who played the part acted it with conscientiousness and dignity. The lesser parts were finely conceived and the entire drama was presented with an earnestness that its quality warranted. The scenery was especially prepared for the occasion by the University department of manual arts, and showed typical Wisconsin landscapes at the Dells, Devils Lake, and Prairie du Chien. The audience recognized both the literary quality of the drama and its historic significance, representing an outstanding event in our pre-territorial history, as well as the innate nobility of our Indian predecessors.

COLLEGE CELEBRATIONS

Beloit and Lawrence colleges both celebrated in June their diamond jubilees, or the seventy-fifth anniversaries of their founding. Thus two of the best known of our Wisconsin colleges were begun a year before the admission of the state to the union. Throughout all the state's history, therefore, these two institutions of higher education, one in the southern and the other in the northeastern portion of Wisconsin, have been quietly but powerfully at work developing the finer manhood and womanhood of our commonwealth. The celebrations were reminiscent and historical in character, and brought back to Beloit and Appleton large bodies of loyal alumni. Pageantry was employed at both colleges to vivify the historical scenes of the institutions' beginnings; while historical addresses and personal reminiscences recalled early days. In subsequent numbers of this magazine, articles will appear on the origins of these two colleges and their place in Wisconsin educational history.

MUSEUM NOTES

The curator of the State Historical Museum, Mr. Charles E. Brown, is at all times glad to receive gifts of Indian stone, clay, bone, horn, shell, and metal implements, ornaments and ceremonial objects from original finders and collectors in every part of the state.

The work of preserving and marking Indian mound groups and other aboriginal landmarks and sites is progressing very favorably under the direction of the Indian Landmarks Committee of the State Historical Society, of which Mr. David Atwood is chairman. An additional impetus was given to this movement when a suggestion was made by the secretary of the Wisconsin Archeological Society that the

Fraternal Order of Eagles should undertake the care and marking of the effigy mounds of eagles and thunderbirds, scattered so widely over the state. This suggestion was received with enthusiasm at the order's annual state convention at Madison, June 5-8. It is hoped that under the auspices of this organization many such mounds may be conserved.

Beloit College has purchased for the Logan Museum the extensive archeological collection of Mr. Theodore Kumlien of Fort Atkinson. This collection consists chiefly of Indian stone and metal implements collected by its former owner in the Lake Koshkonong region.

The University of Wisconsin, through the State Historical Museum, has published for distribution to those teachers attending the summer session who are interested in American folklore, a leaflet of Paul Bunyan tales. Paul is the mythical hero of the lumberjacks, and tales of his great strength and wonderful exploits are told in the lumber camps from Maine to Wisconsin and westward to Washington and California.

A report on the Indian history and antiquities of Beaver Dam Lake, recently issued by the Wisconsin Archeological Society, shows the total number of Indian mounds formerly located about Beaver Dam to have been about fifty. Of thirty-two of these mounds, whose exact character is known, twenty-one were conical or round mounds, eight were effigy or animal-shaped mounds, and three were linear or wall-shaped earthworks. Of the effigies five were of the common panther (water spirit) type, two represented the turtle, and one was an unidentified quadruped. Beaver Dam is one of the localities in the state which up to the present date has failed to preserve for the public any of its notable Indian earthworks. Many have been destroyed, some of them needlessly. It is hoped that some local organization or the city itself will, before it shall be too late, undertake to preserve some of the few priceless prehistoric Indian monuments which remain.

Jefferson County, through its county board and rural planning committee, has purchased and placed in the care of the Wisconsin Archeological Society a tract of land at Aztalan, near Lake Mills, containing a group of nine large ceremonial and mortuary Indian mounds. This land is to be maintained by the state society as a free public park. Various improvements for the park are now being planned by a committee of the society consisting of Mr. Robert P. Ferry, Lake Mills; Dr. S. A. Barrett, Milwaukee; Mrs. H. A. Main, Fort Atkinson; and Messrs. David Atwood, John G. D. Mack, and Charles E. Brown, Madison. The earliest report of the site of this stockaded prehistoric village was published by N. F. Hyer in the Milwaukee *Advertiser* in 1837. A movement to secure the permanent preservation of the enclosure was conducted by the State Historical Society and the Wisconsin Archeological Society in 1919, through a joint committee of which the late Publius V. Lawson of Menasha was the chairman. A part of the money for the purchase of the row of mounds was contributed by the

school children of Jefferson County. Funds for the acquirement of the remainder of the site including the enclosure are now being raised by the Wisconsin chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a campaign in which the Wisconsin Federation of Women's Clubs will also participate.

The Winnebago County Archeological and Historical Society held its annual pilgrimage at historic Black Wolf Point on the shore of Lake Winnebago, on the afternoon of June 24.

This was the site of an early Indian village, and a portion of the afternoon was spent in searching for and examining evidences of its former occupation. A large Indian boulder corn-mill having several depressions on its surface was of special interest. Mr. Halvor L. Skavlem of Janesville was the speaker of the occasion. He gave an interesting talk on the Indian antiquities of Lake Koshkonong, which he illustrated with a chart of numerous drawings. Basket lunches were partaken of and coffee made on the grounds was served to all present. The weather was perfect and the attendance was good, forty-one members being present.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society held its last regular indoor meeting at Milwaukee on May 15, and will not resume these meetings until the third Monday in October. Some of its members are now conducting archeological surveys and explorations in a number of Wisconsin counties. Mr. H. E. Cole has completed a surface survey of the Indian earthworks and other remains in the western half of Sauk County. Mr. Towne L. Miller is conducting researches in the Grand River region and elsewhere in the southern part of Green Lake County, and Rev. F. S. Dayton in Waupaca County. Dr. A. Gerend has been assisting in Jackson, Rev. J. H. McManus in Richland, and others in other counties. Mr. C. E. Brown recently spent several days in research work about Forest, Moose, Garvin, Grass, and other of the smaller lakes in Waukesha County. The society has published reports on the Indian landmarks about Fox Lake, in Dodge County, and about Beaver Dam Lake. A report on the "Stoneworks and Garden Beds in Winnebago County," by George R. Fox, is in press.

The Central Section of the American Anthropological Association was organized at a meeting held in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, on April 21, archeologists and ethnologists from eight Middle West states being in attendance. Dr. S. A. Barrett of Milwaukee was elected president of the section; Charles E. Brown, Madison, and Dr. W. C. Mills, Columbus, vice-presidents; and Mr. Ralph Linton, Chicago, secretary-treasurer. Dr. Berthold Laufer, Dr. Frederick Starr, George R. Fox, Prof. Louis B. Wolfenson, and Alanson Skinner were chosen as members of the board of directors. During the meeting visits were made to the Chicago Historical Society and the Chicago Academy of Sciences Museum.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Gen. Charles King ("Memories of a Busy Life") resides in Milwaukee. He is a well-known writer as well as a distinguished soldier and officer.

Hon. D. J. Gardner ("Incidents in the Early History of the Wisconsin Lead Mines") is one of the best known attorneys of Grant County, a pioneer resident of Platteville, and a careful student of local history.

Rev. Truman O. Douglass ("Platteville in Its First Quarter Century") was for half a century a leading pastor and officer of the Congregational Church in Iowa and an historian of that church. He now lives in retirement at Claremont, California.

Maria Greene Douglass ("Personal Recollections of Platteville") is the wife of Truman O. Douglass.

Mrs. Angie Kumlien Main lives on the Alfahill Farm, near Fort Atkinson. She is a granddaughter of the pioneer naturalist Thure Kumlien and is a frequent contributor to farm journals.

COMMUNICATIONS

A CORRECTION

I made an odd error in telling of Governor Rusk at the funeral of General Grant, published in the latest journal of the Historical Society.[1]

The funeral of General Grant took place in the late summer of 1885, the Milwaukee riots occurred in the late spring of 1886; yet in speaking of our big Governor I said that he was then in the heyday of his fame, etc. because of the stand he took in suppressing those riots. Having been at his side and on his staff on both occasions, I was thinking last winter, when dictating that chapter, of the attentions shown our Governor and the greetings of the people in the streets—and, long years later, by one of those tricks that memory plays, ascribed it to the incident of the Milwaukee riots, which made him famous.

It must have been his leonine physique, or, possibly, his phrase "Those men need bread, not bayonets," used on another occasion. At all events he "took" with the crowds even the year before he became a national figure.

CHARLES KING, *Milwaukee*

[1] *Wisconsin Magazine of History, June, 1922.*

THE QUESTION BOX

LETTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

There has recently come into my possession an autograph letter of George Washington directed to Colonel Seeley at or near Tappan or Tappas, state not mentioned but presumably New York, dated Kings Ferry, August 21st, 1781.

I am writing to ask if it would be consistent with your responsibilities to tell me something about the location of Kings Ferry, which I assume to be just north of New York City; also of the location of Tappan, and if there is available any historical mention of the Colonel Seeley referred to in the letter, or Colonel Dayton, and possibly something of the military history in which they participated about August 21, 1781. GEORGE H. MILNE, *Kenosha*

You have in this letter of Washington an interesting souvenir of the last campaign of the Revolutionary War. In May, 1781, Washington had a conference at Wethersfield, Connecticut, with the Count de Rochambeau, in command of the French army then at Newport, Rhode Island. As a result of that conference Rochambeau left Newport June 9 and by early July was on the Hudson, where Washington July 3 attacked without success the British in New York. The combined armies then retired up the Hudson, where Washington made headquarters at Dobbs Ferry and Rochambeau at Peekskill. It was the fourteenth of August when Washington received word that the Count de Grasse was sailing with a large fleet from the West Indies and would land his troops on Chesapeake Bay. The commander-in-chief immediately determined to transfer his own army to Virginia, where he successfully captured Cornwallis three months later. It was necessary to march with as much secrecy as possible in order not to give Clinton in New York word of Washington's plan and destination. He therefore made a feint towards Sandy Hook in order to deceive the British. Washington himself took station at Kings Ferry, now Verplanck Point on the Hudson, where the army, both American and French, crossed.

Both Colonel Seeley and Colonel Dayton were officers commanding New Jersey militia stationed on the west side of the Hudson southwest of Kings Ferry. The village of Tappan, where

Seeley probably was, is just on the boundary between New York and New Jersey. It lay on a principal highway, and had long been used as a camping ground. In 1778 Washington had headquarters at Tappan; he came there again in 1780 upon a very sad errand, when a court of inquiry met to determine the guilt of Major John André. There October 2, 1780, he was executed as a spy. Colonel Seeley was evidently in charge of the road leading from Dobbs Ferry to Tappan, since among the Washington letters in the Library of Congress is a draft of one dated the same day as yours, addressed to Col. Sylvanus Seeley at Dobbs Ferry. By York Island there can be no doubt Manhattan Island is indicated.

We have been unable to find anything personal about Colonel Seeley. He was a captain in 1776 of the New Jersey militia; promoted to a majority May 23, 1777; to a colonelcy in November of the same year. He was apparently never on the Continental establishment, but was a brave and trusted militia officer. As for Colonel Dayton, it is not easy to determine whether the one mentioned was Col. Elias Dayton or his more famous son Jonathan. The former commanded New Jersey regiments throughout the war, and at its close was made brigadier general. Jonathan Dayton was at the surrender at Yorktown; he may have been with Lafayette in Virginia before Washington marched south. He was one of the New Jersey representatives in the constitutional convention of 1787; in Congress from New Jersey, 1791-1799, part of the time as speaker; senator from New Jersey, 1799 to 1805.

THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN

Is there any special book or books or records of any kind dealing with the history of the east shore of Lake Michigan? Were there any early explorers aside from Marquette who coasted up this shore? La Salle went only to the mouth of the St. Joseph, I believe. Do you know any reason why the Muskegon River should appear on Franquelin's map of 1684 as "Riviere des Iroquois?"

KENNETH G. SMITH, *Lansing, Mich.*

In answer to your queries we know of no book that deals particularly with the east shore of Lake Michigan. It was a route not as much followed as the west shore; at first probably for fear

of the Iroquois, later because of currents and the availability of winds. Marquette's is the first recorded voyage, although we are of opinion that Jolliet in the autumn of 1673 and spring of 1674 did some exploring in that region. This cannot be proved; it is merely inferred from his maps. The next recorded voyage is that of Tonti, when he came to join La Salle in 1679 at the mouth of the St. Joseph. You will find his account in Kellogg, *Early Narratives*, 288-289, very brief indeed! No other voyage on this shore during the seventeenth century seems to have been made for fear of the Iroquois, who were from 1680 to 1701 on the warpath against the western tribes. That also answers your second question, concerning the name. There are several place names in the West taken from Iroquois battles; Iroquois Point just beyond the Sault St. Marie as one enters Lake Superior, named for a battle in 1653; Iroquois River in Illinois, tributary to the Kankakee, named for some ambuscade or raid of the Iroquois from New York. We do not know what events gave Franquelin the name Iroquois River; there were many raids in the years between 1680 and 1684, so that it is not difficult to account for the name. You can find secondary accounts both in Parkman's *La Salle*, and in his *Frontenac*.

One of the earliest descriptions of a voyage on the east coast of Lake Michigan is that of Father Pierre Francois Xavier Charlevoix on his voyage of exploration in 1721. He mentions the Pere Marquette, the St. Nicholas, the Black rivers, and describes the shore. It is difficult to find this account in English; there has been no complete English edition since the translations of 1761 and 1763.

EARLY HISTORY OF ALGOMA

Please send me what material you have on the history of the city of Algoma in Kewaunee County.

FRANK R. SNYDER, *Casco*

Algoma was known until 1897 as Ahnapee, an Indian word which meant when, or when it happened. There was an Algoma just above Oshkosh, which was later incorporated into that city. It is a generic name for the Algonquian people. There are Algomas in Michigan, in Canada, and perhaps in other places.

Ahnapee was settled first from Manitowoc; one Joseph McCormick is said to have explored the region as early as 1834, but the first settlers came in 1851. Edward Tweedale was an Englishman who built the first house on this site in 1851; there his son William A. was born in September, the first native of Ahnapee. By Christmas there were three families present, who celebrated the day with a huge salt-pork pie. A sailing vessel called the *Citizen* plied between this port and Manitowoc. In 1852 came Abraham Hall and two years later his brother Simon Hall, who built the first mill and opened in 1855 the first store. By 1856 the steamboat *Cleveland* began landings at this port and settlers came in very fast. By 1860 there were 718 in what is now Ahnapee Township, and in 1870 this number had increased to 1544. In 1871 terrible fires spread through this region; nevertheless it quickly recovered and in 1873 the village was incorporated. Harbor improvements began in 1876, and by 1880 $100,000 had been expended. The place became a city in 1879; its first mayor was Samuel Perry. There were five churches here at this time. The settlers were of many nationalities: English, Bohemians, Germans, Irish, Dutch, Danes, and Belgians, as well as Americans. By 1880 the city had a population of 978, increased to 1015 in 1890. It touched 2082 in 1910, and in 1920 had 1911 inhabitants. The first newspaper was established in 1873, called the Ahnapee *Record*. The first railway, the Ahnapee and Western, came in about 1892, and by 1894 was extended to Sturgeon Bay.

This community is still so young that many of the first settlers must be yet living. It would be well to gather remembrances of early days.

WHITNEY'S MILLS

I am trying to locate an old town in Wisconsin, which evidently has been absorbed by some other community, for it does not appear in any index or atlas I have consulted. During 1857 it was called Whitney Mills and was in the vicinity of the Wisconsin River near Dodgeville.

It is the birthplace of an old lady who is now eighty-five years of age. Her maiden name was Emmeline Henshaw Whitney and her family held large tracts of land; hence, the family name was used to designate their holdings.

Her relatives are anxious to drive to her old home this summer and take pictures of the beautiful country which she left in 1857 to journey west to California.

ADELE H. MAZE, *Oak Park, Ill.*

The Whitneys were among the first Americans in Wisconsin. Daniel Whitney, who came from New Hampshire to Green Bay in 1819, was one of the most enterprising men of pre-territorial times. Between 1825 and 1830 he built a shot tower on the lower Wisconsin, in what is now known as Tower Hill Assembly Grounds, a tract of land lately owned by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose widow has given it to the state for a park. This very interesting relic of early Wisconsin is most easily reached from Spring Green, on the opposite side of the river. We think that the lady whom you mention was the daughter of Daniel Whitney's nephew, David B. Whitney, born in 1804 in New Hampshire. He came to Wisconsin to go into partnership with his uncle, and died at Helena, August 29, 1838. You will find mention of him in *Wis. Hist. Colls.* xiii, 349, note. It is stated there that he was a cousin of Daniel Whitney; the Whitney genealogy shows that he was a nephew, son of his brother Samuel, and that he married Maria Wright, who married again after his death and went to California. Whitney's Mills, however, was some distance from Helena and the shot tower. You will see on page 345 of *Wis. Hist. Colls.* xiii, that an English visitor in 1835 found David Whitney at Helena; but when John Wilson came late that same year to be manager of the shot tower, David Whitney had removed his wife and family to Whitney's Mills on the upper Wisconsin, where Daniel Whitney of Green Bay had secured in 1830 a mill privilege in what was then Indian territory. He built there in 1831-32 a sawmill, one of the first if not the very first on the Wisconsin River. This place was called Whitney's Mills, and is described as seventy miles above Portage, just below Point Bas. Point Bas is in Saratoga Township of Wood County, about six miles below Grand Rapids or, as the city is now called, Wisconsin Rapids. An old map of Wisconsin in 1839 shows "Whitney's Mill" on the east side of the river not far above the present dividing line between Wood and Adams counties. It may have been opposite the present Nekoosa or

just below that place. Probably old settlers would know what portion of the river went by the name of Whitney's Rapids.

BEGINNINGS IN PRICE COUNTY

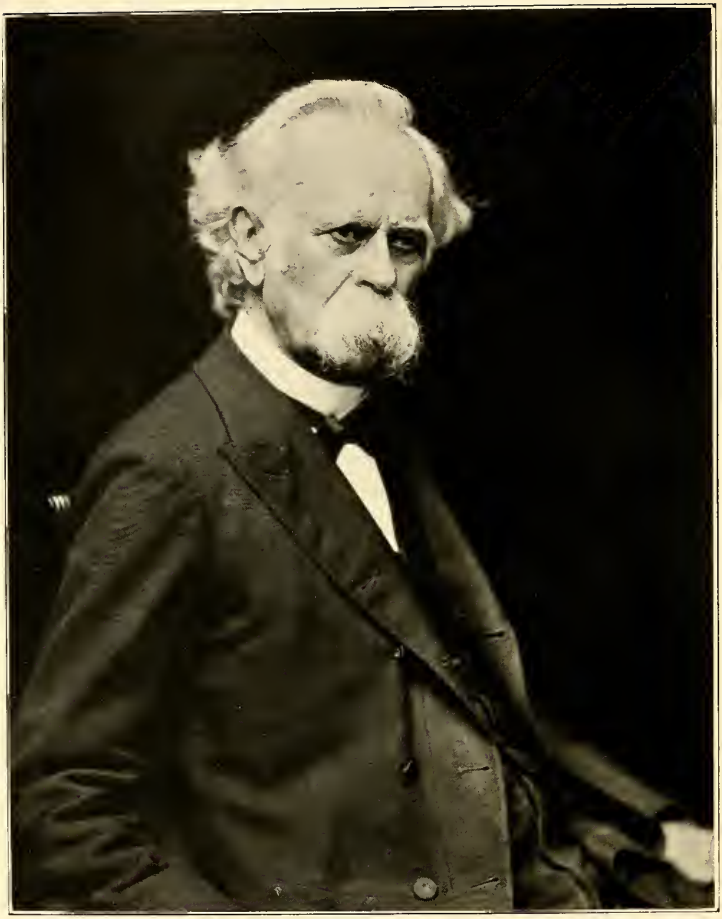
Our class would like to obtain information about this part of Wisconsin (Price County). We are required to write about the local history of our community and would appreciate any information you are able to give.

ELVING C. OLSON, *Spirit*

Price County is the watershed between the Wisconsin and Chippewa rivers; through all this region the primitive Indians roamed, chiefly those of the Chippewa tribe. Soon after the discovery of the Northwest by the French, traders began to seek out these Indians. There is, however, no record of a fur trading post nearer than Lac du Flambeau. As the fur trade was the earliest industry, lumbering was the next to develop. During the decades of the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century lumbermen penetrated farther and farther into northern Wisconsin. One of the big operators who had risen in the trade was William T. Price, who afterwards went to the legislature and in 1879 was president of the state senate. About that time the Wisconsin Central Railroad was being built, so in that year several ranges and townships were detached on the one side from Chippewa County, and on the other from Lincoln County, and erected into a new county, called by the name of the president of the senate.

The Wisconsin Central Railroad received a grant of government land including alternate sections within twenty miles of its line. In 1879 its land agent, Mr. Kent K. Kennan, was sent to Europe to advertise the lands, and in 1880 he was likewise appointed state agent for immigration. He had an office at Basle, Switzerland, and sent out many pamphlets which induced a large immigration from Bavaria and other parts of southern Germany. Many of these immigrants had seen service in the Franco-Prussian War, and were eager to come to the United States to escape further warfare. Others came to better themselves and to make homes for themselves and their children. There must be many of these older pioneers still living in your

vicinity, who would be glad to relate to you their experiences of pioneer days. The Scandinavian immigration seems to have followed the German and to have settled largely in the southeastern part of the county.



HENRY LUMMIS, D.D.
Professor at Lawrence College, 1886–1905

VOL. VI N.2 1922-1923

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent

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Paid for out of the George B. Burrows Fund Income

THE YANKEE AND THE TEUTON IN WISCONSIN

JOSEPH SCHAFER

I. CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES TOWARD THE LAND

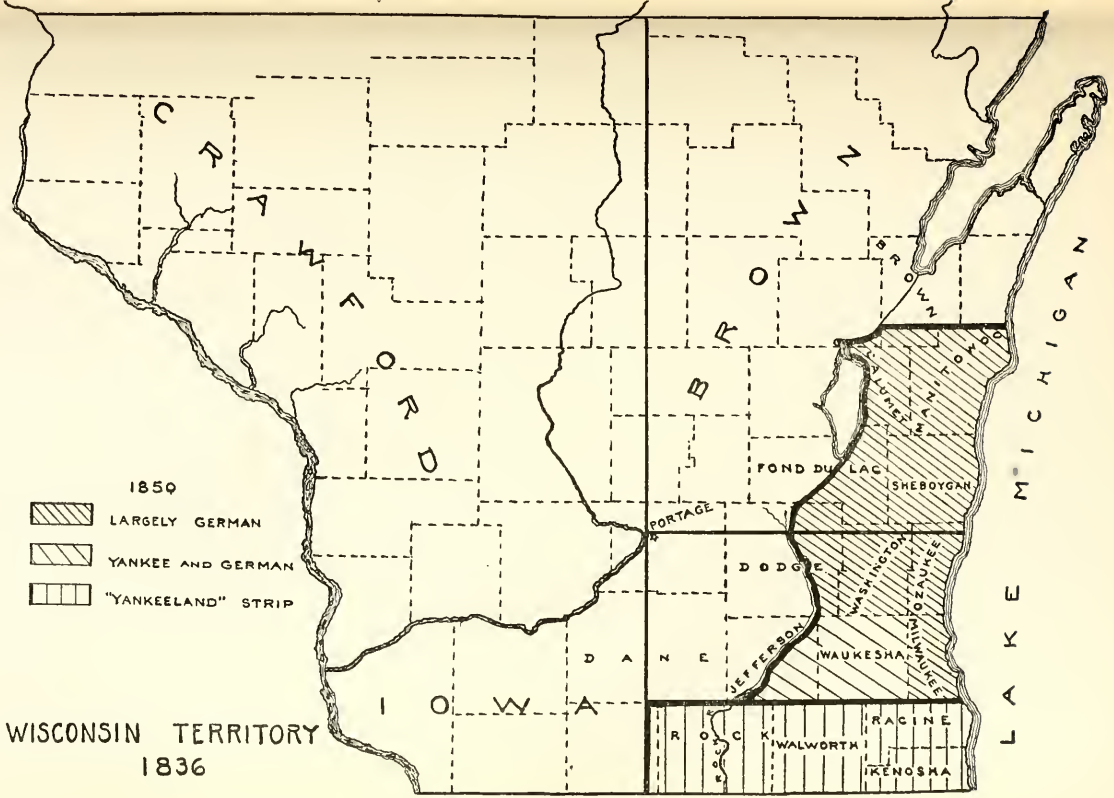
Wisconsin in its racial character is popularly known to the country at large as a Teutonic state. That means the state has a German element, original and derivative, which numerically overshadows the American, English, Irish, Scandinavian, and other stocks also represented in the Badger blend. It is not necessary to quarrel with this widely accepted theorem, though some of the corollaries drawn from it can be shown to be unhistorical; and one can demonstrate statistically that if Wisconsin now is, or at any census period was, a Teutonic state she began her statehood career in 1848 as a Yankee state and thus continued for many years with consequences social, economic, political, religious, and moral which no mere racial substitutions have had power to obliterate. My purpose in the present paper is to present, from local sources, some discussion of the relations of Yankee and Teuton to the land—a theme which ought to throw light on the process of substitution mentioned, revealing how the Teuton came into possession of vast agricultural areas once firmly held by the Yankee.

The agricultural occupation of southern Wisconsin, which brought the first tide of immigration from New England, western New York, northern Pennsylvania, and Ohio—the Yankee element— may be said roughly to have been accomplished within the years 1835 and 1850. The settlements which existed prior to 1835 were in the lead region of the southwest, at Green Bay, and at Prairie du Chien. The population of the lead mines was predominantly of southern and southwestern origin; that of the two other localities—the ancient seats of the Indian trade and more recent centers of military defense—was mainly French-

Canadian. When, in 1836, a territorial census was taken, it was found that the three areas named had an aggregate population of nearly 9000, of which more than 5000 was in the lead region included in the then county of Iowa. The Green Bay region (Brown County) was next, and the Prairie du Chien settlement (Crawford County) smallest.

The census, however, recognized a new county, Milwaukee, whose territory had been severed from the earlier Brown County. It was bounded east by Lake Michigan, south by Illinois, west by a line drawn due north from the Illinois line to Wisconsin River at the Portage, and north by a line drawn due east from the Portage to the lake. In terms of present-day divisions, the Milwaukee County of 1836 embraced all of Kenosha, Racine, Walworth, Rock, Jefferson, Waukesha, and Milwaukee counties, nearly all of Ozaukee, Washington, and Dodge, a strip of eastern Green County, and most of Dane and Columbia. In that imperial domain the census takers found a grand total of 2900 persons, or almost exactly one-fourth of the population of the entire territory.

Two significant facts distinguish the Milwaukee County census list from the lists of Brown, Crawford, and Iowa counties— the recency of the settlement and the distinctive local origin of the settlers. These people had only just arrived, most of them in the early months of 1836. One could almost count on his ten fingers the individuals who were there prior to the summer of 1835. In reality they were not yet "settled," for most of the rude claim huts—mere shelters of the pre-log house stage— were haunted at night and shadowed at noonday by men only, resident families being still rare, though many were on the lakes, at the ports of Milwaukee and Chicago, or on the overland trail which was to end at the cabin door. It was the prophecy of new communities, not the actuality, that the census taker chronicled when he recorded the names of claim takers with



Drawn by Mary Stuart Foster.

the number of persons, of each sex, comprising their households. We have reason to believe that the numbers were inscribed almost as cheerfully when the persons represented by them were still biding in the old home or were en route west, as when they were physically present in the settler's cabin or in the dooryard, eager to be counted.

Unlike the other populations of Wisconsin at that time, the vast majority of Milwaukee County settlers were Northeasterners. Such evidence as we have indicates that New York supplied more than half, the New England states, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan nearly all of the balance.[1] New York's title to primacy in peopling Wisconsin is exhibited, most impressively, in the statistics of the 1850 census. At that time native Americans constituted 63 per cent of the total and New Yorkers had 36 per cent of the native majority. Native Americans predominated in all but three of the twenty-six counties, and in all but five those who were natives of New York, added to the natives of Wisconsin, were a majority of the American born. The exceptions were the four lead mining counties of Grant, Iowa, Lafayette, and Green, together with Richland, which, however, had so few inhabitants that its case is divested of any significance.

The three counties which, in 1850, showed a majority of foreign born inhabitants were Manitowoc, Milwaukee, and Washington (the last named including the present Ozaukee County); and in each case Germans constituted more than half of that majority. Together those three counties had over 20,000, which was considerably more than one-half of all the Germans (38,054) domiciled in Wisconsin at that time. The other lake shore counties, together with Calumet, Fond du Lac, Dodge, Jefferson, and Waukesha,

[1] As the tide of emigration from the northeastern states rose higher, it bore along a goodly number who were not of the old American stock, particularly English and Irish, with some Scotch and Germans. Yet, many of these were natives of the states named and, if foreign born, had enjoyed so long an apprenticeship to the Yankee system of life as to enable them faithfully to represent it.

accounted for 15,000 of the balance, leaving about 3000 scattered over the rest of the state. Thus the area embraced by Lake Michigan, Lake Winnebago and lower Fox River, the upper reaches of Rock River, and the south boundary of Jefferson, Waukesha, and Milwaukee counties was all strongly and in the main distinctively German.

Investigating the causes which may have operated to concentrate the German population within such clearly defined geographic limits, our first inquiry concerns the land on which settlement was taking place. And here we find that the distinguishing fact marking off the region in which Germans abounded from most of the other settled or partially settled areas of the state was its originally thickly wooded character. In a way almost startling, and superficially conclusive, the German settlements coincided with the great maple forest of southeastern Wisconsin, spreading also through the included pine forest on Lake Michigan south of Green Bay.

Returning now to the Yankee element, we find that although it was strong in all of the settled districts save the five counties named, it was more completely dominant in some districts than in others. For example, in Walworth County the northeastern states furnished 96.5 per cent of the American population, while 3.5 per cent was furnished by sixteen other states. The foreign born constituted less than 16 per cent of the total.[2] Walworth County was a section of the new "Yankee Land," which included in its boundaries also the counties of Racine and Kenosha, Rock, and at that time parts of Waukesha and Jefferson. Nowhere in that region were foreigners very numerous, and in many localities non-English speaking foreigners were almost scarce.

Physically, this new Yankee Land comprised those por-

[2] Of whom England, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada combined furnished 1920, Germany 460, and Norway 340.

tions of the prairies and openings of southern Wisconsin which lay not more than from sixty to seventy-five miles from the lake ports at Milwaukee, Racine, and Kenosha. The region was just as characteristically "open country" as that occupied so extensively by Germans was forested. One land type, the glacial marsh or swale—good for hay and pasture—was common to the two districts of country. But for the rest, the Yankee's land was all ready for the plow if it was prairie, and if oak openings the labor of felling the scattered trees and dragging them away before the breaking team was comparatively light.

The German, on the other hand, in order to subdue his land to the requirements of successful tillage, must attack with ax, mattock, and firebrand each successive acre, patiently slashing and burning, hewing and delving, till by dint of unremitting toil extended over an indefinite number of years his farm became "cleared."

Shall we therefore repeat, as the sober verdict of history, the statement often heard, that in settling this new country the Yankee showed a preference for open land, the German for woodland? On the face of the census returns that seems to be the case, and if our evidence were limited to the census such a conclusion would be well nigh inescapable. Fortunately, he who deals with culture history problems of the American West has this advantage over the Greenes and the Lamprechts of Europe, that on such matters his evidence is minutely particular, while theirs is general to the point of vagueness. No one will doubt that the Yankee staked his claim in the open lands because he preferred those lands on account of the ease with which a farm could be made. The question is, whether the German's presence in the woods rather than in the openings or on the prairies was with him a matter of preference so far as land selection in itself was concerned.

Timber for shelter, fuel, building, and fencing was an

important consideration to all settlers, including the Yankees. In another connection I have shown, from the records of land entries, that the Yankee settlers in a prevailingly prairie township of Racine County took up first every acre of forested land, together with the prairie lands and marsh lands adjoining the woods, while they shunned for some years the big, open, unsheltered prairie where farms would be out of immediate touch with woods.[3] Rather than take treeless lands near the lake shore, these settlers preferred to go farther inland where inviting combinations of groves, meadows, and dry prairie lands, or openings, could still be found in the public domain. Only gradually did American settlers overcome their natural repugnance to a shelterless, timberless farm home—a repugnance justified by common sense, but springing from the habit of generations. When, for economic reasons, they began to settle on the open prairies, the planting of quick-growing trees about the farmsteads was always esteemed a work of fundamental utility.

Yankee agricultural settlers found special inducements for going inland in search of ideal farm locations, in the glowing advertisements of Yankee speculators who early pioneered the open country far and wide. These speculators concerned themselves primarily with water powers for sawmill and gristmill sites and town sites. Yet power and town sites both depended for their development on the agricultural occupation of the surrounding country, and this made the speculators careful to locate their claims in areas of desirable lands which would soon be wanted. It also made them doubly active in proclaiming to immigrants the agricultural advantages of their chosen localities.

One may take up at random the land office records of townships in the older Wisconsin, and in practically every case find proof that the speculator was abroad in the land

[3] *Wisconsin Domesday Book, General Studies,* I. *History of Agriculture in Wisconsin,* chap. 2.

before the arrival of the farmer. Along the banks of navigable rivers he took up, early, such tracts as seemed to afford good steamboat landings, which might mean towns or villages also. Along smaller streams he engrossed potential water powers. In the prairie regions he seized the timbered tracts which commonly lay along the streams. And wherever nature seemed to have sketched the physical basis for a future town, there he drove his stakes and entered an area large enough at least for a municipal center.

In some portions, particularly of the earliest surveys, the speculator also absorbed a goodly share of the best farm land, which he held for an advance when the immigration of farmers became heavy. Other Americans, aside from Yankees, participated in these speculations, but the records show that the Yankee's reputation for alertness and sagacity in that line is not unmerited. For illustration, the plats of Dane County townships disclose among the original entrymen who bought their lands early, the names of well known speculators like James D. Doty, Lucius Lyon, the Bronsons, Cyrus Woodman, Hazen Cheney, and C. C. Washburn—all Yankees. In addition, we have distinguished New Englanders who probably never came west but invested through the agency of their Yankee correspondents. Among them are Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Caleb Cushing.

To a considerable extent these speculators, in paying for government lands, employed military land warrants, usually purchased at a heavy discount. "Scripping" by this means became more common after the Mexican War. A German immigration leader wrote at the close of 1848: "There is a man living in Sheboygan who has already placed 344 of these warrants [each good for 160 acres] on government lands and intends next spring to place 200 more on tracts lying north of Fox River."[4] He did not say the man was a Yankee;

[4] William Dames, *Wie Sieht Es in Wiskonsin Aus* (Meurs, 1849).

possibly he deemed that information unnecessary. For, although the German sometimes bought warrants of the brokers in order to save the difference between the price of such warrants and the land office price of government land, he did not in the early years of the immigration speculate in farm lands.

Therein was one of the outstanding differences between him and the Yankee. The German could not be tolled into the interior by golden promises of unearned increments from the sale of city lots, of mill sites, or of choice farm lands which were going rapidly. His caution and his phlegm were a protection. He was not particularly responsive to the optimistic prophecies of the development of this region or that region in which this company or that prominent individual had interests. For these reasons, the German's motives as a land seeker were more legitimately economic and social than were those of the Yankee, and on the basis of such motives we can explain his settlement in the woods.

In his homeland the German villager loved the forest for its shelter, its recreational hospitality, and the benefits it conferred in necessary fuel, timber, bedding, and forage. A large proportion of the early German immigrants came from south German provinces dominated by such famous old forests as the Schwartzwald and the Odenwald. From considerations both of habit and of economy it was natural that in the New World they should make sure of an abundance of timber on the lands they sought for future homes. Yet, there is no reason to assume that the German, any more than the Yankee, courted the grilling labor of clearing heavily forested land— a labor to him the more formidable for the want of the Yankee's training in axmanship and his almost unbroken tradition of winning fields from forests. Some German pioneers who were self-helpful struck for the openings and the prairies, and like the Yankee chose for

their farms the ideal combination of wood, marsh, and open land whenever such a combination could be found within easy reach of the market.[5]

But Germans were less venturesome than Yankees, or more prudent, depending on the point of view. In the old home they were accustomed to haul their farm produce many miles in going to the markets and fairs. But there the roads were passable at all seasons. In the New World, where all was in the making, the roads were often impassable and always—except in winter—so rough and troublesome as to daunt those who were not to the manner born.[6] Hence the German settler's idea of what constituted a safe distance from the lake ports within which to open a farm differed from the Yankee's idea. There is one striking illustration of that difference. Along the Illinois boundary from Lake Michigan westward was the strip of prairie and openings twenty-four miles wide and seventy-eight long which was divided into Racine and Kenosha counties (on the lake), Walworth, and Rock. We have already called that region the new Yankee Land and have seen the Yankee farmers spread over it with seeming disregard to distance from the lake ports, each being intent rather on finding an ideal combination of desirable kinds of land. The three divisions of the strip contained almost equal numbers of Yankees—these people evidently believing that canals, roads, plank roads, and railways would come to them when needed, while a good farm location once lost was gone forever; and being willing also, until such improvements should come, to haul their crops sixty or seventy-five miles to market. Not so the few Germans who entered this Yankee Land prior to 1850. More than four-fifths of them were in the section nearest the lake (Racine and Kenosha

[5] For example, see William Dames, *Wie Sieht Es in Wiskonsin Aus.*

[6] See J. F. Diederichs, *Diary.* Translated by Emil Baensch. Account of a trip from Milwaukee to Manitowoc.

counties), and less than one-thirtieth in Rock County, the farthest west of the strip.

The movement into the prairies and openings of the southeast had been going on for about four years before the Germans began coming to Wisconsin, and so many selections of first choice, second choice, and even third choice land had been made that newcomers were already at a disadvantage in that region, especially if a number of them desired to settle near together in a body, which was the case of Old Lutheran congregations who made up the earliest German immigrations. Moreover, most of the Yankees were business-like farmers who generally planned for fairly large farms, in order to make money by raising wheat. They were mainly men who had sold small farms in the East in order to secure larger, or sons of large farmers. Most of them had money or credit to enable them to acquire land, construct buildings and fences, buy stock, and begin farming operations. Having found good land by canvassing the whole region, they were not to be dislodged until, with the failure of wheat crops at a later time, the spirit of emigration sent numbers of them to fresh wheat lands farther west, thus making opportunity for well-to-do Germans to buy their improved farms, which they did to a great extent.

Meantime, the forested lands pivoting on Milwaukee, the most promising of the lake ports, were open to entry at the land office or to purchase at private sale on easy terms. The Yankee had not altogether shunned those lands. There, as elsewhere, he had been looking for good investments, and the project for the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal, which was to traverse a portion of the forested area through the present Milwaukee, Waukesha, and Jefferson counties, favored speculation in farm lands as well as in mill sites and town sites. Besides, there is evidence that some of the poorer Yankee immigrants who felt unable at once to

maintain themselves on open land farms, often settled first in the woods, where they began making improvements with ax and fire, only to sell out promptly at an advance and go to the prairie or openings to establish permanent farms. But most of the forested land was still "Congress land" when the Germans began coming to Wisconsin.

The German "Pilgrims," as the first colony was called, arrived at Milwaukee early in October, 1839, their leader being Henry von Rohr. Within a month they had decided on a location, in the western part of township 9, range 21 east (the town of Mequon, Ozaukee County), and had made numerous purchases of government land. They selected a tract of high, rolling land, heavily timbered, well watered, and with an extensive marsh near by in the public domain which would furnish free hay and pasture.[7] The situation was similar to that which was chosen, near Watertown (in the town of Lebanon), a few years later by a German colony from the same region. They also took a tract of heavily timbered upland neighbored by an extensive marsh. "Here," said their leader, "we have both wood and hay" ("*Holz und Heu*").[8]

Many of the colonists in these two congregations were very poor. Those who had means lent to the indigent to enable them to emigrate. For them it would have been madness to go to the prairies, where such absolute necessities as fuel, building material, and fencing might cost ready money and at best would be difficult to procure. In the woods trees cut on the spot were used to build cabin and log house, stable, garden and field enclosure. Some of the German families were months without draft ox or even

[7] Those who filed with von Rohr and on the same day (Nov. 5, 1839) took up most of sections 17, 18, 19, and 20. All of these lands were described by the surveyor as "second rate" and all had a heavy forest covering consisting of sugar maple, lynn, birch, alder, black and white oak, ash, elm, ironwood, etc., together with some cedar in the swamps. The land lay on both sides of the creek, along which was some meadow, but the big marsh was farther east.

[8] William F. Whyte, "Settlement of Lebanon," in Wisconsin Historical Society, *Proceedings*, 1915, 105.

cow. All work was performed by hand, including the carrying of logs from the spot where the trees were felled to the place where they were to be rolled up to make the cabin wall. To such settlers, bringing timber from a distance would have been among the impossibilities. Their place was in the forest, where labor alone was required for making the beginnings of a self-sustaining home.

In thousands of later instances, Germans who came to Wisconsin on their own slender means were in a similar case to these early seekers of religious freedom. An immigrant of 1848, J. F. Diederichs, has left a diary and letters from which the process of home making in the woods can be reconstructed.[9] Diederichs, after considerable search, found eighty acres of good government land nine miles from Manitowoc, where early in winter he settled down to work alongside of several other Germans who were as poor as himself. The location was favorable, being near a port. "What good is there," he writes, "to possess the finest land and be 6, 8 or 10 days journey from market."[10] The first step was to build a cabin, the next to bring his family from Milwaukee and with a few dollars borrowed for the purpose to lay in supplies for them. Then he erected a comfortable log house and continued clearing till, by the middle of May, he had two acres ready partly for garden and partly for potatoes, corn, and beans to provide the family with food. Diederichs realized that "to begin such work at the age of 44 is some job," and recognized that not he and his wife but the children would be the chief beneficiaries. Nevertheless, the joy of creation was not wholly denied him. He had, he said, the "prettiest" location; house set on a commanding knoll, with a pure limpid stream flowing within a few yards of it, along whose course was some open land, making a "layout for the finest pastures."

[9] MS. translation by Emil Baensch.
[10] Page 29 in printed German edition.

And there was timber enough on his eighty to be worth $30,000 in the home town of Elberfelt. Of this, he would gladly make his friends in Germany a present of about $20,000 worth!

The question of nearness to market was a determinant also in the cases of Germans who were well enough off to take open lands. William Dames found, for himself and associates, a favorable tract near Ripon. It contained 160 acres prairie, 320 acres openings, and 160 acres of low prairie or meadow land. The advantages of that neighborhood, he wrote, were these: first, the prospectively near market, by way of the Fox River Canal to be completed the following spring; second, the excellence of the soil; third, the ease with which the land could be made into productive farms. There one need not subject himself to the murderous toil incident to farm making in the woods. And, fourth, the healthfulness of the climate and the superb drinking water.

One bit of information which Dames conveyed to his fellow Germans who were contemplating immigration to Wisconsin, was that the Yankees (by which term he described all native Americans) and the Scotch settlers of that neighborhood were becoming eager to sell their partly improved farms, preparatory to moving into the newer region north of Fox River. He advised Germans able to do so to buy such farms, which were to be had in plenty not only in Fond du Lac County but near Watertown, near Delafield, and even near Milwaukee—prices varying with the improvements, nearness to the city, etc. He seemed to think the Germans but ill adapted to pioneering. Let the German immigrant, he said, buy a partly cleared farm; then he could follow his calling in ways to which he was accustomed. Moreover, since such farms produced fairly well even under the indifferent treatment accorded them by the Yankee farmers, the German farmer need have no fear of failure.

The advice to purchase farms already begun was widely followed by the financially competent German immigrants. Ownership records of one Milwaukee County township show that the lands were originally taken mainly by Irish and Americans, yet in 1850 nearly one-half of the settlers were Germans; and there is no reason to regard that case as singular. Probably the Germans who bought improved farms were as numerous as those who bought Congress land. Many poor men worked as farm hands for some years and then bought small improved farms in preference to buying Congress land.

The experience of an 1849 immigrant, Johannes Kerler, illustrates the less common case of Germans who arrived with considerable means. Kerler brought with him to Milwaukee a sum, derived from the sale of a profitable business, which would have enabled him to buy scores of mill sites and town sites in the public domain. Instead, he limited his investment to a 200-acre farm seven miles from the city, paying for the land, including all crops and livestock, $17 per acre. The buildings consisted of a log house and a cabin. One-half the farm was divided between plow land and meadow; the balance—100 acres—supported a dense forest growth. Kerler at once erected a barn for his cattle, and a good two-story frame house for the family. Then he went to farming and quickly transformed the earlier crude homestead into a fruitful and beautiful farm, the show place of the neighborhood.[11]

Social forces are among the imponderables, and yet their influence in controlling the distribution of immigration must have been considerable. The fact that nearly all incoming Germans landed in Milwaukee, where were acquaintances and often friends, tended in a hundred subtle ways to attach the newcomers to that community. Before

[11] This farm, located in the town of Greenfield, Milwaukee County, was afterwards divided among Kerler's three sons. A portion of it, at least, is I believe still in the possession of the family. Louis F. Frank, *Pioneer Jahre* (Milwaukee, 1911).

1850 Milwaukee had come to be looked upon as a German city. "There," said one immigrant, "more German than English is spoken." It had its German churches, schools, clubs, societies, and recreational features, all of which constituted powerful attractions. It was the most important industrial center of the state, with a relatively large demand for the labor which with farm work was the poorer immigrant's sole means of getting a financial start. In addition, it was the commercial metropolis, and that the German was firmly tethered to his market has already become clear.

The construction of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, begun in 1849 and completed to Prairie du Chien in 1857, partially freed the German immigrant from his dread of being marooned in the interior. Desirable government lands accessible to the proposed railroad were generally taken up several years before the completion of the road, and among the entrymen in certain districts were many newly arrived Germans. This was true to some extent in Dane County, but more noticeably so farther west. In Iowa County and in Grant were sheltered pleasant and fertile valleys, opening toward the Wisconsin, which would be served by the railroad when completed, and which had long been in touch with the world by means of steamers plying on the Wisconsin. In those valleys, and on the wider ridges between them, the Germans competed with others for the choicest locations on government and state lands. Land entry records for two townships in Blue River valley show, by 1860, out of an aggregate of 122 foreign born families 59 of German origin, while the American families numbered 93. A similar proportion doubtless obtained in other towns south of the river.

Directly opposite these townships, in the same survey range but lying on the north side of Wisconsin River, was the town of Eagle, whose settlement was almost exactly

contemporaneous with that of the Blue River valley. But Eagle, in 1860, had 20 foreign born families to 108 American, and of the 20 only 13 were German.

Inasmuch as the people on the two banks of the river had a common market—Muscoda, which was a station on the railroad—and the lands of Eagle were more fertile and quite as well watered, the question why the Germans avoided that town and made homes south of the river is surely interesting, and possibly significant.

There were two important differences between the two districts. In Blue River the valley land, to use the surveyor's phrase, was "thinly timbered with oak," while in the valley of Mill Creek, or Eagle Creek, opposite was a dense forest dominated by the sugar maple but containing big timber of several varieties, and dense undergrowth. In a word, it was a heavily timbered area. Now the Germans near Lake Michigan had given ample proof of gallantry in attacking forest covered farms, yet when the choice was before them of taking such land in Richland County or easily cleared land of poorer quality in Grant, almost with one accord they selected the latter.

We cannot be certain that the difference in the timbered character of the land was the sole motive determining the choice, though doubtless it was the most important. The railroad ran on the south side of the river and the principal trading center was on that side. Settlers in Blue River valley could therefore reach the market by a direct, unbroken haul with teams over public roads. Those in Eagle at first were obliged to use the ferry in crossing the river, and later they had to cross on a toll bridge except in midwinter, if the river was frozen to a safe depth, when they crossed on the ice. These transportation conditions might have deterred some Germans from settling north of the river, even if the lands there had been as lightly timbered as those on the south side. Taken together, the two causes

virtually served to blockade that district against settlers of their type.

But if the Germans declined the rôle of foresters, by refusing to settle in a partially isolated town like Eagle, the Yankees did the same. New Yorkers and New Englanders were scarcer there than Prussians or Hanoverians. The town was occupied mainly by families from Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana—with a few from Virginia and North Carolina; in short, by men who had enjoyed or endured a recent experience as frontiersmen in heavily wooded regions. So many belonged to the class described by Eggleston in *The Circuit Rider*, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, and *The Graysons*, that the name "Hoosier Hollow," applied to one of the coulees, seems perfectly normal.

To the Yankee, we may be sure, the heavy woods in the town of Eagle were a sufficient deterrent to settlement there. The Germans shunned it either because they disliked heavy clearing when it could be avoided and when no compensating advantages offered, as was the case near the lake shore; or because they disliked the risk and the expense of crossing the river to market; or for both of these reasons combined. Probably either reason, singly, would have sufficed.

By way of summary, we may say that as a land seeker the Yankee's range exceeded that of the German. Both clung to the lake ports as their market base. But the Yankee's optimism painted for him a roseate future based on an experimental knowledge of material development for which the German's imagination was largely unprepared. The New Yorker had witnessed, in his home state, the almost miraculous transformation of rural conditions through the construction of a system of canals; and canal building affected Vermont, Pennsylvania, and Ohio only less profoundly than the Empire State. To the Yankee, therefore, who cast his lot in the favored lands of Wisconsin it seemed

that nothing could halt the march of improvement. The chief point was to obtain prompt possession of the right kind of farm. Having this, he could count on doing a big agricultural business as a wheat grower, which promised generous financial rewards. But if for any reason he failed to get the right kind of farm, if improvements were unexpectedly dilatory, or if the land ceased to respond to his demand for wheat and more wheat, he "sold out" with slight compunction and went elsewhere, confident of success on a new frontier, especially the great wheat plains. To him land was a desirable commodity, but by no means a sacred trust.

The German, on the other hand, came from a land of very gradual change. Although agricultural conditions there were actually considerably modified in the first half of the nineteenth century, he still, for the most part, looked upon his dwindling patrimony as the basis, not of a money making business, but of a livelihood. If, by the combined labor of all members of the household, the family could be fed, clothed, and sheltered, the heavy obligations to church and state redeemed, and a few *gulden* sequestered for times of emergency, the peasant was content. His land was his home. It had been his father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's. The original estate was parted into ever more and smaller divisions, as generation succeeded generation, until the tracts of many holders were at last too small to support the families. These had no choice but to sell and go to the city, or go to America. This condition was one of the most general economic causes of the large German immigration to this and other states. When the German farmer, or other German, came to Wisconsin and bought a piece of land, one purpose dominated his mind—to make a farm for a home, and establish a family estate. In the beginning it did not occur to him to speculate in land, although in this as in other things he proved an apt pupil. Accustomed to a very limited acreage, he was not

like the Yankee ambitious to secure a large domain. Habituated to intensive tillage, a partly made farm having ten or twelve acres of cleared land was to him an ample equipment for making a living in agriculture. Enlarging fields meant a surplus and mounting prosperity. If he took raw land, he could count on clearing enough in a couple of winters with his own hands to raise food crops, and he looked upon the prospect of spending ten, twenty, or twenty-five years in fully subduing his 80- or 100-acre farm with no unreasoning dread or carking impatience. The remark of Diederichs characterized the German preëmptor: "If I once have land enough under cultivation to raise our food supplies, I will win through." Whereas the Yankee wanted to break 40, 60, 80, or 100 acres of prairie or openings the first year, the German contemplated the possession of a similar acreage of tillable land in ten, fifteen, or twenty years.

But once in possession of a tract of land, the German tended to hold on, through good years and bad years, as if his farm were the one piece of land in the world for him and his. The Yankee, already given to change in the East, tended in the West, under the stimulus of machine-aided wheat culture, to regard land lightly, and to abandon one tract for another on the principle that the supply was inexhaustible and that one social environment was apt to be as satisfactory as another. He had before him the great wheat plains, the Pacific coast, the inland empire and the parks of the Rocky Mountains. Latterly his range has widened to include the plains of the Assiniboin, the Saskatchewan, and Peace River. For more than half a century he was free to roam, to pick and choose land even as he picked and chose in southern Wisconsin—the slower, more cautious, or more timid German buying his farm when he was ready to sell.

It was peaceful penetration, involving no sabre rattling

but much canny bargaining, sober casting up of accounts, and cheerful jingling of specie. The Yankees, more speculative to the last, more imaginative and space-free, pressed ever toward the borders of the primitive, drawn by the same lure of wealth quickly and easily acquired which brought so many of them to the prairies of Wisconsin in the earlier days. The Germans, fearing distance more than debt, confident in their ability to make grain crops grow and farm stock fatten if only they had a sure market for cattle and for crops, remained behind to till the abandoned fields and occupy the deserted homes. Thus, so far as Wisconsin's farming areas are concerned, the shadow of the Yankee has grown less in the land, while the tribe of the Teuton has increased.

What tendencies may have been induced by the passing of the frontier and the resurgence of a population deprived of its former temptation to expand into new regions; what social changes were implied in the agricultural revolution which compels the daily application of science to the business of farming; what readjustments in relationships were involved in the modification of the Teutonic type with the coming upon the stage of the second and third generations of Germans; how the Germans in turn have reacted to the competition of groups having their origin in other foreign countries, like the Scandinavians, Bohemians, and Poles—all these are questions the answers to which would aid us to determine "where we are and whither we are tending." But their discussion will have to be postponed to later issues of this magazine.

LAWRENCE COLLEGE

SAMUEL PLANTZ

Lawrence College has just passed what President Nicholas Murray Butler has called "one of these invisible lines which the imagination draws across the chart of changeless time." The seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of an institution of learning is really no more important than its seventy-fourth or seventy-sixth, but custom has underscored some of the lines on the chart of time so that they stand out in bold relief and are given corresponding significance in our imagination. We, therefore, have our golden and our diamond jubilees when we stop to consider the work of pioneers and founders, and note the progress and achievements of institutions they have established during the procession of the years. Lawrence College at its last commencement, by historical addresses, an elaborate historical pageant, and the inevitable banquet with toasts and good cheer, celebrated such a milestone—its seventy-fifth birthday. Because of this and doubtless because the work of our colleges and universities, although a quiet force not much thought about by the masses, is among the most potent in molding the sentiments, formulating the ideals, and determining the characteristics of our civilization, the writer has been asked to prepare this article on the history of one of the two earliest institutions of learning in Wisconsin—Lawrence and Beloit having come into existence the same year.

There were various factors or influences which conspired together for the founding of Lawrence College. One of these was the missionary activities of the Christian church. It has been said of the fathers of our nation, "They had hardly erected shelters for themselves and for their households before they were thinking of a college." The same was true of those Christian leaders who came to Wisconsin when it

LAWRENCE INSTITUTE
First building, erected 1848–49

MAIN HALL, LAWRENCE COLLEGE
Second building, erected 1852–53

was a wilderness to lay the foundations of a Christian commonwealth. Says the Reverend William Sampson, who had much to do with the founding of Lawrence:

> It is difficult to estimate the importance of furnishing education facilities for the population in a republic like ours where the sovereignty is vested in the people and the perpetuity of our civil and religious institutions depends on virtue and intelligence.

Again he says:

> For several years before a providential opening seemed to occur for commencing such an enterprise in Wisconsin there was a prayerful anxiety on this subject: several of us had talked the matter over, but could fix on no definite plan or location. We concluded that a college for both male and female students where each and all should be entitled to equal educational advantages was a desideratum.

In another place in Mr. Sampson's interesting autobiography, we read that the early preachers were greatly interested in what could be done to establish opportunities for the education of their children and those of their parishioners.

The second influence in the founding of the college was the growing belief in the destiny of the great Northwest which was beginning to get hold of the mind of the East. For a long time many people had little appreciation of the West, and especially of Wisconsin. Many said that the latter "never would fill up," that "Illinois had taken all the good agricultural land on the south and Michigan all the valuable mineral lands on the north," and that "between the two were trees and rocks and fish and wild beasts, but not much chance for men." But there were others who had caught the vision. They, like Henry Clay on the summit of the Alleghenies, heard the tramp of coming millions. Among these men was Amos A. Lawrence, a graduate of Harvard College, who founded two institutions in the West—one at Appleton, Wisconsin, and the other at Lawrence, Kansas, which has become the university of that state. It was only a man of great insight and large patriotism who, when Wisconsin was a wilderness, could cast his eye 1200 miles west-

ward and think of founding a college in a primeval forest, 200 miles from a railroad and sixteen miles from a stagecoach line.

The third element is even more interesting, touched as it is with the element of romance. Mr. Lawrence would not have become interested in Wisconsin but for the fact that, due to the encroachment of white men on their ancient home in New York, certain tribes of Indians were led to immigrate to new lands which had been in part arranged for them by the government in the neighborhood of Green Bay. One of the principal advocates of this immigration was a man by the name of Eleazar Williams, who held the honorable position of missionary among them, and who seems to have had dreams of founding a new kingdom, similar probably to the far famed Iroquois confederacy, he to be its dictator or head. Mr. Williams had received an education under the tutorage of Nathaniel Ely of Longmeadow, the Reverend Enoch Hale of Northampton, and at Dartmouth College. He was in 1816 sent as a missionary to the Oneida Indians, and had such influence among them that within a year the tribe sent a memorial to Governor Clinton stating they had abandoned their idols and accepted Christianity, and desired no longer to be called pagan. In 1838 President Van Buren granted to Mr. Williams a tract of over 5000 acres of land located not far from De Pere. Later Mr. Williams made the claim of being the lost Dauphin of France, stating he had been brought to Canada at the time of his mother's death and placed in care of Thomas and Mary Williams, the former being a descendant of the famous Eunice Williams of the Deerfield massacre. How early Eleazar Williams made this claim cannot be determined, but the Reverend Mr. Lathrop, who introduced him to Mr. Lawrence in 1845, says the first he heard of it was in 1848. However, the fact that Prince de Joinville came from France to Green Bay in 1841 and had long private interviews with Williams has led many to

believe that Williams had made earlier claims. Mr. Lawrence himself nowhere in his correspondence mentions the lost Dauphin story, so that he was doubtless more interested in Williams' work as an Episcopal missionary to the Indians than in any other fact. His son, Bishop William Lawrence, in his biography of his father gives us the following account:

> The pressure of circumstances had brought him [Eleazar Williams] to Boston as early as 1845 to raise money on 5,000 acres of land on which he lived in Wisconsin. Rev. Dr. Lathrop, whose father was also a missionary among the Indians, interested Mr. Amos Lawrence in the matter, but on account of his health, the burden of loaning the money was taken by his son. The result was that, as the fortune of the lost Dauphin waned, Mr. Lawrence was drawn more and more into the investment, until he found himself the unwilling possessor of over 5,000 acres of land in the Fox River Valley Wisconsin.

But the incident has an interest as showing that with the ownership of property came also a sense of responsibility for the welfare of those who lived upon it or near it. For as soon as the 5000 acres fell into his hand he wrote his agent (a Mr. Eastman of Green Bay):

> I have been thinking of the establishment of an institution of learning or college on the Williams land, and there seems to be a good opportunity, not only for improving the tone of morals and the standard of education in that vicinity, but also of conferring a lasting benefit on a portion of our countrymen who most need it. I have a high opinion of the adaptation of the principles of Methodism to the people of the West, and I think, from all I can learn, that their institutions are carried on with more vigor and diffuse more good with the same means than any other. It seems to me decided by experience that all literary institutions must be controlled by some sect, and efforts to prevent this have often blasted their usefulness. I should desire most of all to see a Protestant Episcopal institution; but that is out of the question, as our form of worship is only adopted slowly and never will be popular in this country. I think the old fashioned name "college" or "school" is as good as any: "university" would hardly do for so young a child.

Mr. Eastman conveyed the substance of this communication to the Reverend William Sampson, presiding elder of the missionary district of Green Bay of the Rock River conference, which included the territory south of Green Bay to the Illinois line and from Lake Michigan to Wisconsin River. He brought the matter to the attention of the Rock

River conference at its next session held at Peoria, Illinois. The conference committee on education returned Mr. Eastman's communication to Mr. Sampson with an instruction to get the name of the gentleman who was making the proposition—it having been withheld by Mr. Eastman—and to open correspondence in order to see what could be done. Mr. Eastman for some reason declined to give the name, and the matter was dropped. It so happened, however, that the Reverend Reeder Smith, a Methodist clergyman, called upon Mr. Lawrence about this time and asked for a contribution for a college to be started in Michigan; Mr. Lawrence refused on the ground that he was interested in starting a college in Wisconsin. Mr. Smith secured the right from Mr. Lawrence to attempt to bring his purposes to a successful conclusion, and arrived in Fond du Lac the last of November or first of December, 1846. He interviewed Mr. Sampson and the Reverend Henry R. Colman, with the result that a notice was given for a meeting of laymen and ministers in Milwaukee to consider Mr. Lawrence's proposition, and "quite a number convened the 28th of December." Mr. Smith presented Mr. Lawrence's proposition, which was that he would place in the hands of trustees $10,000 to start a college in the neighborhood of De Pere, if the Methodist people of the territory would raise a like amount. The offer was heartily accepted and a committee appointed, consisting of Reeder Smith, George H. Day, and Henry R. Colman, to prepare a charter and present it to the territorial legislature then in session. Mr. Sampson writes in his autobiography:

> I did not reach Madison until the following week. Mr. Smith had preceded me and got the charter before the house, and when I arrived they told me they designed to kill the bill when it came up again. Having friends in both branches, I secured an interest in favor of the bill and it finally passed and was signed by Governor Dodge, January 17, 1847.

This charter is an interesting document, the original copy being in possession of the Appleton Public Library.

It named the institution "the Lawrence Institute of Wisconsin": it provided for the "education of youth generally," which was understood to mean male and female; it stated "the annual income shall not exceed $10,000," showing the idea of a college in those early days; it gave the power to confer the usual college degrees; it determined that the trustees should number thirteen; it said the institution should be located "on the Fox River between Lake Kakalin and the foot of Winnebago Lake"; it provided that its works should be developed "on a plan sufficiently extensive to afford ample facilities to perfect the scholar"; it stated that the annual conference of the Methodist church in Wisconsin "shall elect also annually by ballot a visiting committee consisting of nine whose duty it shall be to attend all examinations of the institution and look into the condition generally," reporting thereon annually to the trustees; and it made the following rather remarkable pronouncement, considering the sectarian controversies and rivalries of the period: "No religious tenet or opinion shall be required for the qualification for the office of Trustee except a full belief in divine revelation; nor of any student shall any religious tenet be required to entitle him to all the privileges of the institution; and no particular tenets distinguishing between the different denominations shall be required as a qualification for professors in said institution and no student shall be required to attend religious exercises with any specific denomination, except as specified by the student himself, his parents or guardians." This was probably inspired by the wishes of Mr. Lawrence, who said: "The school is to be under the control of the Methodist denomination though it is specified that a large minority of the trustees shall be from other denominations. I trust it will be conducted so as to do the most good, to diffuse the greatest amount of learning and religion, without propagating the tenets of any sect." These injunctions and agreements have been strictly adhered to.

The charter did not altogether meet the approval of Mr. Lawrence, especially the provisions that the income of the school should be limited to $10,000 and that the president should be elected by the conference rather than the trustees—provisions which were changed at his suggestion in a new charter.

The day after the petition for a charter was offered, another petition was filed asking for the granting to Lawrence Institute of a portion of the 140,000 acres of land made to the territory for university purposes. Mr. Eastman says that the matter was poorly handled, and Reeder Smith's especial emphasis on the aptness of Methodism to advance education "prejudiced the members of other denominations and especially the Roman Catholics; and the petition, though read three times failed to pass."

The next important matter was the selection of a location, the charter having stated only that it should be somewhere between De Pere and Winnebago Rapids. A number of sites were offered, one by a Mr. Jones of what is now Neenah, consisting of forty acres of land and four stone of water power. Mr. Lawrence preferred that the institute should be on or near the Williams land, but Mr. Sampson seriously objected on the grounds of difficulty of access and because the settlers were mainly French and half-breed Indians. A committee consisting of Henry R. Colman, Reeder Smith, and William Sampson traveled on foot or horseback the whole river bank of the lower Fox, and agreed upon what was called Grand Chute as the location for the new school. The reasons which influenced them are indicated in letters written to Mr. Lawrence. Thus Reeder Smith says: "The river embraces a water power which, in my opinion is to be a second Lowell. This spot is to exceed in interest any other point on the river. This is one of the most enchanting and romantic spots I ever saw." Mr. Colman wrote to Mr. Lawrence: "In beauty of scenery, fertility

of soil and the opportunity afforded for fine farming country around the institute, it exceeds by far any on the river." Few viewing Appleton with the banks of the river lined with manufacturing plants and the flow of water controlled by dams, can realize the primitive beauty of the place as described by various persons who early visited the spot. Thus S. R. Thorp of Green Bay, on March 1, 1849, wrote to Mr. Sampson:

> Having recently visited Grand Chute on Fox River, it gives me much pleasure to send you this brief account. A view of the location confirmed the universal testimony of its surpassing salubrity, beauty, and even sublimity. The surrounding country is pleasingly undulating on a general level. Through this the pure, living waters of Lake Winnebago have worn a deep broad channel, with many a graceful curve and abrupt sweep. On either side is seen a steep bluff, now receding, now beetling and bold, a hundred feet above the dashing flood. Many ravines branch out from the river in some of which ripple the modest rivulet. Here too are the "*sedes recessae*" and "leafy dells" of deep and sombre gloom, that poets speak of. Over all waves a forest of almost every variety of trees. From shore to shore stretches zigzag a rocky brink, over which the rapid waters fall four feet and then shoot off down into a quiet basin below. Here is water power unsurpassed this side of Niagara; for here the largest tributary of all the northern lakes falls thirty feet; and is on the line of navigation now being improved from Green Bay to the Mississippi.

To the selection of this site for the institute rather than the Williams land Mr. Lawrence graciously yielded saying: "I shall be gratified, if it is successful and shall take pride and pleasure in rendering it assistance, if it be conducted on correct principles."

The location selected and a campus of sixty acres having been given by George W. Lawe of Kaukauna and John F. Meade of Green Bay (although the thirty acres donated by the latter was never obtained, owing to the machinations of one of the supposed friends of the institution), the trustees were confronted with the problem of the securing of funds to match Mr. Lawrence's conditional offer of $10,000 and also to erect the first building. The scarcity of the population and the poverty of the pioneers made this a large under-

taking which could never have been accomplished but for the faith, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice of the missionary preachers. Writing from memory, the daughter of one of these preachers has left us the following account:

> They gathered at my father's home at Oshkosh, for my father, S. M. Stone, was a preacher in charge of the Winnebago circuit which embraced the whole county. There on the lake shore in a log parsonage, ten by twelve feet were its dimensions, those noble, self-sacrificing men planned for the institution before there was a tree cut in Appleton, and not only planned but divided their little store to start the wheel rolling. My father at that time gave $100 which was a fifth of all his earthly possessions, and the rest did likewise.

The Reverend William Sampson, who had more to do with starting the enterprise than anyone else, makes this statement in his autobiography:

> I spent many a sleepless night in planning to meet the exigencies of the hour. In order to carry forward the work I found it necessary to dispose of my property in the city of Fond du Lac where I owned a dwelling, two lots and thirty acres of land, also one hundred and twenty of timber lands two miles north on the west side of the lake. As money was close I had to sell at a great sacrifice, but risked all, reputation and property on the success of Lawrence University.

A little later Honorable Mason C. Darling, who was the first president of the Board of Trustees, mortgaged his property for $3,000, taking some pledges for scholarships as security. The first subscription paper is in the vault of the college. It reads: "*Notice to the Benefactors of Our Country*—The Lawrence Institute is to include a preparatory and Teacher's department, under the same charter, according gratuitous advantages to both sexes of Germans and Indians." Then follows a long statement about the beauty of the location and the purposes of the institution. Among the subscribers' names are those of Governor Seymour of New York, Governor Stone of Connecticut, and Governor Harris of Rhode Island. About this time Samuel Appleton of Boston, through the solicitation of Mr. Lawrence, gave $10,000, the interest on which was to be used as a library fund. In consideration of this gift, it was decided to change

the name Grand Chute to Appleton. The plan of raising funds was to sell scholarships for $50, which would entitle the owners to free tuition for ten years. Later these scholarships were sold for $100 and made perpetual. Nearly 1200 of these scholarships were sold in the early days, and it is needless to say came very nearly exterminating the institution. They were later bought up and so the situation was saved.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Fond du Lac, August 9, 1848, it was announced that sufficient money had been secured to meet Mr. Lawrence's conditions and to begin the enterprise. The Reverend William Sampson was elected principal, and he and the Reverend Reeder Smith, elected "agent," were authorized to begin the erection of the first building, with the expectation that it would be opened the following November. Mr. Sampson gives us the following interesting account of his first activities as principal:

> I arranged matters at home, packed my trunk and the 7th of Sept. 1848 left for the scene of operations. I took the steamer Manchester the same they used to draw over the sand bar at Taychedah with a yoke of stags, arrived at Neenah about noon, secured a passage alone in an Indian dugout to the Grand Chute and took lodgings in a shanty hotel about a mile south of west from the present court house, kept by Mr. Thurber, the nearest house to the place of business. On the 8th of Sept. I began to cut away the thick underbrush and soon had a road cleared from the old Indian trail on the river bank to the block on which Mr. Brewster's beautiful residence now stands. I cleared off the brush and the necessary preparations were made for the erection of the building in the center of that block. Col. Blood soon had a bill of timber as per agent's order, cut a road through the dense forest to Duck Creek, where the agent had engaged the lumber, employed teams and soon was doing "Land Office" business. A towering pile of lumber was on the ground. The agent had let the contract of putting up the building to Wm. H. McGregan of Sheboygan and he sent John P. Parish and Mr. Blake who came in Oct. or Nov. with their families, erected shanties and went to work.

It is a tradition that on one occasion the workmen were driven from their task by wolves which attacked them. The building was four stories in height, and was seventy feet

long by thirty feet wide. The first story was of stone and the others of wood, a cupola topping the structure. It was to serve for chapel, recitation, and dormitory purposes.

With the erection of the building, settlers came pouring in so that when it was completed, November, 1849, there were in Appleton the beginnings of a village. The institute was opened with due ceremonies on September 12, 1849, "with Rev. Wm. Sampson as principal, R. O. Kellogg, A.B. Professor of Languages, James M. Phinney, Professor of Mathematics, and Miss Emilie M. Crocker, Preceptress and Teacher of Music." The price of tuition was three dollars for the term of eleven weeks in the elementary English branches, four dollars in the higher English branches, and five dollars in languages, mathematics, and the natural and moral sciences. On the first day thirty-five enrolled, by the eighth of December the number had increased to sixty, and by Christmas time there were seventy-five. About this time the Reverend Henry R. Colman, on account of failing voice, resigned the pastorate and became steward. His son, the Reverend Henry Colman, D.D., now residing in Milwaukee, came with him to enter the school, and thus describes the situation:

> My father unable to preach from a broken voice became steward and boarded teachers and students for $1.50 per week, including bed-linen, while the institution threw in the room rent. I rang the bell, made fire for morning prayers at six, when Professor Kellogg came down with his tallow dip, read and shivered, shivered and prayed, while the students sat around wrapped in long shawls or big overcoats, which covered a multitude of negligencies.

It has previously been stated that the charter and first subscription paper made it clear that the school was to furnish equal opportunities to male and female students. Mr. Lawrence was not especially pleased with this venture, but did not oppose it. It was remarked that when he visited the school some years later and addressed the students, he ignored the girls' side of the chapel and spoke directly to the

boys. Seventy-five years ago there was little sentiment in behalf of the higher education of women, and only Oberlin College had attempted it on a strict equality. It is interesting to note that as early as 1849 the doors of this school established in a wilderness threw its doors wide open to both sexes. At the fiftieth anniversary Dr. Henry Colman, in his historical address, said:

> Here women as well as men have boasted with Emerson:
>
> "I am owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

But while the boys and girls recited together and had equal opportunities, there was an outward show of separating them into a men's and women's department, and at graduation they had separate exhibitions and received their diplomas separately, because as some one remarked, "Pres. Cook did not want it known in the East he was at the head of a co-educational school."

As there were no students who were prepared for college, the institute—the title of which was changed in 1849, by act of the legislature, to university, contrary to the desires of Mr. Lawrence, who wanted the term "college"—had to begin with elementary work. The course of study when compared with that of the modern high school is most interesting, and would put the present-day high school lad on his mettle.

FIRST YEAR

First and second quarters: Latin, natural philosophy, chemistry
Third and fourth quarters: Latin, Greek, geology, botany

SECOND YEAR

First and second quarters: Latin, Greek, algebra
Third and fourth quarters: Latin, Greek, geometry

THIRD YEAR

First quarter: Latin, Greek, algebra, mental philosophy
Second quarter: Latin, Greek, algebra, moral science
Third quarter: Latin, Greek, rhetoric, political economy
Fourth quarter: Greek, elements of criticism, logic

The course for the girls was the same except that French was substituted for Greek, with the privilege of taking Greek

if desired. It is at least worthy of consideration, whether students who went through this course seventy-five years ago did not have a better mental development and greater power of thought than those who come out of our secondary schools today.

As a study in educational progress, it may be worth while to consider briefly the discipline these students of seventy-five years ago were under as compared with the college students of today. The catalogue says:

> In the government of the school the faculty while strict, firm, and watchful will endeavor to secure not only the improvement of the students but their happiness, and to induce in them such habits as become ladies and gentlemen among which habits are appreciation, punctuality, and politeness.

We shall not give all the rules, but for brevity the more striking:

> During the hours of study no student shall be unnecessarily absent from his room, or leave the institution's premises, or visit the room of a fellow student without permission of one of the officers.
>
> At no time and in no case shall clamorous noise, athletic exercises, smoking tobacco in seminary buildings, be allowed: nor shall the use of profane or obscene language, intoxicating drinks, playing games of chance or indulging in indecorous conduct be allowed in the seminary buildings or elsewhere.
>
> A strict observance of the Sabbath will be required of all students. On no account may they go abroad into the fields, frequent the village, or collect at each other's rooms without permission from the proper officers. Sobriety and silence must be observed throughout the Sabbath. Attendance at church morning and afternoons is required.
>
> No student may attend mixed assemblages or parties of any kind; nor may any gentleman or lady ride or walk together without express permission.
>
> If any male student have a relative in the female department whom he wishes to see he can go to the steward's room and there converse with her.

Weekly exercises in declamation and composition were required of the gentlemen, but composition only was required of the ladies. On alternate Saturdays exercises of a literary nature were carried on by the students. Orations and declamations were given and the school newspapers

were read. Debating became the main interest of the men, and a debating society was formed the first year of the school.

As the first college class was to be formed in 1853, it was thought best to elect a president, and September 1, 1852, the Reverend Edward Cook, D.D., of Boston, was chosen. One of his pupils thus writes concerning him:

> He brought to Lawrence University, in aid of his presidency, a thorough, highly finished, classical education, with rarely equalled polished manners and ways, all supplemented by 18 years experience in eastern seminaries and in pastorates in Charlestown and Boston. He was neat to a fault in attire, his face clean shaven. His learning was measured and dignified to a degree. He was faultless in speech, measured by a synthesis and distinctness of enunciation, that rendered him an elegant, cultivated and most interesting conversationalist and speaker. His lectures, orations and sermons were replete with eloquence and grace and were of a high order. He walked with measured gait, always with a cane, in true colonial style.

It must have been something of an undertaking for this polished scholar with his silk hat and cane to adjust himself to this "wilderness school," but he seems to have accomplished it, and to have left a deep impression on his students.

It was during the presidency of Dr. Cook that what is now known as Recitation Hall was erected. At the time it was dedicated, 1853, it was by far the finest building in the state. The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, speaking of it in 1856, says: "This building is the largest and best of its kind in the West." Dr. Alfred Brunson in his dedicatory address was even more extravagant and said, as a college building "it will compare favorably with any similar one in the United States, if not in the world." President Cook collected about him a most able faculty and the college won a fine reputation for scholastic work, but he was not a financier and the school went behind each year, until in despair of bringing it through financially he resigned. He was succeeded by Dr. Russell Z. Mason, who was connected with the college as professor of natural science, and was regarded as the man who could lift

it from bankruptcy to prosperity. The trustees strictly enjoined him not to run the institution further in debt. Soon after his election he went to Boston, where Governor Lee Claflin and Mr. Lawrence gave him $10,000 each. Besides these gifts he raised $20,000 to clear off the indebtedness on the school. President Mason was not simply a financier. He was a scholar and a man of noble character and of great influence over his students. He tells, in a brief statement of his presidency, that when he assumed charge there were between 300 and 400 students, and that the endowment fund of $50,000 had been entirely consumed in running the college.

It was during President Mason's administration that the Civil War broke out. He makes this interesting statement about it:

> The guns were leveled, and fired on Fort Sumter. The country was alarmed but resolved. Lawrence University was not slow to declare itself for the Union. A war meeting was called to meet in the college chapel. I was called to the chair; though not strictly according to my ecclesiastical training and relations, I claim the honor of making the first war speech that was made in the community, if not in the state. There were other speeches made that evening by Dr. Davis, Prof. Phinney, Prof. Pomeroy. These speeches all bore fruit. Enlistments were numerous. Prof. Pletschke and Prof. Pomeroy both enlisted that evening and both raised companies and later died in the army. . . . In every subsequent call of Pres. Lincoln for volunteers some of our young men enlisted. I think in one case an entire class, which if I remember rightly was the class which would have graduated in 1864. . . . I think I run no risk of a failure when I challenge any similar institution in the country to show a greater per cent of its pupils and graduates and faculty who responded to the call for men in the proclamations of President Lincoln and Governor Randall.

He goes on to speak of the addresses in the college, of the Honorable Fred Douglass, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, and Bishop Matthew Simpson—all among the greatest orators of their day, who made a great impression and received a large response.

Much could be said of the service of Lawrence College in the war, but it will be sufficient to quote the following sentence from one of the speeches of Colonel J. A. Watrous:

Lawrence University has no occasion to blush for the part her sons played in the great war. She furnished hundreds of men who stood in that proud, steadfast wall of blue and performed the duties of private soldiers: she furnished many company commanders: she furnished men who commanded regiments: she furnished an adjutant general for the Iron Brigade: she furnished staff officers and chaplains: and I do not recall one of her sons who came out of the army with a tarnished reputation or a record for inefficiency.

President Mason resigned the presidency in 1865, and Dr. George M. Steele of Massachusetts was elected to fill the vacancy. Dr. Steele was a man with a leonine head, a deep voice, an abundant humor, a rugged personality; he was also a good scholar. For fourteen years he was one of the foremost citizens in Wisconsin, a public speaker much sought after, and a natural leader of men. He wrote for the *North American* and other magazines, and published books on political science and other subjects. At one time he ran for Congress. He pursued the policy as an administrator of cutting the garment to the cloth, so that there was no marked development in the institution. During what is known as the Methodist Centenary Movement for Education, something more than $50,000 was secured for endowment. The greatest mistake of Dr. Steele's administration was the sale of twenty acres of the college campus—a failure to appreciate the future needs of the institution which it is difficult to understand, but which was induced by the poverty of the school and the great demand for funds. The real importance of Dr. Steele and the largest success of his administration are found in the great influence of his personality upon his students. Dr. Olin A. Curtis, for many years professor of systematic theology at Boston University and later at Drew Theological Seminary, and author of one of the best books on theology written by an American in recent years, says: "In twelve years of student life, in four countries, I have had twenty-eight teachers. But I have not the least hesitancy in saying George M. Steele was the greatest teacher of them all. . . . He could

create for a student a new world. . . . His class-room was a place of large horizons." This is high praise from a man who had studied with Borden P. Bowne in this country and with Dorner and Luthardt in Germany. After being fourteen years with the college, Dr. Steele resigned, tired of the financial struggle.

For four years Dr. E. D. Huntley, known as a lecturer and preacher, chaplain for a time of the United States Senate and pastor of Metropolitan Church, Washington, was president. He was an orator but not a scholar. He was elected largely because of his ability to raise money, and in this he succeeded, securing a legacy of $50,000 from Charles Paine of Oshkosh and other smaller sums from many sources. During his administration the president's home was built and the Y. M. C. A. organized. Dr. Huntley's health broke down under the strain and he resigned.

The successor to President Huntley was a graduate of Lawrence—Dr. Bradford P. Raymond, a fine scholar, educated in this country and Germany, and a man of admirable personal qualities. He was a great preacher, and published articles and books of value. He found the task of raising money tedious, but was at home in the class room. He was also a fine administrator, winning students by their confidence in him and by his justice and sincerity. He did much to expand the curriculum, introduced elective studies, and brought to the college that great scholar and teacher Dr. Henry Lummis, who for breadth of learning, inspirational power in the class room, intellectual keenness, and debating power was probably the equal of any man who has taught in Wisconsin. For twenty years this man of encyclopedic learning and of gracious personality taught at Lawrence and gave new impulses to scores of young lives. The second building of importance was erected in President Raymond's time—Ormsby Hall, a dormitory for women, being built in 1888. The next year he was called to the presidency of

Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, over which he successfully presided for twenty-five years.

Dr. Raymond was succeeded by Dr. Charles W. Gallagher, who did much to bring the college before the people of Wisconsin and who raised considerable money, most of it never being realized by the college, owing to the failure of two contributors who gave $25,000 each but were unable to meet the obligations they had assumed. It was at this time that Underwood Observatory was built and equipped. After four years of service Dr. Gallagher handed in his resignation. He was succeeded by President Samuel Plantz, the present incumbent.

During the past twenty-eight years Lawrence has had a steady development. Its plant has been increased by erection or purchase until it now has fifteen buildings. Its equipment has also been greatly extended. The library of 8000 volumes has now over 41,000. A museum has been built up which is one of the largest collections owned by any institution of college rank in the country. The 53 courses of study in the college have increased to 293. The endowment of less than $100,000 has grown to nearly $2,000,000. The faculty of 9 persons is now 63, and the student attendance in the college department, which was 83 in 1895, was the last year 870. The college has developed a strong conservatory of music, but has dropped the academy, the business college, the school of expression, the school of art, etc., which it had when President Plantz assumed control. Its total attendance in college and conservatory last year was 1287. The college has property, plant and endowment, now valued at nearly three and a half million. It has various honorary organizations, like Phi Beta Kappa; the American Association of University Women; Tau Kappa Alpha, an honorary debating and oratory fraternity; Pi Delta Epsilon and Theta Sigma Pi, honorary journalistic fraternities. It also has thirteen social fraternities and sororities. The college has

come to be recognized as one of the strongest in the Middle West and as maintaining high scholastic standards.

In closing this account of the history of Lawrence College, in which a wealth of material has been omitted because of the necessary brevity, a word should be added about the influence of the college on the state and nation. Nearly 14,000 young people have studied for a longer or shorter period at Lawrence. Of this number fully 3000 have taught for a time in the schools of the state. Nearly 400 have become lawyers, over 350 clergymen, more than 200 physicians and dentists, 80 editors, and many more are inventors, engineers, business men, keepers of homes, and representatives of various occupations and callings. Lawrence has graduated United States senators, congressmen, governors, judges of circuit and supreme courts, members of legislatures, college presidents, artists, authors, scientists, and men high in the councils of the church. It has sent about 50 missionaries to various parts of the earth. It has graduates who are teaching in more than a dozen of the largest universities from Harvard down. No one can estimate the diameter of its influence. It is not a private institution, but belongs to the state and nation. In the last war it had over 500 of its students, graduates, and teachers in the service. It seeks to maintain the highest Christian ideals, to mold character as well as impart knowledge, and to stand for those principles in our civilization which are the basis of its progress and security. The location of the college makes it certain that its growth will steadily continue, and that its service to society will be multiplied with the flight of the years. It has just celebrated its seventy-fifth birthday, but is still only in its youth, and the period of its largest service to humanity is yet ahead.

MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE[1]

General Charles King

MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS I HAVE KNOWN

Looking over the memoranda from which the first number of this series was dictated, I find some sixteen pages that escaped us at the time and that have to deal in great measure with the military influences that bore upon me from earliest boyhood. I have told how my father, being a member of the Board of Visitors to West Point, in June, 1849, took mother, my sister, our faithful Milwaukee nurse Ellen, and my nearly five-year-old self on a wonderful visit to the East.[2] In all his martial splendor, day after day that week in June, my eyes followed General Winfield Scott, little dreaming that seventeen years thereafter I should be one of his funeral escorts at that very point. Later in that summer of '49 I saw still more of my hero, and incidentally was properly castigated for assuring him of my utter disapprobation of the civilian dress which he wore when summering at his country home adjoining my grandfather's place, "Cherry Lawn," on the southern outskirts of what was then called Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

The single track of the Jersey railway ran southward along the back of grandfather's orchard, and the event of the summer day to me was the passing of the evening express from Jersey City on its way to Rahway, New Brunswick, and so on to Camden and the ferry to Philadelphia. (There are four tracks now, and a hundred huge trains of the Pennsylvania system pass that spot unnoted in the course of twenty-four hours.) Then there was dwelling not far away from us the town tailor, another American citizen with

[1] This is the fourth installment of General King's interesting memories. The earlier parts appeared in the March, June, and September issues of this year's magazine.

[2] *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, v, 219.

military aspirations as keen as my own, and as enthusiastic a worshiper of General Scott. He was deeply attached to the two households of Scott and King. He made the clothes of my uncles and repaired those, at least, of the heads of the two households. He always brought his handiwork in person, in hope of a chat, and during the summer of '49 he attached himself eagerly to my father that he might draw him out about West Point, and later, as it transpired, about Wisconsin. He sought a wider field, he frankly owned, for his genius. He prided himself on the cut of his clothing, and borrowed my father's uniforms—the natty frock coat of the Engineers and the gorgeous tail coat of the Adjutant General, both the workmanship of a famous sartorial artist of the 30's in New York City—and that summer this prominent citizen of Elizabethtown won for himself a nickname that for several years supplanted his own modest patronymic. "Heavenly scissors!" he had exclaimed, on his first study of these martial robes, "what a cut!" And as "Heavenly Scissors" he was known from that time forth until his removal to Milwaukee.

Filled with prophetic enthusiasm for the possibilities of his new western home, father had sounded its praises in Albany, and it is quite possible that he had not a little to do with the fact that famous families of that old Dutch community—like the Colts, the Bloodgoods, and even Uncle Billy Cramer—were moved, with certain eager young barristers like Dan Shaw and Charles Apthorpe Hamilton, to transfer their lares and penates via the Erie Canal to Buffalo, and thence by boat around the lakes. So, too, a bit later came Robert Eliot and Gabriel Bouck, classmates at the old Albany Academy, though Bouck tarried not in Milwaukee, but went on to find a home at Oshkosh. When early in the 50's "Heavenly Scissors" found a partner, the firm of Swain and Magie rented a store adjoining that of Bradley and Metcalf, on the west side of East Water

Street a few doors south of Wisconsin, and there our Jersey tailor laid the foundation of his future fortune. James A. Swain became a famous character in old Milwaukee, achieved his ambition to bear a military title on the staff of an old-time governor, and succeeded in getting the Milwaukee vacancy to West Point for his son, in succession to such men as Galbraith Miller, E. Frank Townsend, and John J. Upham. But, like John Hathaway, young Swain found mathematics too much for him and was never graduated—a matter his proud old father took grievously to heart. Swain had left Milwaukee for good and all when I came back there in '66; he had moved South, it was said, and I never expected to see him again. But, back from the Apache campaign in Arizona in '75, with my right arm in a sling, I had reached Memphis, Tennessee, and spent a long Sunday at a dreary hotel, waiting for the evening train to Washington. Just about six in the evening a handsomely appointed carriage and pair drew up at the entrance. A tall, distinguished looking gentleman, faultlessly dressed, stepped out, glanced about him, lifted his silk hat, and asked if I was Lieutenant Charles King and whether I had ever lived in Milwaukee. It was "Heavenly Scissors." He had made a fortune (in cotton, not wool), it was later told me, and had a beautiful home in the suburbs. A recruiting officer had mentioned the fact that a wounded cavalryman, Lieutenant King, was at the hotel, and Swain had come on the chance of its being his little boy friend of twenty years earlier; you can fancy what a talk we had in the half hour before train time.

And General Scott in '75 was still his soldier idol. In Swain's opinion the Civil War had developed no leader to equal him. It will be remembered that as soon as Congress provided, early in '62, for the retired list, General Scott was prevailed upon by his closest friends, as well as his physician, to avail himself of the opportunity. President Lincoln

treated him with the utmost courtesy and deference. Scott had been a general in the regular army nearly half a century, was well along in the seventies and aging fast, yet he had so long been the nation's foremost soldier that he hated to give way. During the fall and winter months of 1859 and 1860, and until March, 1861, he lived in West Twelfth Street, a few doors from Fifth Avenue, having declared it impossible to serve as general of the Army in the same city with his fellow Virginian, John B. Floyd, secretary of war. During those two winters my grandfather occupied with his family the house at Number 28 West Fourteenth Street, and no matter what I might be doing any other night in the week, even a general-alarm fire would not warrant my failure to be on hand promptly at ten o'clock every Thursday night for the most important duty of my boyhood.

Regularly at eight o'clock, escorted and convoyed by either an aide-de-camp or his faithful orderly, General Scott would slowly and ponderously ascend the broad steps to our front door, be admitted with immense show of homage by the Irish-English butler, Daniel, and ushered into the parlor, where he would be welcomed by the entire household —my grandparents, with one married and four unmarried daughters, an uncle or two, and possibly visitors—and there the General would sit in solemn state, conversing with the elders, enjoying the music—for two of the daughters played admirably, and the youngest, Mary Alsop (she who became Madame Waddington, and is, except for my inconspicuous self, the only survivor), sang delightfully and was his special favorite. At 9:30 the hissing urn was brought in and tea was served, though dinner was only just over at 7:30, and as the city clocks struck ten the General would rise, everybody else would rise, he would bid each lady a ceremonious good-night, be conducted by my grandfather to the front door, and there turned over for escort and safe conduct to the fifteen-year-old lad, who was never addressed by his

Christian name by any member of the household—there being yet another and younger boy Charles, the son of my uncle C. L. King. From September, 1858, to their last days, every member of the old household hailed him as "Milwaukee," and he was proud of it.

Ten minutes it took the huge warrior, hero of many a battle in the wars of 1812 and 1846 and '47, with his diminutive escort to reach the Twelfth Street home; and all the way the General would talk affably of West Point and my ambition to enter, of the Army as a career, etc.—always with kindness and sympathy, yet with a certain reserve. He knew my grandfather's hope that I could be made to forget it in favor of Columbia and its law school, only just then opened. Yet he said if ever he could help me obtain the appointment he would, and in 1860 he could have done so easily, but, as I have stated, except my silent father the entire family opposed the one great hope and wish of my boyhood, until they were at last convinced it was all useless. Then in the spring of 1862, after Upham had been appointed instead of myself, General Scott was importuned with results I might have anticipated. Indeed, I did not wish to ask him, but my grandfather had said, "Go."

It was so characteristic of Scott that the picture is still vivid in my mind's eye. He was then occupying rooms on Fifth Avenue in the old Brevoort House, and in his dressing gown and loose attire, was nursing a gouty foot and his new and deep grievance. He barely heard me through, but with uplifted hand spoke slowly and impressively. "My young friend, I would do much for you, more for your father, and almost anything for your grandfather, but that General Scott should ask a favor of this administration is out of the question." I bowed, took my leave, told my grandfather just what had happened, and yet refrained from saying "I could have told you so." He and George W. Blunt, both

devoted friends and adherents of the General, were together at the moment, and the latter spoke.

"Scott is simply fretting himself to death. I doubt if he can live a year."

But he did; he lived nearly five of them, and it was my fate or fortune to be with or near him as the end drew nigh. He had come to live the last months of his life at West Point, and every fair day, in his open carriage, would be driven slowly about the beautiful elm-shaded roads surrounding the plain, eagerly watching for and scrupulously returning the salutes of the sentries and cadets, or the bows of civilians. For half a century he had been the great "I Am" of the Army. For thirty years or more its foot regiments had been drilled and manœuvred according to Scott's *Heavy Infantry Tactics*, but by 1862 these had given place to Hardee's *Light Infantry Tactics*, adapted from the French. The stately old grenadier salute of the regular service had been replaced at West Point by a jaunty, graceful, finger-tip touch of the cap visor, with a downward and forward sweep of the hand and arm. Something told me the dying veteran disliked it. I was the adjutant of the Corps of Cadets in the fall of '65 and, remembering the old-time Mexican War salute Scott himself had taught me when a little shaver of five, I made a suggestion to a few cadets—like Churchill, Capron, Heintzelman—whose fathers had fought under Scott. The next time we saw the General's open carriage approaching, instead of walking straight ahead and passing him with the cadet salute of the day, we "lined up" along the roadside several paces apart, and as he came nearly opposite, each in turn squarely faced him, raised the hand, palm to the front, fingers extended and joined, the tips just touching the visor, in the rigid, ramrod salute—his own salute—of the days of our fathers; it was a joy to see his instant recognition of our purpose, and his obvious delight in our homage. General Cullum, then

superintendent and long a member of his staff, told relatives of mine who came up for a visit, that nothing had given the old warrior such pleasure as the sudden and unexpected demonstration of his old salute tendered by the young soldiers of the Corps of Cadets. In June, 1866, we fired the last volleys over his grave.

In the beautiful autumn of 1863, nearly two years after his retirement, General Scott, having somewhat recovered his health and spirits, was living at Cozzens Hotel a mile below the Point, basking in the sunshine and rejoicing in the adulation of the many attractive women there assembled. A bevy of them usually hovered about his big armchair, and occasionally he would don his full dress uniform and pose for Brady or Frederick's camera man. And then one day, in the handsome uniform of a major general, came the handsomest soldier in the Army of the United States, recuperating from the wounds of Gettysburg—another Winfield Scott, but with the surname of Hancock—and the superintendent of the Academy sent me one glorious Saturday afternoon, in all the pomp and circumstance of my corporal's chevrons, with his authority to go to Cozzens and present myself to this magnificent corps commander—the man of whom Meade had said, "Hancock was superb today!"

And thereby hangs a tale Colonel Watrous loved to tell, and I wish he were yet alive to tell it for you; but it is on file at the War Department in the efficiency report of the youngest Iron Brigade man to my knowledge yet alive today.

It was of a stormy afternoon in late September of 1861. It was on the banks of the Potomac, just opposite Chain Bridge. The Sibley tents of the Sixth Maine Infantry were still standing on the broad plateau which lay between the overhanging bluff that skirted the river road from Washington, and what was called the Georgetown Pike, perhaps five hundred yards to the north. The Sixth Maine were in

bivouac with the rest of General W. F. (Baldy) Smith's big brigade (he had three of General King's regiments as well as five of his own), over beyond the wooded heights on the south bank of the broad Potomac. The Sixth Wisconsin, however, had pitched their tents on the north side of that pike; their sentry line on their eastward flank was but forty or fifty paces from the headquarters tents of General King, his staff, and the telegraph station, and one of these sentries, with his rifle at "secure" and his coat collar up about his ears, was a twenty-year-old private of Company G—Jerome Watrous, of Fond du Lac.

General King, with his Milwaukee commissary, Captain J. L. Hathaway, and his New York Seventh Regiment aide-de-camp, Benkard, had gone in to Washington. His Milwaukee adjutant general, Bob Chandler, and his editorial *Green Bay Advocate* quartermaster, Charles D. Robinson, were away on some duty, leaving only two or three orderlies, Cary Tuckerman of the Second Wisconsin, and myself to look after matters at headquarters, when Sentry Watrous caught sight of a long column of infantry coming slowly plodding up the pike, drenched and bedraggled with the downpour. Half a dozen mounted officers were at the head of the column, and two of these spurring ahead turned out from the road and came swiftly trotting up to the front of the general's "marquee," the biggest canvas on the plateau. Instantly the orderlies sprang to attention and stood at the salute, recognizing the horse equipments of a brigadier general.

"Is General King here?" asked the foremost rider—the tallest, handsomest man the Wisconsin boys had yet seen at the front.

"No, sir, gone to Washington," promptly answered the smallest and least conspicuous of the group.

"Any of his staff here?"

"Yes, sir, I am," was the answer, in all the valorous

importance of sixteen years and five feet four. And the big general was too much of a gentleman to laugh.

"Well," said he, "I was told I could find a mounted guide here to lead me by the shortest route to General Smith's command.

"I can take you, sir. I go there every day," said the youngster; and Watrous saw it all, though he could not hear.

Five minutes later the small orderly, on a big, mettlesome bay, was riding side by side with the tall general down the ramp the Engineers had carved out of the bluff side, and past the saluting guards of the Third Vermont into the long, dim, tunnel-like vista of the old Howe truss bridge that bore away to the southern shore. Every now and then the General curiously studied the boy soldier by his side. His own horse and those of his staff were showing signs of weariness; the orderly's, fresh as a colt and rejoicing in an opportunity to show off before strangers, was dancing and curvetting. As I have told you, Alexander Mitchell had given me my first mount—a devil-may-care little Shetland—when I was only seven, and I had been riding more or less all my boyhood; even in New York when living in Fourteenth Street, thanks to the kindness of that youngest and dearest of my aunts—she who is known to so many American readers of the last decade—I had been able to ride almost regularly, for she had a beautiful, spirited saddle-horse she was far too busy to mount more than once or twice a week, and in the goodness of her heart it became "Milwaukee's" pride and privilege to exercise him for her, and the saddle had become almost a home to him.

And so that stormy autumn day I found my tall, unknown General intently watching my horse and occasionally glancing curiously at me. He had asked a few questions as we neared the Virginia shore, as to the character of the road ahead, the distance, etc. Presently he

said, "Isn't that a pretty big horse for a lad of your size? How old are you?"

"Seventeen next month, sir."

"Indeed! You look much younger. Who taught you to ride?"

"My father, sir, if anybody. He's a West Pointer, too," I ventured.

"Oh, you are General King's son. *You* ought to be be going to the Point one of these days."

"That's been my hope and ambition these last three years, General, and I wish you would tell him that you agree with me."

He threw back his head and laughed a hearty, ringing laugh. "Indeed I will and if all goes well, possibly I can help you one of these days—My name's Hancock."

And so it happened as we began the ascent of the winding road up Pimet Run, that the first time that knightly soldier and brilliant general crossed the Potomac at the head of his brigade a Milwaukee boy was his guide; and so it later happened that late September afternoon, in the big parlor at Cozzens Hotel, he gravely presented the stripling cadet corporal to the ladies of the party as "one of my young veterans."

Yet—will you believe it?—the very next time I rode before him, he ordered me placed in arrest.

It was in New Orleans, the winter of 1867-68; as major general of the Army, Hancock had come to command the Department of the Gulf, and the garrison of New Orleans assembled in his honor was passing in review under the Camp Street gallery of the old headquarters building, opposite LaFayette Square. The magnificent general, with his staff and a few invited guests, stood near the east end of the gallery. I think his chief of staff on that occasion was the General Hartsuff who was a passenger on the *Lady Elgin* the

night of her ill-fated run in September, 1860, from Chicago for Milwaukee.

Farther along the gallery toward the west was Mrs. Hancock with a bevy of ladies. The long column of infantry, their fronts extending from curb to curb, had marched handsomely by, and then came Light Battery K of the First Artillery, in which I was second lieutenant. Heading the battery, with its beautiful horses and glistening guns, rode our soldierly captain, Billy Graham, famous in the Army of the Potomac. Midway between their lead drivers, each in his own platoon, rode the two first lieutenants, and bringing up the rear—the post of the chief of caissons—bestriding the most beautiful charger in the column, my Kentucky-bred "Genesee," came the General's guide of six years before. Each in turn as he passed underneath the station of the reviewing officer on the gallery, the captain and lieutenants lowered their sabres in salute, returning to the carry after passing six yards beyond him.

And then, just beyond that point, leaning over the gallery railing, fluttering their handkerchiefs and waving joyous greeting, all smiles and welcome (and some of them mischievously laughing, for well they knew the rigid etiquette of the regular service), were Mrs. Hancock and a score of the Army ladies, most of them young, many of them pretty, and all of them objects of our chivalrous attention—all of them now waving salutation to me, the rearmost officer of the entire column. What was I to do? Review regulations prescribed that having passed the general, head and eyes should be straight to the front; but "Genesee" was arching his neck and tossing his head, pawing and dancing sidewise now, so that I was squarely facing them. I could not doff my gold-braided "schako" with its waving scarlet horse-tail plume. I could not bear to pass without some return of their delightful greeting. I took my chance. Up went the sabre to the gleaming poise, then swept

downward in the full salute, and the deed was done. A moment later, and two or three of the youngest, most thoughtless of the group had rushed to the reviewing point: "Oh, General Hancock, *General Hancock, did* you see how beautifully Mr. King saluted Mrs. Hancock?"

"What!" exclaimed the General. "You don't mean it! Really so? Most unsoldierly! Most improper! Hartsuff, see to it that that young officer goes back to barracks at once in close arrest."

And there was to be a dance at the General's spacious house that very evening and I had been designated to lead the "german," as it was called in the North, but New Orleans society folk more accurately called it the "cotillion." True or not, I do not know, but one of the ladies told me later it took the united pleadings of Mrs. Hancock and her St. Louis relatives to induce the General to recall that order. It would have served me right if he had not.

At one of the dances in New Orleans the previous winter, I had been assigned by the floor manager to a place in the same set (we were dancing the lancers) with two very distinguished Confederates—Generals Beauregard and Paul O. Hebert. They were courteous, but not cordial. Five years later, on my second detail in New Orleans, General Hebert had become president of the Jockey Club (Metairie), and it was he who picked me to ride for the United States in the international race on Ladies' Day, the ninth of April—oddly enough, the anniversary of Appomattox.[3] By that time he had become cordiality and courtesy personified.

But perhaps the most remarkable meeting and association with these prominent leaders of the Southern side in the great Civil War was that of which I have previously spoken—with Lee's old war dog and greatest corps commander, Longstreet. He had been the President's guest in Washington, as he had been present at Grant's modest

[3] *Wis. Mag. of Hist., v,* 239-240.

wedding in St. Louis a quarter of a century before. He was now, in 1873, wearing the Union blue again, as major general of the Louisiana State Militia, and was doing his best to protect the governor and legislature from the riot tactics of the unreconstructed. General Emory, commanding the Department, had been ordered to preserve a strict neutrality, but he had a warm regard for Longstreet dating from Mexican War days. I was Emory's junior staff officer, and for some months had been employed in writing from his dictation all his numerous reports and despatches to the War Department, many of which had had to be "coded." I had also carried and delivered most of his messages to Governor Warmoth in the days when Louisiana had two legislatures, and to Warmoth's successor when Louisiana had a negro lieutenant governor. I had had to be in close touch with the marshal and his deputies, with the chief of police and his subordinates, and knew, of course, most of the rendezvous of the riotous element. The police force of New Orleans, under the orders of the governor, had been organized, armed, and equipped as a regiment of infantry, a battery of field artillery, and a squadron of cavalry; consequently the Southern orators claimed that the state was maintaining a military force contrary to the constitution, and scores of Democrats in Congress assembled held the same view.

When Emory withdrew his troops from the city to the adjacent barracks, leaving Longstreet and the Louisiana militia to preserve the peace, he nevertheless "kept in touch," as the military expression is. Longstreet was frequently sending to headquarters for information, and I was frequently sent to Longstreet. Twice or thrice my instructions were to remain with him until some order had been carried out, and to bring General Emory full report of everything that transpired. And so it happened that I saw much of the great Confederate leader, and heard from his

own lips details of stirring events during the Civil War; but I never ventured to ask him the inside facts as to the exact advice he was reported to have given Lee, urging against the fatal frontal attack at Gettysburg, and advising that he manœuvre Meade out of the strong position from Culp's Hill to Round Top simply by marching by night around Meade's left (southern) flank, seizing the roads to Baltimore, interposing between Meade and Washington, and compelling him to "let go." I longed to know the real truth of his opposition to Pickett's great and final assault on the Union center, held by Hancock's corps, on the last great day of the battle. Longstreet had with him in New Orleans only police and militia officers of the "carpetbag" type. All the old Confederates held aloof from him, as was to be expected, and his heart was heavy. Young as I was, I, too, was a West Pointer and a representative of the old Army he had so long loved, and he actually seemed glad to have me with him, to talk with me about kith and kin he had well known in former days; seldom in my life have I had so interesting an experience.

At Jackson, Mississippi, I had seen and eagerly studied the famous cavalry leader Forrest. In New Orleans I had met General Beauregard, who was very courteous, but distant and reserved. At the Metairie Jockey Club I had seen much of Generals Buford, Hebert, and Westmore of the old Army, and had been presented by General Emory to his devoted old friend General "Dick" Taylor—all prominent officers of the Confederacy. At Louisville, long years later, General Simon B. Buckner had most graciously welcomed a little deputation of Sons of the American Revolution, of which I happened to be secretary; and in Chicago I had been honored by two hours of the most brilliant and delightful talk ever I heard in tête-à-tête, with no less a personage than Colonel Watterson himself;

but of the few great Southerners it has been my lot to meet and know, Longstreet interested me by far the most.

An object of my boyish reverence before the war was a major in the Quartermaster's Department, of whom General Scott, my grandfather, and all the family much approved. He had left his sabre arm at Molino del Rey when second lieutenant of the very battery in which, just twenty years later, I held the same rank and position. A dignified, courteous gentleman, a devout member of my uncle Andrew Patterson's church at St. Paul, Minnesota, he had married my godmother, father's eldest sister. That empty sleeve of his I gazed on with awe unspeakable, and when I guided him about the streets on his only visit to Milwaukee, I thought my playfellows lacking in respect that they did not lift their caps to him. It was only because they had never been taught that deference to anybody. He was a North Carolinian, and to the infinite chagrin of General Scott went with his state and fought throughout the war—General James G. Martin, of distinction in the Southern army.

Just about the time of that memorable visit, another Southern officer came to Milwaukee—one who later became known to the entire world. My resentful recollection of him for long years thereafter was that for an entire week I was at his side or just behind or just before, and doubtless very much in his way, and he never once spoke a word to me.

Of very different make and character was his associate on the trip. Both were captains in the old Navy, and had been sent to Milwaukee to board at that point the little revenue cutter *A. V. Brown*, a sailing schooner commanded by Captain Mitchell, with instructions to examine into and select sites for lighthouses at the entrance to Green Bay and the lower (northern) end of Lake Michigan. My father, a former officer of the Engineer Corps of the Army, had been asked to meet and join them, and Captain Mitchell was good enough to invite me. Day after day, evening after

evening, the other captain—cordial, cheery, and companionable—made himself agreeable to everybody aboard, while his brother officer—tall, gaunt, silent, and morose—paced the deck in self-communion, and finally left without having made a friend. It was Raphael Semmes, afterward captain of the notorious *Alabama*, sunk by our *Kearsarge* in sight of Cherbourg. Father, then United States minister at Rome, in spite of his haste to reach the scene, was too late to witness that famous battle.

So much for the Confederates it has been my luck to know. Of Union officers, either as boy or man, I have met and known far more: Scott, Halleck, McClellan (twice I had ridden to him full speed with despatches from up the Potomac), Sherman, Sheridan (our first commander in New Orleans), McDowell, Mansfield, Wadsworth, Thomas (just after the war, at West Point), Kearny and "Ike" Stevens (the last when commanding the Seventy-ninth Highlanders in father's brigade at Kalorama)—two famous generals killed the same day at Chantilly, Virginia, in 1862; Hooker, Pope, Keyes (once upon a time Scott's favorite aide-de-camp in New York City), Augur, Hatch, Gibbon, Hancock, Ayres, Crawford, Griffin, Ricketts, Charles F. Smith (when he was in command at Governor's Island, just about the outbreak of the war), William F. Smith, and finally, long years after the war, that born soldier Nelson A. Miles. Others of the war time officers were Bayard, the gallant cavalryman, who died of wounds at Chancellorsville; Upton, youngest and among the greatest; Schofield, Crook, Terry, J. H. Wilson, Howard, Merritt, my colonel in cavalry days; Custer, Carr, and many more. But of all these the man I most revered was Upton, to my thinking the finest soldier of his day and generation.

He came to West Point as commandant in June, 1870, when I was junior instructor in "tactics." I had known him in the summer of '66 when he was there trying out his

new system of drill regulations, and he had then been very kind to me. In 1870 he had lost his wife, was in deep mourning, and so many of his kith and kin came to console him that the quarters of the commandant of cadets were all too small for their accommodation, and it frequently happened that he came over to sleep in my rooms in the angle of cadet barracks, where a bed was always ready for him. I would come home from the club, or perhaps a dance, and generally find him reading his Bible. He would lay it aside and chat with me on war history—principally of the recent campaigns in the South—until midnight, then say it was time to turn in, and before seeking his pillow would kneel at his bedside and pray long and earnestly, for Upton was a devout Christian—a soldier of the "church militant," as one or two Southern cadets discovered in '59 and '60, when they reviled him for his abolition sentiments. He died all too soon, but not until he had written the best essay on the proper military policy of the United States that ever was penned, and yet it was not until Elihu Root became secretary of war that it ever saw the light; it lay hidden in one of the desks of the War Department, suppressed, forgotten later, but it was an illuminating document when finally given to the world. It is my belief that that paper was discovered by Major General William Harding Carter, who when Upton was commandant of the corps was a member of the cadet company which I commanded and instructed; and it was Carter, I am almost confident, who brought it to the attention of the War Secretary.

So much for the great soldiers of the Civil War. As to our great sailors, my admiration went out beyond measure to Farragut, the most famous of his day, yet the simplest, kindliest, most courteous, and most approachable of them all. He spent the summer of '66 at West Point—his only son, Loyall, being a member of the senior class. I was the

junior in age and rank of all the officers that summer on duty at the Academy; nevertheless I was instructor of the senior class at the mortar, siege, and sea coast batteries. Day after day the Admiral would come down to watch the firing, would of course be invited into the battery, and would chat as cordially and chummily with me, a smooth-cheeked second lieutenant, as though I had been a ship mate of many a voyage.

Dewey I met for the first time in 1874, at La Paz in old Mexico. He was skipper of the *Narragansett* then, on hydrographic survey of the Gulf of California. Some of his sailors on liberty got into difficulty with a large force of Mexican troops, and I happened to reach the spot just in time to avert what might have been serious consequences, to use my authority as an officer of the Army over the enlisted men of the sister service, and to herd them ahead of me toward the dock, where my boat happened to be in readiness to take me out to the waiting steamer; with the aid of the consul we got those sailors beyond the reach of the exasperated Mexicans. Before my steamer left harbor that evening a most gracious and grateful message came from Captain Dewey, inquiring for the name of the officer who had befriended his frolicsome men. Ten months later, at the mouth of the Colorado, when I was being taken to San Francisco very badly wounded, the *Narragansett* lay in the offing and Dewey was kindness itself to me; had me brought aboard his ship until mine was ready to sail, and there I could be in far greater comfort. The next time we met was aboard the *Olympia* in Manila Bay on Christmas Day, 1898, when, with three of my staff officers, I went out to call upon him and renew the old California acquaintance. After the outbreak of the Insurgents, he came day after day up the Pasig in his beautiful launch to visit my headquarters at San Pedro Macati, from which point the Insurgent lines were in view and occasionally some skirmish-

ing going on, in which he took lively interest. In many ways Dewey reminded me of Farragut.

And Dewey was with me "the maddest day I ever knew." As I think I told you, a newspaper man asked me recently to tell him what was the most exciting moment I could recall. I could not do so then, but possibly it was this. At all events, the newspaper men who brought me the paper that started the excitement were inclined to think so.

The battle of Santa Ana, as told in the previous number, had brought great results—the heaviest loss to the enemy of any of the combats in the Philippines—the capture of all of their artillery, most of the small arms, and very much of the ammunition in their hands, as well as two storehouses filled with military supplies. With the exception of Haan's company of Engineers and Dyer's Light Battery of the Sixth Artillery, it was fought entirely by my brigade against a much larger force of Pio del Pilar's division. We buried 161 of the enemy upon the field, and had ourselves sustained a loss of 17 killed and 71 wounded out of perhaps 1700 men engaged. Our division and corps commanders had been lavish in their praise, and our comrades of the First and Second divisions in their congratulations. Now, every officer and man was eager to see how the news was received at home, and the newspaper brought out from Manila, one afternoon in mid-March—the *San Francisco Examiner*—told us. Copied from the despatch published the previous evening in the *New York Evening Post*—the strongest anti-administration paper in the country—was the announcement that the fight at Santa Ana by General King's brigade of western volunteers was simply a massacre of hundreds of helpless, half-naked, ignorant hill men, armed only with bows and arrows—a wanton and cruel slaughter, or words to that effect.

I never saw so many men in a fury of rage as assembled about the little plaza of San Pedro Macati that March

afternoon, and their brigadier was the maddest of the lot. With the exception of two luckless Chinamen who owned a little truck garden on the river bank, and in the early dawn got mixed up with the enemy when they broke and ran before the dash of Fortson's battalion of the Washingtons on what we called the Mound Redoubt, every mother's son of the 161 dead left on the field was in the complete uniform of the Insurgent Army, and equipped with either the Mauser or Remington magazine rifle. There wasn't a "hill man" within miles of the field. The whole story was a contemptible slander that even Mr. Editor Godkin's own special correspondent at Manila promptly and publicly denounced. And the sole reparation made by Mr. Godkin's widely read journal was the editorial statement to this effect: "We are glad to be assured that the story at the expense of American soldiery seems to have been untrue."

Now, up to that time there had been a few—a very few—officers and men who were a bit wobbly in their political leanings. Reared as stanch Democrats they were not quite sure that, the consent of the governed not having been asked or accorded, we were justified in retaining control of the Islands. After this episode their wrath turned them to stalwart backers of the administration, and of a declaration emanating from brigade headquarters which read somewhat as follows: "Under the guidance of the God of Battles that flag has gone up at Manila, and by the Eternal it shall not come down at the beck of a Godkin."

MILWAUKEE IN THE WORLD WAR

The next question of the interviewer who wished to know the maddest moment of my life, was what he termed the "gladdest." I answered neither at the time, and it is difficult to answer the latter now. The afternoon and the thirty-six hours immediately following the battle of Santa Ana would not be a bad guess. The praise and congratula-

tion that came from every one of our superiors, the assurance that I should at once be recommended for the full rank of major general, and the demonstrations of the officers and men of the brigade were enough to delight the heart of any soldier; but setting aside family or domestic occasions for rejoicing, I wonder if anything ever gave me keener sense of elation than what happened right here in Milwaukee soon after our declaration of war against Germany.

By that time, through no fault of its own, the city of my home and love had a very bad name at Washington. It is a long story—a story that then could not well be told, but there is no reason now why it should not. Names in most cases are not to be mentioned, but here are the facts.

Between the reports of secret service officials and those of prominent citizens—well meaning, no doubt, but quite misinformed—the War Department had been led to believe that conspiracy, sedition, treason, and heaven knows what all lay dormant in our law-abiding old city, and that every man of German birth or name was deservedly an object of suspicion. Time and again secret service men came to me, declaring they had evidence of the disloyalty of some of the very best and worthiest officers of the Wisconsin Guard then being drafted into the service of the United States. The major generals successively in command in Chicago, and therefore in charge of the military district of which Wisconsin was a part, were old and intimate friends. The first, General William H. Carter, was relieved and sent to command at Honolulu shortly before the declaration, and then came Major General "Tom" Barry, who had been our adjutant general in Manila when I joined there in '98, and who knew me as thoroughly as I knew him.

Hardly had he assumed command when he sent for me to show me reports of dangers ahead in Milwaukee, of German sympathizers who were preparing to resist the registration, burn elevators, armories, manufacturing plants, blow up

railway bridges, and play the mischief generally. At that moment I was being told of young men of ability, but of German name, who were being denied admission to the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan—some of them, as I believed, of fervent loyalty, and one of them the son of the leading spirit in every patriotic enterprise in our city. I wrote an indignant protest to General Barry, and he overruled the secret service, to the end that we gained in the young gentleman whom the secret service would have excluded a very excellent officer, and one of proved valor overseas where, had the Germans got him, his peril indeed might have been great. And his was not an individual case; there were others.

General Barry knew that I was in close touch with the chief of police and the detective force, and that such things could hardly get a start without our knowing it. All the same there came within a month, sometimes late at night, telephone or telegraphic orders to investigate at once such and such a report of German spies caught red-handed with tools of their trade in hand, defying the chief of police at West Allis—of threatened uprising among the workmen in some of our great manufacturing plants. I would investigate and find nothing but darkness and absolute quiet where there was supposed to be a crowded and seditious meeting.

Then our local committee of safety was possessed with the idea that we were sitting on a volcano destined to blow us sky high, and they besieged the governor at Madison and General Barry in Chicago with appeals to mobilize the Second Wisconsin Infantry, one of the finest in the country, and place it in camp here at the fair grounds—take all those officers and men from their homes, shops, offices, and desks in Sheboygan, Oshkosh, Appleton, Fond du Lac, etc., and bring them here to protect Milwaukee against some utterly imaginary enemy. The governor declared it entirely unnecessary, and General Barry told me he told the committee

he would not do it unless I could be made to see that it *was* necessary. A midnight council was held in the home of one of Milwaukee's most prominent and distinguished citizens, and I was summoned from the bedside of my invalid wife. I found gathered there upwards of a dozen of our foremost men—many of them warm, personal friends—and for more than an hour they argued and pleaded. The city was in peril; the regiment was absolutely needed to give a feeling of security to the American population; the secret service people had told them of the existence of seditious bands all over the neighborhood; and yet I could not be made to see it or believe it. I could not and would not recommend the mobilization, either to the governor or to the commanding general, and there it ended. There came to see me—as he said, under orders from Washington—a distinguished colonel of the staff, and his mission was to ask if, under the circumstances, it would not be advisable to order to Milwaukee a regiment of the National Guard from some southern state, and he went back with the answer that in my judgment it would be most unwise. He asked what disposition we had made, in the event of attack, to defend our scattered militia armories, and left apparently satisfied.

But still the secret service was discovering, and the Secretary of War was being worried with reports of, direful things which might happen to Milwaukee, and finally came the *dies irae*—the day on which all able-bodied men capable of military service were to register at something like 150 precincts within the city limits; and now at last the long smouldering, long threatened outbreak was to come. Inflamed by German propaganda, inspired by German oratory, and influenced by German gold, the Sons of Herman, a long extinct organization, was to resurrect and rise in its wrath, fire the city in a hundred places, and overwhelm police, sheriffs, and the newly organizing State Guard before outside aid could reach us; even General Barry at Chicago

was getting a bit apprehensive, because more incessant and insistent were the demands from Washington.

And still the chief of police, the chief of detectives, and our own vigilant officers of the Guard insisted to me that there was nothing to warrant any such rumors or reports. My orders from General Barry were to be constantly in touch with the chief of police throughout the eventful day, and to report by wire the first symptom of disorder. And all that blessed day I watched and waited; hour after hour passed without sign or sound of trouble; at last came nightfall and the final reports to police headquarters; and just about 8:30 P. M. there went from my hand over the Western Union to Major General T. H. Barry, Commanding Central Department, Chicago, the despatch which read about as follows:

> Registration complete and the only disorder from start to finish a fisticuff between two young American citizens, of possible German descent, over the question of which had the right to register first.

Barry shouted over that message and relayed it on to Washington, where it was in the hands of the War Secretary by ten o'clock. A fortnight later he told our adjutant general that he guessed he had been considerably misinformed as to matters in Milwaukee.

That episode, probably, gave me about the "gladdest" hour.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT SYSTEM AT APPLETON

Louise P. Kellogg

The faith of Wisconsin business men in the epochal inventions of the nineteenth century is illustrated by the action of a group of Appleton citizens with regard to the electric light. Thomas A. Edison had been for some time developing the incandescent electric light, machines and apparatus for supplying power for this purpose. In the winter of 1880-81 a central station for demonstration purposes was in operation at Menlo Park, New Jersey; in the year 1882 the Edison central-station utility was available for public use. The first commercial central station was erected in London and put into service in April of that year, but did not become a permanent institution in the English metropolis. Before that time, however, plans were being carried out for the utilization of this means of lighting in the United States. In December, 1880, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of New York was organized, the first corporation on a permanent basis to develop the Edison central-station system. In May of the next year property in Pearl Street, New York City, was acquired, and the work of laying the underground conductors was begun. Not until September 4, 1882, was the Pearl Street station placed in permanent occupation.

Meanwhile the Western Edison Electric Light Company of Chicago had been incorporated May 25, 1882, under the laws of Illinois, with territorial rights for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. This company was the predecessor of the present Commonwealth Edison Company.[1] Forty years ago this summer, therefore, Edison's electric-lighting system was first placed upon the market in the West. A group of Appleton mill owners and citizens had the enterprise and

[1] Letters of William E. Keily, June 20 and Aug. 29, 1922, Chicago.

the foresight to experiment with this new system of lighting, and thus to make their city of note in the annals of electricity.

Some time in July one of the engineers of the Western Edison Light Company, P. D. Johnston, was invited to Appleton to explain the new lighting system to a group of its business men, of whom H. J. Rogers was the leader.[2] Rogers, who was the president of the Appleton Paper and Pulp Company, was at the time building a new residence on Prospect Avenue on the heights overlooking the river; he and his associates became very much interested, and determined to test the possibilities of electricity for lighting both their mills and their homes. They hoped in time to extend its use still farther, for the *Crescent* said, "Some of our capitalists are determined to light College Avenue by electricity if they pay for it themselves."[3]

After satisfying themselves by examination that the new system was practicable, the Appleton investors entered into a contract with the Western Edison Light Company for two Edison "K" dynamos of a capacity to carry 550 lamps, to be driven by water power.[4] This contract was signed August 18, and some time after that Edward T. Ames, a construction man and electrician, was sent from Chicago to install the plant in the paper company's property.[5]

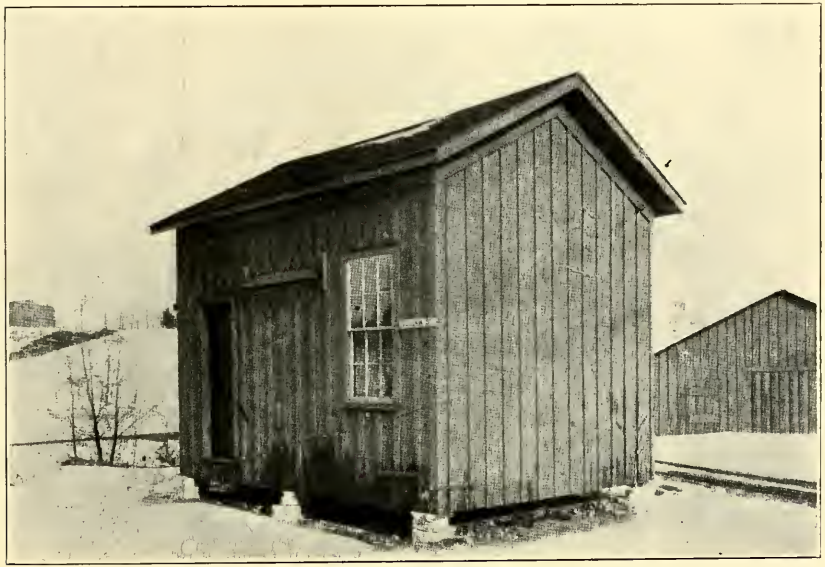
The historical question at issue has been the length of time required for the wiring and adjusting, and the date on which the power was first successfully applied to produce light. It has been stated on high authority that the Appleton plant was the first central lighting plant opened in the United States. The Pearl Street generating station in

[2] *Appleton Crescent*, July 29, 1882. Johnston, who was a mechanical rather than an electrical engineer, worked for the Western Edison Light Company from 1882 to 1885.

[3] Aug. 12, 1882.

[4] Letters of William E. Keily, cited above.

[5] Mr. Ames died in St. Joseph, Michigan, in February, 1922.



FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT AT APPLETON

New York City was, as we have seen, opened September 4, 1882. Some of the claimants for the Appleton priority have asserted that this plant began operations as early as August. The finding of the record of the contract in the Commonwealth Edison Company's files, and the contemporary statements of the local press, prove that it took nearly six weeks to install the first dynamo in the paper mill near the upper dam at Appleton. Although not the first in the United States, the Appleton system was the earliest in use in the West, and the first to be operated by water power.

The mill in which Mr. Ames installed the first dynamo in the West was what was known as a beater mill, containing two new beating machines recently acquired by the paper company. Both this mill and another belonging to the same company a mile farther east were wired, as well as the new residence of President Rogers.

About this time a rumor circulated throughout the city that Mr. Rogers, who was president of the local gas company, was merely buying the electric rights in order to keep them from competing with his gas business, and that there was no intention of actually utilizing the contract with the Edison people for lighting purposes. Investigation proved this to be an idle rumor. Early in September the reporter sent to examine the matter found that both the mill and the Rogers residence were being wired and "if it [the electric light] proves an unquestioned success, as of course it cannot fail to, then the light will be substituted generally for gas in all our public and private buildings and the gas will be cheapened, used for heating, cooking, and running light machinery."[6] Thus the Appletonians proved themselves true prophets and ready believers in American inventiveness.

By the twenty-third of September the newspapers

[6] *Appleton Crescent*, Sept. 9, 1882.

announced that one of the generators had arrived, and that a test of the new lights would be made the next week. On Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of the month, all was ready for the test, but upon the application of the power the lights failed to appear. It was supposed that the failure was due to the excessive moisture caused by the steam of the mill, and proposals for insulating the copper wires were made. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Ames had been summoned by telegraph from Chicago; he immediately detected some slight error in the arrangements, which he was able to eliminate. Saturday, September 30, the power was once more applied to the dynamos. Then there burst from the hanging pear-shaped globes the pure, steady, incandescent light with which the world has since grown so familiar. The experiment was an approved success, the faith of the mill owners was justified; so enthusiastic did the observers become that the buildings illuminated were declared to be "as bright as day."[7] About the same time the experiment was tried with gratifying success in the residence of Mr. Rogers. This was the first residence in the West to be exclusively lighted by the Edison system.

The water wheel used to drive the dynamo was the same one which drove the new beating machines, and because of the varying loads carried by the beaters, the speed of the water wheel and of the dynamo greatly varied. Sometimes the voltage was so high that all the lamps in the circuit were burned out. After a number of experiences of this kind, the dynamo was removed to another part of the building and driven by a wheel of its own. The second dynamo called for in the contract was originally installed in the Vulcan mill at the opposite end of the city. But the owners soon decided to erect a central building between the two mills, and a small frame shack was quickly raised to which both dynamos were transferred. This building was

[7] *Crescent*, Oct. 7, 1882.

the first central station for commercial incandescent light in the West, the precursor of the great generating stations of today found in all our cities. By December, 1882, three or more residences, five or six mills, and a blast furnace were lighted by the Edison bulbs. The local paper boasted that Appleton then had more electrically lighted buildings than any other city in the United States.[8]

Some of the appliances of the original plant are still in existence,[9] and the first engineer, William D. Kurz, is still engaged in electric service at Appleton. From Mr. Kurz's recollections some of the early experiences in operating the plant are given.[10] There were no meters or gauges of any kind, the operator's eyes being the only gauge. Service was from dusk to daylight only, so all lights came on in the evening as soon as the service was started. The customers paid a flat rate per month; the monthly receipts at first totaled barely $300. Each lamp for all-night service was paid for at the rate of $1.20 per month; if used only till ten o'clock in the evening, the rate was eighty-four cents a month. All customers bought their own outfits. The lamps cost $1.60 apiece, and their filaments were of bamboo.

"One of the popular pastimes in the early days," writes Mr. A. C. Langstedt of Appleton, "was the hunting out and cleaning up of short circuits. These mains and feeders in the early years were all of bare copper wire. . . . A little windstorm, or anything out of the ordinary, a branch

[8] *Crescent,* Dec. 2, 1882. According to the Edison Electric Illuminating Company *Bulletin* for Oct. 14, 1882, the second dynamo was used to light the residences of H. D. and A. L. Smith, the Appleton Blast Furnace, A. W. Patten's Paper Mill, Fleming's Linen Mill, and the Appleton Woolen Mill. According to the same publication for Apr. 6, 1883, the lights were placed in the Waverly Hotel early in January, and gave perfect satisfaction. This information was furnished by Charles E. Neil, present editor of the National Electric Light Association *Bulletin.*

[9] A lamp and socket taken from the original plant and mounted on a board with portions of the machinery have lately been presented to the Historical Museum at Madison.

[10] These experiences were embodied in a paper read, Mar. 24, 1922, before the Wisconsin Electrical Association by A. C. Langstedt, himself connected with the operating of the first station.

falling off a tree, would fall against these wires and short circuit them, and then the company shut down the plant, as it had no fuse protection, and all hands had to go out and find where the trouble was. It took sometimes an hour and sometimes a day and in the mean time there was no service."

Such were the humble beginnings of the Edison electric central-station service in the West. A few years later Appleton obtained an electric railway, which was purchased by the lighting company, and the consolidated properties were operated by the Appleton Edison Light Company. This has now become the Wisconsin Traction Light, Heat and Power Company, which supplies fourteen surrounding municipalities and villages, runs the interurban railway, and operates its power lines over an area of more than fifty square miles.

The enterprise of the early Appleton business men has thus been more than justified. "Appleton," writes, Mr. T. Commerford Martin,[11] one of the chief collectors of Edisoniana, "will ever remain high on the list of notable plants, with claims to real distinction that no discovery of conflicting dates can disturb. There is merit and glory enough for every pioneer plant and person in this utterly modern field of advance."

[11] Letter to the present writer, June 12, 1922.

BEAVER CREEK VALLEY, MONROE COUNTY[1]

DOANE ROBINSON

The civil township of Sparta consists of town 17 and the south half of town 18 in range 4 west. Beaver Creek takes its rise in a big spring in the northwest corner of section 25 in town 18, and running five miles south enters La Crosse River in the northwestern part of section 24 in town 17, the junction being in the city of Sparta. It is a beautiful little valley, hemmed in by rugged bluffs, above which the notable Castle Rock stands sentinel. With its warm southern exposure, opening directly down into the city of Sparta, the geographical situation is ideal.

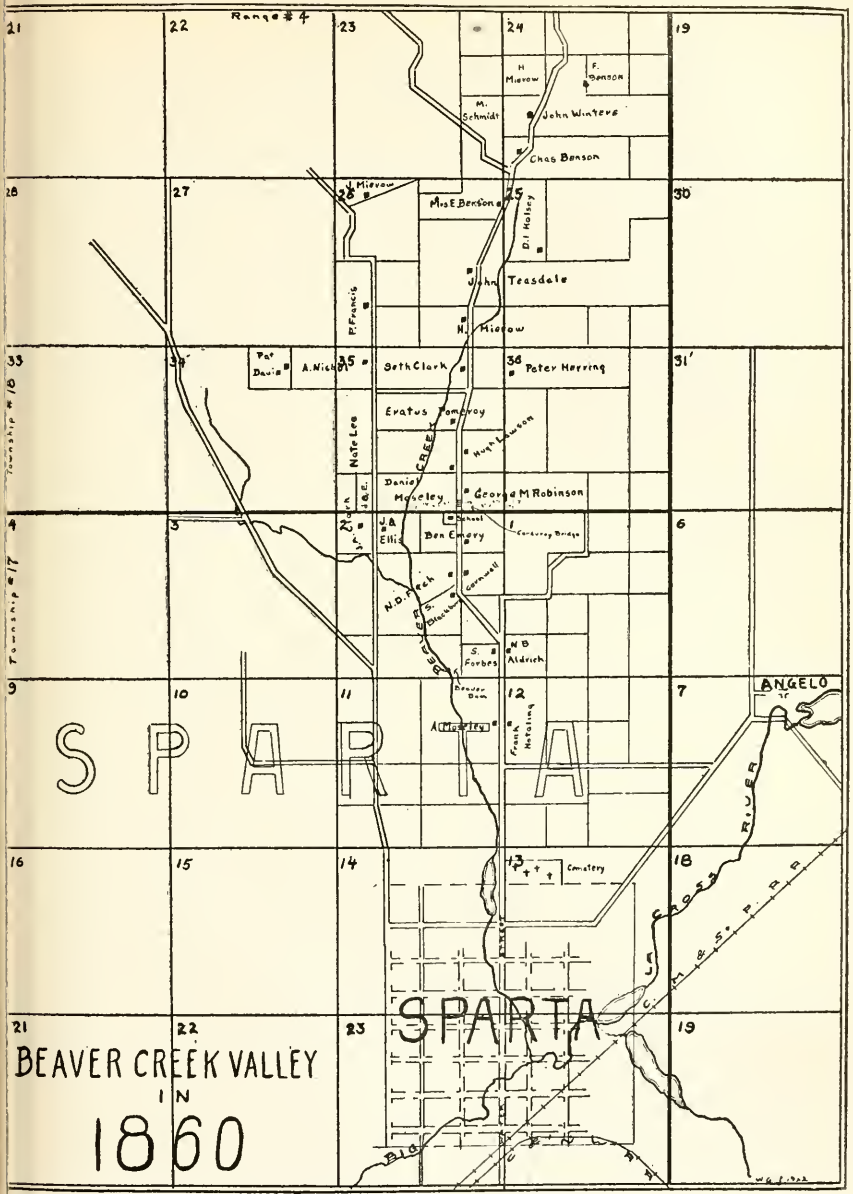
My parents, George McCook and Rhozina Grow Robinson, with three children—William Charles, Josepha Matilda, and Ella Kate—settled in October, 1855, upon the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 35 and the south half of the southwest quarter of section 36. At that time there were three other families living in the district: Hugh Lawson, Alonzo Moseley, and one McCollester. Moseley lived one and a half miles north of Sparta, Lawson a mile and a half farther north, and McCollester a mile still farther up the valley. The Robinson plant adjoined Lawson's on the south. Lawson and Robinson were from the same locality in Gallia County, Ohio, and were related by marriage. Moseley was from Cattaragus County, New York; in the spring of 1856 Daniel Moseley, an uncle of Alonzo's, located upon the west side of the highway, midway between Lawson's and Robinson's. In 1859 McCollester succumbed to the gold craze, sold his place to Henry Mierow, and cleared out for Pike's Peak.

Settlement thereafter was rapid; by the time the census of 1860 was taken there were seventeen families and ninety-one persons in the district. Water Street, the main thoroughfare of

[1] Mr. Robinson's contribution was solicited for the *Town Studies* of the *Wisconsin Domesday Book*, in expectation that it would illustrate the social history of the town of Sparta. This it does most admirably; as, however, Mr. Robinson writes about these local matters in so charming a manner, we have decided to give the readers of our magazine the opportunity of reading his article.

Sparta, was projected directly north through the district, and the settlers with the exception of five families were located along this highway. It was indeed a notable road, the chief avenue leading to the great northwestern section of Wisconsin. When winter came, closing the Mississippi to navigation, all the traffic from the East to St. Paul and northeastern Minnesota passed before our door. Great four-horse stagecoaches left Sparta every morning and with frequent relays traveled day and night over this road. Great caravans of merchandise going into the north country formed an almost continuous procession; all agricultural products of an empire came down to the market at Sparta; fifty teams in procession loaded with grain and pork were no infrequent spectacle. This thoroughfare maintained its importance until the building, about 1867, of the West Wisconsin (Omaha) Railroad from Chicago to Black River Falls and farther north. The primitive conditions existing are illustrated by one simple fact. This road crossed a tamarack swamp, about thirty rods in width, which was at our place. A corduroy bridge of heavy logs had been thrown across this swamp, and for more than ten years the tremendous traffic to the north country jolted across this corduroy and no effort was made to improve it. One hundred dollars properly expended would at any time have made an excellent turnpike upon this log foundation. I can still hear the grumbling and cursing of travelers as the big stage rumbled and bounded over the logs, the white horses upon a keen gallop and the passengers bounding from their seats and bumping their heads on the coach roof.

The settlers from the first appreciated the necessity of providing educational facilities for their children, and in the summer of 1857 Clarissa Moseley, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Daniel, was employed to teach the youngsters, the sessions being held in the upper room of the Moseley home. That same year they contracted with John Teasdale, a young Englishman, native of Kirkby Moorside, Yorkshire, England, who came to America in 1850 and learned the carpenter's trade at Johnstown, New York, to build a substantial frame schoolhouse. This school was located sixty rods south of our place, on the west side of the road, on the south bank of the tamarack swamp. Teasdale was paid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H Mierow
F. Benson
M. Schmidt
John Winters
Chas Benson
J. Mierow
Mrs E Benson
D.I Halsey
John Teasdale
P. Francis
H. Mierow
Pat Davis
A. Nichol
Seth Clark
Peter Herring
Eratus Pomeroy
Nate Lee
Hugh Lawson
Daniel Moseley
George M Robinson
J.A. Ellis
Ben Emery
School
Cordurey Bridge
N.D. Peck
Cornwall
S. Blackburn
S. Forbes
N B Aldrich
Beaver Dam
A Moseley
Frank Hotaling
Cemetery
ANGELO
SPARTA
SPARTA
BEAVER CREEK
LA CROSS RIVER
C. M. & St. P. R. R.
BIG CEDAR
BEAVER CREEK VALLEY
IN
1860

for this structure in school district warrants, the contract price being $400. He did not sell his warrants at once, when they were at par. The great financial depression of 1857 came on, and being compelled to raise money he sold the warrants at thirty cents on the dollar. The panic of that year fell heavily upon the settlers. Farm produce brought almost nothing, and the money received frequently proved to be utterly worthless. Another illustration of the stress of the times is shown in the story of Peter Herring, a young German bachelor who came here before that period. He worked "grubbing" for Teasdale all day for one-half the lower jaw of a pig. Teasdale's wife was Sarah Seymour, an Ulster woman. They had three sons—Howard, Frank, and Joseph. Frank died in childhood; Howard is still one of the prominent and dependable men of Monroe County; Joseph is a farmer near town.

The census of 1860 gives vital records (not always correct) of all the families then in the district, except the Lawsons, who were entirely missed. Hugh Lawson was a Scotch-Irishman who came to Ohio from western Pennsylvania, where he was born, his ancestors having emigrated early in the eighteenth century from Ulster to Windham, New Hampshire. He retained much of the quaint idiom of his race. His wife was Margaret Ann Cline, whom he married in Gallia County, Ohio. He settled in Beaver Creek valley in 1854, and in June, 1855, his wife and children joined him there. In 1860 they had Mary, eight; Samuel Robinson, seven; James Hill, aged one. Afterward Alice, Florence, and Robert were born to them. Daniel Moseley and his nephew Alonzo married sisters—Amanda and Eunice Hunt, of Cattaragus County. Their father, known as Colonel Hunt, and his son John Hunt with his wife Jane, soon joined them, if they did not immigrate at the same time. The Hunts lived in an adjoining neighborhood until the war came, when the father enlisted and his family came to live in our valley.

Several families came in 1860 too late for the census. At the very head of the valley, close to where the great highway crossed the big ridge which separates the waters of the La Crosse from those of Black River, John Winters and his wife, Wilhelmina Benson, with their children, John and Wilhelmina, settled. Both

the parents were of generous build and fine examples of the German immigrant. Next to them settled Charles Benson, a brother of Mrs. Winters and a veritable giant. He was married, and as I recall had one child, Bertha. Winters and Benson hewed out farms among the white oaks, and the second year had fine crops of winter wheat. Benson purchased a grain cradle to harvest his crop. The fingers dragged down the grain and he tried in vain to adjust them. His temper got the better of him and he caught up the contraption and broke it to pieces over a stump. He seized the scythe and bent it around a young white oak. At this juncture John Winters and his wife came along, and observing the havoc Benson had caused, concluded that he should be punished for his conduct; at the behest of his wife John proceeded to the business. They were of almost equal strength—Benson short and powerful, Winters tall and lithe. They battled manfully, "Mene" looking on impartially until they clinched and were rolling in the fine winter wheat; then she, who was "as good a man as either of them," waded in, dragged them apart, soundly boxing the ears of each. It was years before the brothers-in-law were again friends.

Charles Benson's mother, a widow, with her son Fred, settled next south of Charles. Adjoining the Bensons on the east lived David J. Kelsey with his large family, from western New York. The Teasdales above mentioned came next, and then Henry Mierow, a Luxemburg Frenchman, on the McCollester place. He was a thrifty, worthy citizen, German speaking and of the Lutheran faith. Religious services were regularly held at his house, being served by a German shoemaker named Couchman, from Sparta, who was a lay preacher, devoted to his calling, and who walked out every Sunday to the Mierows—a four-mile trip. Peter Herring, the German bachelor, lived across the road from the Mierows. Some time during the war he married Mary Schmidt, the daughter of a new settler who at that time found a place in the bluffs back of Winters. When Peter and Mary were married the neighbors charivaried them. I recall the efforts of my father and my elder brother Will in producing wierd musical instruments for the occasion, and it was the great disappointment of my young life that I was not permitted to participate.

Seth C. Clark came from Gloversville, New York, in 1860, and opened up a farm adjoining Mierow on the south. He was an old acquaintance of John Teasdale, the latter having promoted his coming. His wife, Lucretia Mosher, and children—Edward, Mary, and Francis—accompanied him. Seth Clark was one of the most complacent persons I have known, utterly satisfied with himself and all that was his. Withal he was a good man and a good citizen. His philosophy has been justified, for at ninety-seven he is still living (1922) with his daughter, Mrs. John Blackburn, two and one-half miles north of Sparta, in perfect health and full possession of his faculties, and as well satisfied with himself as ever he was in his life. Along Clark's south line a lane leads west from the main road about one mile to where Aleck Nicol, Peter Francis, Patrick Davis, and Jacob Mierow lived. Aleck Nicol was a Scotch carpenter, and his wife Ann was a trained shepherdess. Later they bought the south half of Daniel Moseley's farm and built a house directly across the road from our place, where they spent the remainder of their lives. In the early days Aleck was seriously addicted to drink, but in 1865 he joined the Good Templar order and from that time was a notable and consistent advocate of temperance. Peter Francis' family consisted of his wife Mary, his father Peter, who was seventy-nine in 1860 and the only venerable man who crossed my youthful horizon, his daughter Eliza, and sons George Thomas and William Henry. The Francis' were of French birth; Mrs. Francis was German, and all spoke the German language. Patrick Davis, a good natured Irishman with a large family, lived adjoining Nicols.

Returning to the main road, we note that Erastus Pomeroy lived next south of the Clarks. He was married to Elmira Forbes, and had in 1860 one child, Flora. A son died in 1859. Chester Pomeroy was the first to die in the valley; it was his death that first brought consciousness of that crisis to my mind. Then came the Lawsons, Daniel Moseleys, and Robinsons, of whom I have above written. Going south across the tamarack swamp, Ben C. Emery, a young bachelor from Maine, had in 1859 settled upon an eighty, making his home at our place. Ben was a mighty good fellow who formed an attachment for father that continued

as long as they lived. He never met a member of the family anywhere but he asked, "What is your father doing of?" Before 1860 Norman D. Fitch, a New Yorker, settled on a hundred-acre tract south of Ben Emery's. Soon after the war the family removed to western Michigan.

About 1861 a family named Cornwell located on an eighty across the road from the Fitches. They were relatives of the Kelseys. They did not remain long, and I have no vital records concerning them. Next south of the Fitches a family named Felch settled, but soon sold and removed to Sparta. Samuel Blackburn, an Ulster Irishman, and his Presbyterian family acquired the Felch place, and it is still in the family. Mr. Blackburn came from Elgin, Illinois, where he had been employed in the watch factory. I remember among his children John, Robert, Samuel, Mary, and Esther. I think there were others. John married Fanny Clark, daughter of Seth, and lives on the old place. Saladen Forbes, a brother of Mrs. Erastus Pomeroy, had a little place on the west side of the road south of the Blackburns. He had two sons, Frank and Lewis. His brother Lorenzo and his sister Selucia lived with him. They left early in the sixties to live at Wonewoc. Across from the Forbes place was Nathan B. Aldrich. The census shows the family to have been of Maine, but I am morally certain they were of New Hampshire. Before the war father and Nate Aldrich worked together a great deal and the families were intimate. Frank Houghtaling lived on a forty south of the Aldriches. I think the land was owned by Samuel Hoyt, a brother of Mrs. Aldrich. Alonzo Moseley, the first settler in the district, was across the road from the Houghtalings.

Two other families should be mentioned, for although they resided in an adjoining school district, the children did for a time attend our school and always affiliated with the activities of our neighborhood. They were the families of John Q. Ellis and John A. Clark, who lived on the west side of Beaver Creek, directly west of our schoolhouse and but a short distance from it. They were from Maine. Ellis was Clark's uncle, but they were of about the same age and always closely associated. Clark's father and

mother lived with him. They were cultured people and always an influence for good in our affairs.

The settlers in the valley were simple, honest, neighborly folks, all exceedingly democratic and living very plainly, but unconscious that they were not living upon the fat of the land. They were generally a moral, religious people. The largest farms, of 160 acres each, were those of Daniel and Alonzo Moseley. For the most part the farms were confined to eighty acres and several were of only forty. Even the larger farms had but a relatively small portion under cultivation. Just how a family of seven or eight persons subsisted upon the returns from forty acres of rather thin soil is one of the problems in domestic economy which is rather beyond me; but in truth they were fairly clothed, well fed, and above all cheerful and happy. The neighborly relations and the care and consideration the settlers held for each other are finely illustrated by a circumstance affecting our own family. In 1862, when many of the neighbors were in the war and everyone was straining intensely under the public burdens, my father was attacked with typhoid and for weeks was at the point of death; as he began to mend, mother was afflicted and also five of the six children. The scourge was upon us from mid-August until New Year's; every physician but one, Dr. Milligan, was in the service and soon he, too, was taken with typhoid. We were wholly dependent upon our already overburdened neighbors. Not for a moment were we neglected; never was there a night during that long and weary siege that good Samaritans did not sit at the bedside of the afflicted. From about September 1 until Christmas, Sarah Teasdale, meantime keeping up her own home and even helping her husband in the fields, nursed us through every alternate night. All of the heroic were not in the South during the war.

Politically the settlers were chiefly Republicans. As I recall, only Hugh Lawson and my father were Democrats. When the war of 1861 came on, these people were stirred to the depths and, considering that most of the men were encumbered with large families, sent an extraordinary number to the front. I have not the official records, but at an early date in the conflict Nathan B. Aldrich, Norman D. Fitch, Erastus Pomeroy, John Winters, Lorenzo Forbes, John Hunt, and Charles Benson were in the

service, where they continued until the end of the war. William J. Curran (Major William Curran, for many years connected with the adjutant general's office at Madison), whose home was at Hickson, Trempealeau County, and Alexander McPheeter, whose home was at Leon, were attending our district school when they enlisted. McPheeter died before his regiment left camp at Madison. All the others returned at the close of the war—Major Curran with one leg missing, Fitch and Winters bearing honorable wounds, Lorenzo Forbes a living skeleton from Andersonville. Out of a total of seventeen men in the district able to bear arms, nine were in active service. Two single men in the settlement—Peter Herring and Ben Emery, each under thirty—did not enlist, and they were the subjects of much criticism. It was to show the feeling of the neighbors that Peter was charivaried when he married instead of enlisting.

The families not represented at the front were loyal and utterly devoted to the Union cause, and exerted themselves to the extreme in the production of food and supplies for the army, in the care of soldiers' families, and in sending comforts to the men in arms. Even the smallest children had their assigned tasks to perform in that time when the flower of the land was below Mason and Dixon's Line. I recite but a common circumstance when I tell how my brother Will, fifteen years of age, bound his station behind the reaper; and when in 1864 the straw was unusually short, as lad of seven, it was my task to accompany Will and pull straw from the standing grain for bands to bind up the gavels. Father's old Kirby hand-raking reaper cut most of the crop in the valley, and throughout the weary harvest I trudged along pulling bands and laying them on the gavels for Will's use.

Daniel Moseley and his family were our nearest neighbors and our dearest friends. Daniel was a Republican but seldom drawn into the political debates that shook the countryside in those strenuous days; but at some time in his earlier years he had heard Wendell Phillips speak, and had enthroned him as his political deity. He never tired of singing Phillips' praise. The following verses printed very many years ago almost literally describe an incident of that period:

Uncle Daniel Moseley, he
And Aunt Manda, just the same,
Up on Beaver used to be,
'Bout as docile like and tame
As any folks I ever see.

Uncle Daniel, long and slim,
Mind you some of Abram Link-
oln, being awkward boned like him,
Worked and drudged until, I jink,
His old back got in a kink
Like a grape vine. He's so meek
Never heard him brag I think,
'Cept that he'd heard Phillips speak.

Father, he was Democrat,
But Uncle Daniel reckoned that,
He guessed he wasn't anything,
And 'twould bother you to bring
Better friends, till long one June,
There came Greeley's old Tribune,
Telling how a copperhead,
Rotten egged, the paper said,
Wendell Phillips. Then and there
Uncle Dan began to rare.
He come loping down the lane,
Making for our house a sayin,
"Any copperhead that 'sails
Wendell Phillips, live or dead,
Has got to just lick me," he said.
I always thought that father had
A faculty for getting mad,—
He slopped down his milking pails.
"Them sentiments that you assails
Is mine," he says, "and only blood,"
He says, a stomping through the mud,
"Can wipe that there insult away,"
And they were squaring for the fray,
When mother in between them slips
A shaming them, and Aunt Amanda ran
And ketched ahold of Uncle Dan.

And father took his milking pails
And changed his coat.
'Twas Sunday night,
Along 'bout early candle light,
And he and all our people pokes
Away to church with Moseley's folks.

From the first the school was the pride of the neighborhood, and its social and religious center. As I recall it, the schoolhouse was always overcrowded for both school and public gatherings. Clarissa Moseley, Selucia Forbes, Esther Emery, Hattie Nash, Arthur K. Delaney (afterward a conspicuous figure in Dodge County affairs), Adeline Chamberlain, Adeline Nichols, Georgia Rawson, Nathaniel P. Bateman (soon after superintendent of public instruction in Montana), Blanche Root, Ira Metcalf, Francis Wright, Eva Nash, Libbie Chamberlain, and Agnes Goodwin were the teachers of my period, which ended in April, 1867, when I was ten years of age. In the winter of 1864–65 a Good Templars lodge was organized, and held its meetings in the schoolhouse. Aside from its splendid moral influence, it afforded a delightful social feature to the community. With few exceptions all of the neighbors were consistent members. Several very striking reforms were effected in men who had before been addicted to strong drink. Perhaps no other influence so awakened the social consciousness of the locality.

From my earliest recollection Reverend Frederick Walrath, a local Methodist minister residing upon a farm near the Milwaukee depot at Sparta, preached at regular intervals on Sunday afternoons. I doubt if he ever had any material compensation for his services. He was a preacher of the old circuit riding school, who entertained his congregation with stories of religious frenzies which he had witnessed. Everyone in the neighborhood attended church with fidelity, except the Germans at the upper end of the valley who had services of their own, as before stated. So far as I can recall, all the settlers were Protestants except the family of Patrick Davis. Few, however, were regular communicants. I think now only Daniel and Amanda Moseley, who were Methodists, and Nathan and Elinore Aldrich, who were Baptists, were actual church members. In the winter of 1866 Adventist missionaries came among us and conducted meetings in the schoolhouse; three families adopted that faith—the Daniel Moseleys, the Aldriches, and the family of Peter Francis. The meetings caused some sectarian feeling, which soon died down. The three families of converts I believe continued steadfast in the new faith until the end.

Every spring about corn planting time we organized a Sunday school, with John Q. Ellis as superintendent; this was continued until cold weather. As my recollection serves me, we began each year with the gospel of John and committed to memory ten verses each week. Usually in the winter time Louis Graves or S. C. Miles came out from Sparta and taught singing school. Spelling school was an institution, and the social and literary activities of the year culminated in "the exhibition" when school let out in March.

It is rather remarkable that so few of these pioneer families intermarried. So far as my information goes, only the marriage of John Blackburn and Fanny Clark, and that of George Francis and ——— Houghtaling, united any of them.

I do not recall that any member of a pioneer family ever was under arrest or accused of a crime. There never to my knowledge was the faintest suggestion of a scandal or hint of immorality among them.

I believe all of the original stock except Seth Clark are gone. Most of the boys and girls who played about the old schoolhouse in my time are grandparents, and some of them great-grandparents. A few only have representatives left upon the old homesteads. The descendants of those pioneers are scattered into almost every community of the West. I have not been able to follow many of them, but I have not been informed of one that has not been a creditable citizen of his locality. So far as I know, no one of them has risen to place of high distinction[2] in any avenue of life, but hundreds of them are holding positions of responsibility and honor.

[2] This statement might well be questioned in view of the position attained by the writer of this article.

DOCUMENTS

DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO WISCONSIN IN 1840[1]

Review of Journal. The afternoon on which I left Mr. Hill's was pleasant but warm and I was surprised as much as delighted at having rendered so satisfactory an example of my pedestrian exploits. Was somewhat fatigued on arriving at Mr. King's but a bowl of good mush & milk aided by a sound night's rest in an airy apartment wholly revived & 5 o'clock in the morning found me earnestly plodding my way. By deviating 100 rods from the road I was enabled to stand beside the crystalled Lake & gaze on its mirrored surface. The land about the E[ast] end or foot is rather low & marshy being the source of a fine stream which empties into fox river at the Cornish-Ville Ferry-[2] & which must in time prove a valuable mill seat. On the north side of the lake were encamped 5 family wagons from Indiana on their way to the Territory Laden with squatters. The water on this prairie is good well water & is obtained by digging from 20 to 30 feet. After walking 6 miles I took breakfast at Mr. William's where I stopped over-night when going down after which 14 miles[3] brought me to the house of a Mr. Disbrow about 1 o'clock P. M. where I overtook a load of land-seekers among whom were Mr. Toppen of Scoharrie Co. & Mr. Carey of Montg[omery] Co. N. Y. They had dined here & were just leaving Mr. T. intimated that I would find "hard-feed." Indeed, on entering the house every sense of cleanliness & order & decency was violated. I dared not look around me for fear of discovering to the inmates signs of horror & astonishment. But I must make my presence accountable, accordingly I called for a bowl of milk the simplest & most likely to be clean of any thing I could imagine & by scarcely touching the bread was enabled to dispose of the milk to the satisfaction of my hostess.

[1] The following is the second installment of the diary of Frederick J. Starin, of which the first appeared in the September number of this magazine. The first portion of this installment consists of a review which the writer makes of his return journey from Illinois, for which see pages 93-94 *ante*.

[2] This ferry was at the junction of Crystal Lake outlet with Fox River. It was the site of an old Indian ford.

[3] Within this distance the traveler passed from Illinois into Wisconsin.

But in conclusion and without the particulars allow me to call it the filthiest, & most disagreeable house I have seen this side the lakes. By walking five miles farther I reached the house [of] Elder Lake on Bigfoot Prairie, & in the evening saw Mr. Trimball respecting his farm This Prairie is wholly free from Sloughs, has a few good springs & is remarkably level & adapted to agricultural purposes. Remaining at the Elder's untill 7 o'clock in the morning, when I set out for Beloit The weather was warm and after leaving the prairie wended a weary way of 7 miles through the openings between Big-foot & Jefferson Prairies, which are unbroken except by an occasional slough The surface is gently rolling—Jefferson prairie is yet but thinly settled & has an elevated rolling surface. From the house of Mr. [Charles] Tuttle who lives on the west side till within 4 miles of the river I passed through openings the most pleasant and delightful I ever saw. The Timber was white, Burr & Pin oak. Then striking the prairie & pursuing as I was directed the most traveled road found after I had proceeded near two miles that it was closed & had not been traveled in some time. Now here was a predicament The turtle creek before me & no means of crossing, a shower black as night approaching from the southeast, aware that I was on the wrong track, & no house in sight nor living being. I however instinctively started back up the creek and after walking & scrambling more than a mile over a bramble heath broken by the washing of the stream & the rain threatening every moment to descend in torrents upon me I at last found myself within a hundred yards of a small barn built house on an eminence, in my eagerness to arrive at which I had till now over-looked the fact that it was beyond the creek. Here was another dilemma, The rain beginning already to patter freely on my outspread umbrella. The creek before me & the house beyond it a wet back or soaked feet was inevitable so I off with my boots, & waded, reached the house & saved my back but got two feet of my length completely drenched. after adjusting my boots & socks once more & taking a luncheon The sky was clear, & a *stiff* walk of two miles bro't me to the door of the Beloit Hotel. I was much charmed with the appearance of the place. It contains about 400 inhabitants, is bounded on the

west by Rock river & south by the Turtle creek, at the mouth of which is a Grist mill & saw mill. There is on[e] Hotel, 2 stores, 1 church school house & a number of small but neat dwellings in the place. It is laid out in a grove & is at once a smart, healthy, romantic & delightful place. The Banks on the opposite side of the river are high Bluffs supported by level & extensive prairie. The river is at this place a clear and gravelly bottomed stream about 5 feet deep & 20 rods wide, & I here first saw the self-propelling rope-ferry boat. Left by way of the river road found some very fine situations in the grove along the east bank of the river which varies in width from ½ to 1½ mile beyond which it is Prairie 5 to 6 miles in width. After following the river 7 miles I took the Prairie road & touched it again opposite Wisconsin City,[4] where I arrived about ½ past 12 o'clock 12 miles from Beloit. I here proposed crossing to see that celebrated city, & after paddling, rocking, pitching heaving, getting my knees & Baggage wet in an old wornout leaky Indian dug-out I finally landed, and lo! the city had vanished or never was, all that could be seen was the skeleton of a frame building scattered in fragments over the site, well seasoned & sprung. Was much delighted with the high bluffs southwest of Rock-port covered with a growth of young pin-oak and altogether a place where I think I could spend my days. Rock-Port is situated on a plain elevated about 6 or 7 feet above the bottoms—consists of 3 dwellings & one barn, and better water I never saw than I found at the door of an Old gentleman who seems to spend there the evening of life in the enjoyment of every blessing of paradise. About ½ a mile north & across the river is JanesVille the County Seat of Rock Co. & not a very pleasant nor thriving place Here I found an opportunity to ride across Rock Prairie 9 miles & Put up for the night at Mr. Stearn's 3 miles west of Johnstown P. O. A lack of good water is the only difficulty here.

Sunday June 14th 1840—Mr. Pratt & myself passed the forenoon at church at the house of Mr. [Azor] Kinney & in the afternoon Mr. Norman Pratt & I went to section 1—where we found the largest spring I ever saw on a lot belonging to my brother.

[4] Wisconsin City was a "paper town" laid out in 1836 on the west side of Rock River just below Janesville. Part of its site is now within the city limits.

Monday June 15th 1840—Examined the E. ½ of the s[blank in MS.] this A. M. & Journalised in the afternoon. In the evening two of Mr. Pratt's sons the Old Gentleman himself & another young man officiated as musicians, & unadorned and unticketed there was a simultaneous gathering of "Girls & Boys" untill it finally ended in a lively & cheerful dance. I cannot but remark how forcibly my reflections were carried back to those often envied evenings of olden-time when the yeomen pioneers of the Mohawk would collect in one of their best Log-cabins and pass the merry, merry night. . . .

Tuesday June 16th 1840—Passed most of the day, in writing home. Had music at Mr. Norman Pratt's this evening.

Wednesday June 17th 1840—This afternoon Mr. Pratt succeeded in getting the foundation framework of his barn laid, & in completing the preparations for raising which is to take place tomorrow after-noon.

Thursday June 18th 1840—This after-noon about 60 men succeeded in erecting the frame of Mr. P's barn, which is 50 feet square Was gratified to find that here as well as elsewhere in the Territory the use of ardent spirits is wholly abandoned on such occasions. And the whole affair was conducted with more order & less noise than any I had ever before witnessed.

Friday June 19th 1840—First heard of the appropriations made for improving the Wisconsin harbors on Lake Michigan. To wit: $25,000 for Milwaukie $,000 [sic] for Racine $,000 [sic] South Port. Green Peas on the 6th & 8th of June.

This after-noon there was a goodly number of Ladies visiting at Mr. Pratt's, Mrss McGoon & Earl. Sat up till 1 o'clock for the purpose of ascertaining the true meridian of this place from the polar Star, from which The Magnetic was found to vary 6°12′E

Saturday June 20th 1840—Having the offer of Mr. A. B. Weed's horse to ride I accepted it & rode to Fort Atkinson this afternoon, which is 8 or 9 miles distant. At the fort (which is now demolished, & never was anything more than a few pickets occupied by Gen. Atkinson during the Black-hawk war,) there is but one house owned by a Mr. [Dwight] Foster who keeps the

Ferry. Returned by way of Finch's who lives on sec. 30 Town 5 R 14 The River land is mostly openings on which some fine improvements have been made, & some comfortable locations may be found. In consequence of the lowland near the mouth of Bark River & the great quantity of water grass &c. in Rock river it proves to be rather Fever & aguish about & below the Fort. From Finche's to White Water Prairie it is nearly all rolling openings. Was overtaken & well sprinkled by a shower from the Southwest which continued till near sun-set & was succeeded by an unusually bright & well-defined rainbow.

Monday June 22nd 1840—Dr. Tripp having come out as far as this place [Whitewater] on Saturday with a load of Oats on his way to Fort Winnebago, intending to proceed to-day, I made application for & succeeded in obtaining a chance to ride with him. Dea. W. B. Johnson's team was to accompany him laden with flour. Accordingly we set out this morning about ten o'clock in the direction of Rock Prairie the northern part of which we crossed. Came to the river 2½ or 3 miles above Janes Ville at a place called Hume's Ferry [5] where we crossed by means of a pole Ferry-boat. At this place there are no bottoms & the road approaches the river in a ravine which seems to have been formed for the very purpose. The prairie along the river is bordered by a strip of beautiful level openings. The stream here is as large as at Beloit & has a clean gravel bed. The opposite bank has a gentle ascent from the water's edge & is rendered romantic & delightful by a Beautiful growth of burr-Oak with which it is covered. beyond this we crossed a small prairie 3 miles in length & put up at a house on the western extremity of it owned by a Mr. [Charles] McMillan

Teusday June 23d 1840—Started this morning about 7 o'clock & passed through some fine openings for about 4 miles after which it became broken, hilly, very shrubby & uninteresting. On sect. 15, town 4 Range 10 there lives a Mr. [Samuel] Lewis, whose house was the last we saw untill we came within a mile & a half of Madison, where after riding all day we stopped for the night at a Mr. [Abel] Dunning's

[5] This ferry was on one of the main roads leading from Madison. See *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vi. 369.

The country through which we passed is principally high Bluffy openings, very destitute of water so much so that we were unable to obtain any for drinking, untill we reached a small lake west of the 3d lake called "dead lake" [Lake Wingra] at the head of which we found several beautiful rock springs. The uninhabited state of this section of country I conclude can be attributed to nothing but a scarcity of water in as much as the surface was very level & well adapted to farming in every other respect between 4 & 7 miles from the Capital.[6]

Wednesday June 24th 1840—Feeling a desire to have an opportunity of seeing the Capital I set out on foot in advance of the teams for the city there to await their arrival It is situated on high ground between the third & fourth lakes. The Capital is built of lime stone of a yellow colour & is large & commodious but is yet in an unfinished state. There are two public houses 2 stores & 2 Printing offices in this place besides a few shops & a number of dwelling houses. Contains about 3 or 400 inhabitants. Have no manufactures nor machinry of any kind. The people are very avaricious, are professed enemies & take every possible advantage of strangers, & to me the whole fabric seemed founded on selfishness, reared at the expence of the credulous & duped people & tottering now to its very base with the ague of speculation. The Country immediately about Madison is very illy adapted to farming & is yet unimproved. Four miles beyond we came to Winnebago prairie across which we traveled 23 miles finding but one house which is 7 miles from Madison. This prairie is high & rolling & at the north end very bluffy, & on it we crossed but two streams of living water. put up for the night at the city of Pauquette[7] which consists of one log cabin owned & occupied by a Mr. Rowen [Wallace Rowan], & is the Stage house & city Hotel. Two lines of stages run semi-weekly between Fort Winnebago & Madison. Pauquette was named in honor of an Indian trader whose widow now lives 2 miles above the portage on the Wisconsin river, he having been killed by a young chief of the Winnebagos

[6] In all probability the tardy settlement of Dane County was due, not so much to lack of water, as to distance from the lake ports and the absorption of the best land by speculators, who sold higher than the government price.

[7] The town then called Pauquette is now Poynette; it is said that the change of name was due to the post office officials at Washington misreading the word Pauquette.

by the name of Mazamonneekah who was tried at Green bay & sentenced to be hung but escaped thro. a crevice not in the prison but the law. The murder was committed 4 years since[8]

Thursday June 25th 1840—Between this place & the Portage the soil is light & sandy and somewhat springy. The surface is rolling & covered with a fine growth of white yellow & burr-Oak. We arrived and took breakfast on the southwest side of the Portage about 8 o'clock A. M. The Wisconsin & Fox rivers here approach within 1½ miles of each other & then as if by mutual consent bend directly from each other and flow in opposite directions the waters of the one finally falling into the Gulf of St. Lawrence & the other into the Gulf of Mexico The land between them is low & marshy for several miles in extent and so level that in times of Freshets they flow alternately into each other A canal between them has been under contemplation for some time, but nothing more than the turf has yet been removed On the Wisconsin there are a few trading houses & a tavern. near Fox river there is a store kept by Mr. [Henry] Merril[9] a tavern store house & black smith shop. The site of the Fort is on a beautiful, elevated plain in the bend of Fox river & is a very healthful & pleasant location There is a store in the parade ground called the settler's [sutler's] store, directly opposite the Fort is a dwelling house & a trading house of the North Western Fur Company.[10]

On Teusday last The Eighth Regiment of U. S. left here for Prairie du Chien where the Winnebagos are now collected for their removal beyond the Mississippi. During our stay here I had an opportunity of bathing in the Wisconsin. It is a shallow stream much obstructed by sand bars, yet small steam boats have succeeded in ascending as far as this place. Great quantities of Pine lumber are annually rafted down to the Mississippi from The Pinery up the [river?] The water is filthy & considerably stained yet it is drank at the Portage. Having disposed of our Grain we returned to Pauquette in the evening.

Friday June 26th 1840—We were detained untill 2 o'clock

[8] For this incident see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, 355-358.
[9] For the reminiscences of this pioneer see *ibid.*, 366-403.
[10] The American Fur Company, founded by John Jacob Astor.

P M in consequence of the straying of an indian Pony which Dr. T. had bo't from Mr. Rowen for floure when going up. James E. Williams Mr. Johnson's teamster & I then left him & came on as far as Mr. Bird's on section 28 town 8 Range 10, where we staid for the night

Saturday June 27th 1840—This morning we started in a southerly direction untill we struck the road leading from Madison to Astallan [Aztalan] which we then followed over a hilly, unsettled & inferior tract of land, some parts of which were covered with a heavy and promiscuous growth of Timber. On approaching & after passing a small lake in town 7 range 13 we again found openings & marks of cultivation. At its outlet there is a small settlement and a saw-mill.[11] Arrived at Mr. [Benjamin] Babcock's near the ancient city about 3 PM. & concluded to remain, which gave me an opportunity of viewing the ancient ruins of which I had heard so much

Sunday June 28th 1840—Last night we experienced a severe thunder gust from the south. This morning we started about 8 o'clock & arrived at White Water 1 o'clock P. M.

Monday June 29th 1840—I set out to-day about 11 o'clock A M for Milwaukie on foot and arrived at Dr. Tripp's house about 7 o'clock P. M. and spent the night there.

Teusday June 30th 1840—Having to walk 28 miles to-day I felt inclined to take an early leave and set out accordingly at 5 o'clock in the morning and walked as far as [A.] Orendoreff's Hotel on Fox river, where I breakfasted Beyond the river there were several trees lying across the road, which had probably been blown down on saturday night during the gale. took dinner at Mr. [Nathaniel] Rogers' about 11 o'c Met Mr. Jacob McKonkey on his return from Milwaukie where he had been for the purpose of taking his brother James who was going east on the first Boat. Arrived at the town about 4 o'clock P. M. & stopped at the Milwaukie house kept by Mr. Graves Found Mr. McKonkey at the Steam Boat Hotel & wrote home with [sic] him. The independant Treasury bill passed this day.

Wednesday July 1st 1840—After having purchased some small

[11] For the early settlement of Lake Mills, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xi, 417-434.

articles which were sent for by some persons at White Water & forwarded them by a Mr. [Phineas F.] Morrison from near Ft. Atkinson I started for Racine about ½ past 12 o'clock & arrived about ½ past 8 in the evening Stopped at the Racine House. It is a beautifully situated town at the mouth of Root river, on a high level bluff with an extensive view of the lake. There are 3 or 4 stores, two hotels, a court house and several neat dwelling houses in the place & between 3 & 400 inhabitants.

Thursday July 2nd 1840—Called on Mr. M M Goodwin with whom I became acquainted on board the Steamboat this spring & who was now attending the dry-good store of a Mr. [Philo] White. Left Racine about 2 o'clock P. M. & walked out 14 miles

Friday July 3d 1840—Started at ½ past 5 this morning & breakfasted at Rochester a small place on Fox river 23 miles from Racine. There is here but little else than a saw-mill & two stores. passed through spring prairie, Honey Creek Pra. &c and arrived at the foot of the Bluff 5 miles East of White Water having walked 35 miles and here my lameness rendered it impracticable for me to proceed although I intended to have got through this evening. I therefore stopped for the night, made a supper of hot pan-cakes & dried venison & rested my weary bones on the hearth before the fire. The Land Office closes to-day at 4 o'clock P. M.

Saturday July 4th 1840—Started this morning about 4 o'clock & arrived at White Water about 6 found the people all sleepy both old & young having attended a party at Mr. Powers'[12] the night previous

Sunday July 5th 1840—I attended church this forenoon at Mr. Wm Birges house, where the Rev. Mr. [Daniel] Smith lectured from Eccl. XI, 9, on the impropriety of dancing, referring on the occasion to the Ball day before yesterday.

Monday July 6th 1840—To day I accompanied Mr. Norman Pratt on horse-back to Elkhorn Centre the County seat of Walworth Co. where the County commissioners had met for

[12] David J. Powers came from Vermont to Wisconsin in 1838; he and his brother Samuel settled first at Whitewater and aided in developing the water power; the next year D. J. Powers founded Palmyra. He was a member of the assembly in 1853, secretary of the State Agricultural Society for many years, and owner and editor of the *Wisconsin Farmer*. He was also an early member and curator of the State Historical Society. His death occurred in 1909.

transacting some business. One of them Col. [William] Bowman has recently been engaged in taking the Census of the County which resulted as follows, Town of Spring Prairie—658—Geneva 467, Elkhorn—441—Troy—432, Darien 232 Walworth 230—Delavan 150. Total—2610[13]

Teusday July 7th 1840—This afternoon with the assistance of F. Pratt I laid out ten acres for breaking on Henry's lot north of the mill

Wednesday July 8th 1840—Went to Mr. Humphreys[14] this morning for the purpose of having him break some land, & he agreed to be ready to-morrow morning.

Thursday July 9th 1840—Expecting the breaking team along about I employed myself clearing & burning old wood from the ground. The sun was excessively hot in the P M, & having to work near the fires I sweat most profusely. Mr. Humphrey came not.

Friday July 10th 1840—This A. M. I drew off most of the old dead trees with Dr. Tripp's Oxen—and in the P. M. attended a raising (of a barn) at Mr. Teatshorns [John Teetshorn]

Sunday July 12th 1840—To-day in company with Messrs. Philarmon Pratt & P. C. Muzzy & a number of ladies I rode out. Went to Mr. [Norris F.] Haws's stopped a short time & then attended church at Mr. Humphrey's where Mr. Smith preach'd

Monday July 13th 1840—To-day about noon Mr. Humphrey came on to "Break up" ten acres of land for Henry on the south end of his lot north of White Water. *Commenced a family School.* To-day Mr. Pratt commenced cutting wheat. Mr. [Richard] Hoppin cut rye on Friday last.

Teusday July 14th 1840—This afternoon I clear'd off Tops. Mr. Humphrey broke his plow.

Wednesday July 15th 1840—This afternoon I went with Messrs. Smith & White looking land in town 4 Range 15.

Thursday July 16th 1840—This A. M. went into town 5 Range 15.

[13] These towns in 1840 embraced the entire area of Walworth County, which now contains sixteen towns.

[14] Joseph and James G. Humphrey settled in 1839 on section 7 of what is now the town of Richmond.

Friday July 17th 1840—This P. M. I went to Mr. [Justus] Carpenter's to employ him to break some but finding him absent went to Mr. Daws' on Sect 29, Town 5 R. 15, who informed me that he was attending church. Returned and measured Mr. Pratt's Breaking of this season which was 81 acres 2 ros. & 11½ Poles.

First New Potatoes to-day, & large ones too.

Saturday July 18th 1840—This afternoon I rode out alone into town 4 R. 15, to the Island &c.

Sunday July 19th 1840—To-day Mr. Muzzy, Powers & myself rode out on horse back to Brink's Mill[15] Rockwel's Ferry, Mr. Mays Finch-town or Koshkonong, &c. Messrs. White & Smith moved in to-day.

Monday July 20th 1840—This A M. I went to see Mr. Carpenter about breaking some. And in the P M. took a tramp to Sect. 22 & 23 T. 4, R. 14 & 20 & 29 Town 4, R 15.

Teusday July 21st 1840—This P M I went on sects. 10 & 1.

Wednesday July 22nd 1840—About 3 o'clock this afternoon I set out for Milwaukie. Having an opportunity to ride with Old Mr. Perry as far as his house I arrived at Dr. Tripp's about 8 o'clock Thursday morning having staid at Mr. Whitcomb's over night. Mr. Carpenter agreed to break

Thursday July 23d 1840—Left the Doctor's about 9 o'clock & arrived at Milwaukie on foot about sunset. Stopped at the Milwaukie house, found the land office closed and not to open untill Teusday the 28th.

Friday July 24th 1840—Spent to-day in purchasing pine lumber for & writing to my brother Left the money with which I had calculated to buy land on Sect. 10 Town 4 Range 15 with Mr. H Fletcher clerk in the register's office

Saturday July 25th 1840—Left Milwaukie about 5 o'clock this morning on foot and arrived at Dr. T's about 4 P. M.

Sunday July 26th 1840—This AM. the Dr. Mr. Whitcomb & I went fishing on the lake. Left there about ½ past two P M & arrived at White Water 8 in the evening

First Green Corn at Mr. Pratts to-day.

[15] Abram Brink, who came to Wisconsin in 1838, built a sawmill on Whitewater Creek, in the southern portion of Jefferson County.

Wednesday July 29th 1840—To-day Mr Loomis stacked about 5 tons of hay for me. Indications of Fever & ague.

Thursday July 30th 1840—Mr. Asaph Pratt left for Madison Co. New York this morning

Friday July 31st 1840—First Oats cradled on Mr. Pratts Land to-day.

Saturday Aug'st 1st 1840—Left White Water about 8 o'clock this morning for Milwaukie & arrived at Dr. Tripp's about 3 o'clock P.M.

Sunday Aug'st 2nd 1840—Left the Doctor's about 8 o'clock this morning and arrived at Milwaukie 6 o'clock in the evening. Found the letter containing the duplicates which was the object of my journey just mailed to be sent on to Whitewater

Monday Aug'st 3d 1840—Left Milwaukie 10 o'clock A M. & arrived at the Dr's ½ past 8 in the evening. Whitcomb taken sick this A M

Teusday Augs't 4th 1840—Left the Dr's 8 o'clock & arrived at White Water 5 P. M. Yesterday the Dr. commenced Fitting up his house

Saturday Aug'st 8th 1840—Messrs. [A. B.] Weed and [Samuel] Taft went to Beloit to return to-morrow. I sat up with Mr. Whitcomb this night.

Monday Aug'st 10th 1840—First melons—Mrs. Mead & Mrs. [Oliver C.] Magoon visited at Mr. P's

Teusday Aug'st 11th 1840—Dr. Tripp came out this PM. Mrs. Birge visited Mrs. P.

Wednesday Aug'st 12th 1840—Dr. T. returned Mr. [Zerah] Mead & I run a line between us.

Thursday Aug'st 13th 1840—Benjamin Whitcomb died this morning about 7 o'clock of an inflamation of the bowels—after an ilness of 10 days. Dr. Tripp came out again

Friday Aug'st 14th 1840—Mr. W. was burid to-day about noon.

Saturday Aug'st 15th 1840—Mr. Powers & I visited the high bluff 6 miles east of White Water

Sunday Aug'st 16th 1840—Philarmon Pratt & I went blackberrying beyond Bark River Swam the river going & on our

return waded but were so unfortunate as not to get a single berry. Com.[menced] b[oa]rdng. at Powers' noon

Monday Aug'st 17th 1840—This P. M. I went with two gentlemen from Honey creek Prairie looking land.

Teusday Aug'st 18th 1840—Mr. Pratt's teams went to Troy for wheat. [Prosper] Cravath, [Azor] Kenney, [Calvin] Pike & co. crossed Bark R.

Wednesday Aug'st 19th 1840—Mr Rowen From Fort. Winnebago was here on his way home via Kushkonong.

Thursday Aug'st 20th 1840—Freeman Pratt went to Troy for wheat with Team.

Saturday Aug'st. 22nd 1840—To day I rode with Geo. A. Hibbard Mail carrier as far as Capt. [Samuel L.] Porter's & walked from there to the doctor's. Spent the time most agreably in hunting, fishing & meloning untill

Friday Aug'st. 28th 1840—when I again rode to White Water with the Doctor. Staid at Mr. Pratt's this evening.

Saturday Aug'st. 29th 1840—The Doctor returns to-day Mr. Pike leaves. Mr. Powers & I Drew agreement.

Sunday Aug'st 30th 1840—Mr. Smith Preaches to-day at Mr. Wm Birge's house.[16]

Monday Aug'st 31st 1840—To-day I assisted Mr. Powers rafting lumber from Bark River Mill.

Friday Sept 4th 1840—To-day I assisted Messrs. Powers & Birge.

Saturday Sept. 5th 1840—Meeting of the Commissioners of common schools took place at the house of Mr. McCrackin on Heart Prairie to day.

Sunday Sept 6th 1840—Called on Mr. Mead to-day PM.

Wednesday Sept. 9th 1840—A cotillon Party at Mr. Mead's this evening. Dr. Tripp came out to-day about 2 P M. &c &c.

Thursday Sept. 10th 1840—The Doctor returned to-day noon.

Friday Sept 11th 1840—Surveyed an eighth of Sect. 13 T. 4 R. 15. For Jeremiah Dodge

Sept 12th 1840—Saturday. Surveyed a sixteenth of Sect. 33 T. 5. R. 15. For Mr. A. B. Weed Caucus to-day P. M.

[16] William Birge came to Whitewater in 1837 and built one of the earliest gristmills on the site. He was the father of Julius Birge, now a prominent manufacturer of St. Louis.

Sunday Sept. 13th 1840—To-day I intended to take a ride on ho[r]se-back but was Prevented by an attack of head ache and pain in my back. Therefore instead of taking a ride a dose of Calomel & Jalap was substituted. Mr. Muzzy rode to Jains Ville to-day and injured Mr. Birge's horse.

Monday Sept 14th 1840—Geo. Brown came out to-day with the Dr.'s Ox team to get out timber for his house. Took an Emetic this evening. Mr. Joseph Powers returned from the south this P. M. with the fever & ague.

Teusday Sept 15th 1840—To-day I feel no head-ache nor pain of any kind but rather a cold vacancy at the stomach.

Wednesday Sept. 16th 1840—Started this morning about 7 o'clock with Mr. [Joseph] Nichols and his team for Milwaukee expecting to find my brother & his family there. I felt very well untill within 4 miles of Dr. Tripps when I began to feel chilly and in a few minutes commenced shaking quite comfortably & supposing it only the effect of the weather I walked untill I became quite warm, and on arriving at the Doctor's having a violent fever I concluded to stop untill Mr. N. returned. This being my first fit of the ague it was no less a gratification than a satisfaction.

Thursday Sept. 17th 1840—Had no shake to-day and felt quite comfortable. The Doctor returned from White Water this P M

Friday Sept 18th 1840—Commenced shaking to-day about 11 o'clock & felt quite uncomfortable the remainder of the day.

Saturday Sept 19th 1840—This morning about 8 o'clock the Doctor started for Elkhorn at which place the county convention is held to-day. Mr Nichols returned about one o'clock & I rode to Whitewater with him.

Sunday Sept 20th 1840—Commenced shaking this morning about 9 o'clock.

Henry & Ela[17] arrived here about 6 o'clock this evening, having come from Chicago by land in a one horse wagon having left Jacob with the goods on the S. B. at that place to return to Milwaukee.

Monday Sept. 21st 1840—Ela & I rode over to and made a visit

[17] The diarist's brother Henry Starin and his wife.

at Mr. Mead's this afternoon. This morning about 7 o'clock Henry started with two of Pratt's teams for his goods at Milwaukee.

Teusday Sept. 22nd 1840—Commenced shaking to-day about 8 o'clock.

Wednesday Sept. 23d 1840—In consequence of too violent exercise this A M. riding on horseback to Mr. Mead's & of eating too freely of melons I bro't a shake upon me to-day about 1 o'clock P. M. a very unwelcome circumstance, having found it very tedious & undesirable once in two days. Henry returned this evening about ten o'clock with two loads, Mr. Nichols being on the way with the third & last.

Thursday, Friday, & Saturday Henry was engaged at Repairing & Preparing Mr. Birge's old house & on Saturday evening had it in order for living. Mr. [Sidney S.] Workman's house was raised this afternoon.

Sunday Sept. 27th 1840—

Monday Sept. 28th 1840—Election For the town of White Water held to-day at D. J. Powers' Hotel. 52 votes Polled.

Teusday Sept 29th 1840—To-day I experienced the first remission of the ague, having taken Dr. Mowl's Medicine since last Thursday.

Wednesday Sept 30th 1840—Militia muster to-day at Mr. Esterlee's on Heart Pra[irie][18]

. . . .

October 1st 1840—Thursday—Henry & I went to the village to-day for the first time since my ague. Mr. Hoppin went to Milwaukie to-day.

The weather is rainy & unpleasant this A. M. Towards night it becomes clear and quite pleasant Wind in the S. W. Dark, Rainy & Stormy night—

Oct. 2nd 1840—Friday—To-day I transfered the purchase of Power's Place to the Pratts

Cloudy and rainy this A. M. Cold, windy snowy and rainy

[18] George Esterly, born in 1809 in New York state, removed in 1836 to Wisconsin and the next year opened a farm in the town of La Grange, Walworth County. He was the inventor of the Esterly reaper, for which the first patent was obtained in 1844. In 1856 a factory for its production was opened at Whitewater; during the Civil War and thereafter the Esterly reapers were widely employed in harvesting.

P. M. Wind in the S. W. hard all day and continues all night. Froze very hard in the night.

Oct. 3d 1840—Saturday—Henry went on sect. 1. Clear with a cold S. W. wind all day. Bright clear night.

Oct. 4th 1840—Sunday—Henry & Ela went to Mr. [William K.] May's to-day. Clear & pleasant with a S. W. breeze—all day—Bright night

Oct. 5th 1840—Monday—Drew up some wood & fenced about the hay-stack. Clear. S. W. wind. Bright & Pleas't night.

Oct. 6th 1840—Teusday—Henry and I started with single wagon for Koskonong, Pra. Du Lac,[19] Janes Ville, Beloit &c. this morning, but in consequence of my exercise yesterday I got no farther than Mr. [Thomas K. Le] Barren's before I commenced shaking & was compelled to stop and let him proceed. After shaking I succeeded in walking as far back as Mr. [George B.] Halls.

Cool morning. N. W. wind. Clear. Bright moon at night.

Oct. 7th 1840—Wednesday—Rode out to White Water with Mr. Halls this morning S. W. wind clear & Pleas't. Bright night.

Oct. 8th 1840—Thursday—S. W. wind AM. & clear. N. E. wind P. M. & Dark & Rainy.

Oct. 9th 1840—Friday—Mr. Pratt's teams went to Milwaukee. N. E. wind not much rain A. M. P. M. cold & windy.

Henry returned this afternoon—

Oct. 10th 1840—Saturday—Dark & Rainy all day—clears off at night & the wind changes from N. E. to S. W.

Oct. 11th 1840—Sunday—S. W. wind clear Bright moonshiny night.

Oct. 12th 1840—Monday—Mr. Pratt's teams returned from Milwaukee with goods for tavern. S. W. wind clear. Bright moon.

Oct. 13th 1840—Teusday—Henry & I went on Sect. 10, with compass & chain.

Doctor Tripp came out to-day.

S. W. wind clear Bright moon at night

[19] Prairie du Lac lies in the southern part of the town of Milton, Rock County.

Oct. 14th 1840—Wednesday—Mr. Pratt moved to-day. Surveyed city-lots—half-day. Fires commenced running S. E. From here N. E. wind very warm sun. Bright moon

Oct. 15th 1840—Thursday—Fires (NE) (E) & (SE)—Mrs. Tripp returned from the east to-day. S. C. L. [Surveyed city lots] half-day. N. E. wind cool. clear.

Oct. 16th 1840—Friday—Cool N.E.w.AM. N.E. wind with rain P. M.

Oct. 17th 1840—Saturday—East wind and rainy AM. South wind & clear P. M. Rainy night.

Oct. 18th 1840—Sunday—Had a light shake of the ague to-day. Clear with S. wind, a heavy shower at night. Mr. & Mrs. Pratt visited this evening.

Oct. 19th 1840—Monday—West wind and clear all day—Jeremiah Dodge raised a log house on Sect. $13\frac{1}{n}$ T. 4, R 15.

Oct. 20th 1840—Teusday—Mr. Carpenter went to Milwaukee to-day. Cold morning. N. W. wind and clear. Rainy night

Oct. 21st 1840—Wednesday—House warming at Cha's Hamilton's. This evening—N. W. wind clear & Pleas't. Bright night.

Oct. 22nd 1840—Thursday—Very hard west wind, clear. This evening I saw five fires burning in different directions

Oct. 23rd 1840—Friday—Froze very hard last night, very hard cold west wind all day.

Oct. 24th 1840—Saturday—Doctor Tripp moved here with his family to-day—Hard frost last night cold west wind & Freezing all day. Snowy & Blustery P. M.

Oct. 25th 1840—Sunday—cold west wind and raw. Blusterings of snow all day.

Oct. 26th 1840—Monday. Started on horseback for Milwaukee Racine &c about noon. Stopped for the night at the house of John Spoor, S. W. ¼, S. 3 T. 4 R. 17.

Very cold morning, moderates near noon Cool south west wind all day.

Oct. 27th 1840. Teusday—Passed through Mukwonago. Prairie Ville[20] to-day & stopped for the night at Mr. Thos. M. Riddle's on Sect 29, T. 7, R. 21.

[20] Prairieville was the early name of the present Waukesha.

S. W. wind. A. M. moderate. P M. smoky and appearance of rain.

Oct. 28th 1840—Wednesday—Passed through Milwaukee & staid at Mr. [Walter] Cooley's

S. W. wind cloudy Part of the day—moderate.

Oct. 29th 1840—Thursday—Stopped at Racine, & contracted to teach the winter school, left about 2 PM & staid at Mr. [John B.] Wade's 9 m. E. of Rochester

N. E. wind cloudy A. M. Rainy PM. but clear cold and windy towards night.

Oct. 30th 1840—Friday—Passed through Rochester, Spring Prairie, Troy and arrived at White Water in the evening.

Cold morning west wind & cloudy.

Oct. 31st 1840—Saturday—Fires Burned down between the two branches of the White Water to-day.

S. W. wind clear warm & Pleas't.

November 1st. 1840. Sunday—White Water Prairie burned this P. M. S. W. Wind. Warm & Pleasant all day.

Nov. 2nd 1840. Monday. Burnt Stack S. W. wind, clear, warm & Pleas't.

Nov. 3rd 1840—Teusday.—Run lines on sects. 1 & 10. S. W. Wind & clear, AM. N. E. wind, cloudy & some rain P. M.

Nov. 4th 1840. Wednesday. Dark & cloudy.

Nov. 5th 1840. Thursday. H & E. visited Mr. Mead's this P. M.

Very foggy & cloudy A. M. Clear and Pleasant P. M. No wind.

Nov. 6th 1840. Friday. Surveyed city lots all day. Sylvanus Wilcox came here—Heard of the accident of the S. B. Missouri near Saginaw Bay, On the 23d Oct.

West wind Clear, warm & pleasant all day.

Nov. 7th 1840. Saturday—Mr. Wilcox, Henry & I started for Ill. this A. M. 10 o'clock. Passed over Rock Pra. & staid at Mr. Richard Inman's. Cloudy with south east wind and some rain.

Nov. 8th 1840. Sunday. Passed thro. Beloit & stopped at Rock-ford for the night. D. Howel. Cold & hard N west wind. Flying clouds.

Nov. 9th 1840. Monday. Proceeded down the river as far as Kishwaukee—& then up the Kishwaukee to Newburg—where Mr. W. left us. Staid at Mr. Enix's on the road to Beloit. S & S.E. wind, clear all day. Very cold & chilly night.

Nov. 10th Teusday. Passed thro. Beloit & staid at Mr. Timothy Burnum's on Rock Pra. South East wind—clear, ex. Smoke of fires.

Nov. 11th Wednesday. Passed thro. Johnstown & arrived at White Water 2 o'clock PM—South E. wind cold rain AM. P.M. Breaks away.

Nov. 12th 1840. Thursday. Surveyed city lots all day Cold benumbing N. W. wind all day.

Nov. 13th 1840—Friday—S. C. L. H & E visited Dr. Tripps Alternately clear & cloudy—chilly wind.

Mr. [Benjamin] Staunton's Family arrived to-day.

Nov. 14th 1840. Saturday. Finished S. C. L. Cold N. W. wind & Blustering. Cloudy.

Nov. 15th 1840—Sunday. This morning I started for Racine. Rode as far as Rochester with Henry.

Cold frosty morning with ½ inch snow—cold & unpleasant N. W. wind all day.

Nov. 16th 1840. Monday. Left Rochester this morning ½ past 6 o'clock on foot, and arrived at Racine 4 o'clock P. M. Snow ½ inch at Fox river & 2 inches at Racine

Clear, Cold N. W. wind.

Found court Sitting & The Trustees unprepared for a school untill next week in consequence of plastering the room. Commenced Boarding at Mr. [Albert G.] Knights.

Nov. 17th Teusday. Cold N. W. wind & clear

Nov. 18th Wednesday NW & W. wind cloudy & mod.

Nov. 19th 1840. Thursday—West wind moderate with strong indications of snow.

Nov. 20th 1840. Friday—N.E. wind M. moderate Commenced snowing at 4 P. M.

The Court finished its business & adjourned this P. M.

Nov. 21st 1840. Saturday. The snow which commenced falling yesterday P. M. changed to rain & to-day we experience a hard N. E. wind accompanied with rain.

The Schr. Liberty ran ashore this night 12 miles below this place, on her way to Chicago.

Nov. 22nd 1840—Sunday—Storm still continues. Wind hard E. SE.

Nov. 23rd 1840—Monday—W. wind, clear & pleasant A. M. Cold W. wind & cloudy PM.

Schr. Milwaukee anchored in the bay with a cargo of shingles from Manitowoc.

Nov. 24th 1840—Teusday—W. wind cold & cloudy A.M. PM. Blustering cold.

Nov. 25th 1840. Wednesday—West wind clear Warm sun. Thaws some.

. . . .

Nov. 26th 1840. Thursday—N & NE. wind cold clear a m cloudy p. m.

Nov. 27th 1840. Friday—South wind clear warm sun Thaws. I went up the lake & far as Mr. [Levi] Blake's.

Nov. 28th 1840. Saturday — S & SW. wind clear warm sun & thaws considerable. The Schr. "Michigan" with a cargo of Salt anchored in the Bay last night. For Wright & Co. Sailed likewise with salt for Milwaukee.

Nov. 29th Sunday—West wind clear & comfortably warm. I attend church at the Court house this P. M. Mr. Moulthop [Rev. L. F. Moulthrop, Methodist]

Nov. 30th. Monday. Very cold sharp west wind in the morning, cold. Freezing & clear all day. Clear, moonshiny night Commenced School this morning. Had 17 schollars.

. . . .

Jan'ry 1st. 1841. Friday—

To-day the elated Whigs hold a festival at Milwaukee for the purpose of celebrating the result of the late political contest which was an unprecedented Victory over their opponents and the Elevation of Wm H. Harrison to the Presidency & John Tyler to the Vice Presidency. (Electoral Vote 234, to 60.)

Snow here is rather scarce but nevertheless, the runners are ironing to a state of complete Schorchification.

I never before saw people so wholy enamored with any

recreation, as the people of Racine are this day with that of Sleigh-riding.

This evening I enjoy the society of a party of old and young-old people who had assembled at the house of L. Filer for the purpose of celebrating the occasion. And verily did they sustain its dignity.

January 2nd 1841—Saturday—

This is truly coldest day that I have thus far seen in Wiskonsin. The air is piercing, clothes seem no impediment to the searching Zephyr.

Jany. 3d 1841—Sunday—

Attended church at the courthouse this a.m. where Mr. [Rev. Jason] Lathrop [Lothrop] Lectured To-day Lake Michigan resembles a sunlit cloud of vapor.

Jany. 4th 1841. Monday. The County Com. of Racine Co. convened to-day. I commenced boarding at Mr. [John A.] Carswell's. Report of an indian's being shot in McHenry Co. Ill.

Jany. 5th 1841. Teusday. Suffered to-day from a severe cold.

Jany 7th 1841. Thursday. Commenced boarding at Mr. Briggs' 2 miles from town.

Jany. 9th. Saturday 1841. Walked to Southport Kenosha to-day with Mr. [Harrison K.] Fay. Having never visited the place previously.

Jany. 17th 1841. Sunday. Last week was to me one of no extraordinary occurrences. On Thursday evening there was a ball at Myers & Graves' of the Milwaukee house. Several of our citizens attended.

Jany. 24th 1841—Sunday—Last week as the preceding one affords no matter for record. Except that I boarded at the Racine House

. . . .

Feby. 5th Friday, 1841. The weather being cloudy I had despaired of seeing the eclipse of the moon which was to take place this evening, but before 3 P. M. the sun emerged from his obscurity. . . . The eclipse was total and remained entire 45 minutes.

. . . .

Friday Feby. 19th 1841—To-day I closed my school at Racine. . . .

Saturday Feby. 20th 1841—Found an opportunity to ride with a gentleman by the name of [Charles] Taylor as far as Mr. [Robert] Augurs 4½ miles from Troy found the road destitute of snow and rather muddy. Left Racine about 9 o'clock and arrived at Mr. Augurs about 8 in the evening

Sunday Feby. 21st 1841—Left Mr. Augur's this morning about 7 AM. on foot. took Breakfast at Mr. [John or George] Robison's at Troy, and arrived at White Water about 2 P. M. found the people all well and the village Progressive.

Monday Feby. 22nd 1841—Being somewhat fatigued from yesterday's tramp I spent most of the day at home in quietude

Wednesday Feby. 24th 1841—Established three corners of Mr. Muzzy's land on Sect. 31, Town 5, Range 14 E.

Thursday, Feby. 25th 1841—Henry & W^{m}. Birge made a bargain for land on Sect. 4.

Friday Feb'y 26th 1841—Willard B. Johnson teams started for Milwaukee and I finding myself unprepared did not accompany them, as I had anticipated, and staid this evening at Mr. Pratt.

Saturday Feb'y. 27th 1841—Surveyed for Mr. Birge on Sect. 4. to-day—P.M.

Monday March 1st. 1841—

Teusday March 2nd 1841—Run the north line of sect. 4, for Mr. Birge to-day assisted by Van Horran [Thomas Van Horn] & [Warren] Earle—this evening accompanied Mr. Robison [Charles Robinson] on a legal errand to Mr. Humphreys.

Wednesday March 3d 1841—Started this morning 9 o'clock with N & F. Pratts teams for Racine by way of Milwaukee—Staid over-night at Fox River.

Thursday March 4th 1841—Started 8 o'clock and arrived at Milwaukee 6 o'clock in the evening. Cold raw and unpleasant E. wind

Friday March 5th 1841—Had an opportunity to ride as far as Mr. Chad—[?] 8 miles from Racine, from there on foot, arrived at Mr. Killip's about 7 o'clock in the evening.

Friday March 12th 1841—The last week has been distinguished for the uniform and delightful weather with which we have been favored. . . .

It commenced snowing and blowing from the Northeast this evening, and

Saturday morning, March 13th the ground was covered with an inch of snow, all of which however disappeared under the influence of a melting sun at 3 PM. Protracted meeting commenced here last Teusday by Rev. Ordwell [Rev. Moses Ordway] from Prairie Ville.

Mr. Smith, a mormon Priest preached at the Court house this evening.

Sunday March 14th 1841—To-day it is clear and pleasant with a brisk lake-breeze.

Monday March 15th 1841—Snow storm with south-east wind pretty brisk in the morning but in the course of the day it changed to North East and continued to blow all night

Teusday March 16th 1841—Wind and storm rather abated lea[v]ing about 5 inches of snow on the ground about 10 AM the weather moderated and cleared up.

Wednesday March 17th 1841—The weather to-day is quite moderate the snow is wasting fast.

Thursday March 18th 1841—Snow vanishes to-day at night there is none left but it is pretty muddy. Noticed to-night the first thunder & lightning this spring.

Friday March 19th 1841—The morning is foggy and extremely mild. Pigeons commenced flying this morning for the first time this spring. about 10 o'clock AM. we were favored with a fine thunder shower from the North west which lasted but an hour when it cleared up and was very pleasant during the remainder part of the day.

Saturday March 20th 1841—Very clear, bright warm and pleasant all day I went gunning up Root River this AM. Sugar boiling. Roads getting dry & dusty

Sunday March 21st 1841—Messrs. Killip & Hurley went to Milwaukee on horseback. Some cooler than yesterday yet clear & pleasant.

Monday March 22nd 1841—Cloudy and rainy A. M. Clear PM. cloudy night.

Tuesday March 23d 1841—Roads are very soft and muddy. Root River about Breaking up—Clear

Saturday March 27th 1841—During the last three days the weather has suffered a variety of changes and we have had a good share rainy, wet & muddy weather. This evening old Boreas begins to blow his pipe from the North East and fails not to give a moderate sprinkling at the same time

Messrs. Killip & Hurley returned from Milwaukee this evening about 7 o'clock.

Sunday March 28th 1841—The Northeast wind continues to blow very violently, accompanied with some rain, and thus united they form a complete tempest. Ice all gone from the lake shore yesterday.

Monday March 29th The North east wind still continues to blow, and the rain ceases not. A terrible frown on the lake

Teusday March 30th It snowed a little last night, & this morning it is somewhat cold the N. E. wind still continues light

Wednesday March 31st Cool east wind & the rain has ceased. Schr. Wisconsin down from Chicago this evening about 9 o'clock was hailed with joy as the first vessel this spring. She put out on monday from Chicago and after having been blown about 2 day's during the unusual storm made the harbor again on Teusday evening and this morning put out again bound for Manitowoc, after a cargo of lumber, C. S. Wright

Thursday April 1st 1841—Racine Corporation Bill accepted to-day.[21] A schooner passed down the lake supposed to be the Michigan this afternoon

Friday April 2nd Mr. Goodwin & I went shooting ducks up Root River to-day PM.

Monday April 5th 1841—The Board of County Commissioners met to-day.

Port of Chicago, March 25th Schr. Drift Capt. Boughton arr. from St. Jo. with Lumb. Schr. Ottawa Capt. Nicholson

[21] Feb. 13, 1841, the territorial legislature passed an act of incorporation for Racine, which was to take effect when adopted by two-thirds of the voters within the limits of the village. The diarist here reports the passage of the referendum.

arr. from St. Jo. with Lumb. Cleared Gen. Thornton Capt. Harding, pass'rs. fr. St. Jo. March 29th Schr. Ocean, John Giles, pass'rs. Muskegon. Schr. Drift. light fr. St. Jo. Schr. Ottawa light fr. St. Jo. March 31st Schr. Memee, Capt. Dan Shelley—freight Mich. city. Schr. Wiskonsan, Capt. Jno. Jackson, pass. T. Rivers Schr. Mich. Russel Crary, freight for Twin Rivers.

. . . .

Wednesday April 7th 1841—A schooner supposed to be the Michigan passed to-day going south Dr. Wm. Kennicott repaired my teeth to-day.

Thursday April 8th County Commissioners adj.

Thursday April 15th Schr. Wiskonsan passed on her way north. Bridge finished

Erie Canal navigation commenced to-day

Sunday April 18th Mr. Hurley and I walked down to wind point on the beach. collecting curiosities—&c

Wednesday Apr. 21st Rec^{d} intelligence of the death of Jacob H. Gardinier to-day. . . .

Friday April 23d 1841—Paper from C. B. Freeman

Saturday Apr. 24th Went to Southport to-day with Mr. Bigelow of Troy NY. & Harrison Reed. Schr. Meme North. Schr. Columbia south.

Sunday Apr. 25th Mr. [Rev. Stephen D.] Peet of Mil. Preached Steam Boat Western, passed here 12 o'clock to night Being the First this spring. Not being expected she passed without landing.

Teusday Apr. 27th Great Western down about 3 P. M. Landed one family and some goods Mr. Case and family left. 15 cords wood

April 29th 4 schrs. up. 30th.

. . . .

May 1st 1841 Steam Boat Madison Down from Chicago for Buffalo 5 o'clock PM. Passed. Scarcely stopping

Sunday May 2nd 1841—Quarterly meetings

Monday May 3d. Mr. Stevens left for Bloomington Ill.

Thursday May 6th. Steam Boat Illinois up 10 o'clock eve. Passed without stopping

Friday May 7th Lieuts Webster & Hagrun went north on stage for Green Bay. Extra Stage to Milwaukee.

Saturday May 8th S.B. Illinois Down. Stopped & took passengers, 10 o'clock evening.

May 9th 1841—Steam Boat Missouri up 6 o'clock AM. No passengers.

May 11th S.B. Western up 9 o'clock AM

May 11th S.B. Missouri Down 5 o'clock PM.

May 14th S.B. Western Down 6 PM

May 15th S.B. Constellation up—5 AM

May 16th S.B. Constellation Down 6 P. M.

May 16th S.B. Madison—up 6 PM.

The two boats met here and the presence of a number of other craft on the Lake combined with pleasantness of the day presented an admirable spec.

Sunday 16th Monday & teusday were very warm and pleasant days in fact the first weather suitable for May we have yet had.

Teusday May 18th. S.B. Madison Down 10 PM wooded and was detained untill 2 o'clock A merry time aboard by the Bravos of Racine

Wednesday May 19th To-day and last Saturday I assisted in getting out timber for the harbor Steam Boat Bunker Hill up 5 PM. Landed 8 passengers & some freight. Banker ague.

Thursday May 20th 1841—A.B. Hibbard left for Madison.

Friday May 21st. 1841—Steam Boat Bunker Hill Down 5 o'clock P. M.

Saturday May 22nd 1841—Yesterday & to-day I plowed on E. Filers Place.

Monday May 24th. Moses Vilas and I were engaged leveling Main Street for Grading.

Teusday May 25th Planted corn &c. &c.

Thursday 27th I. [J?] A. Hibbard's Stage wagon

Friday & Saturday. Hard N.E. wind. Schr. Columbia of Milwaukee blown off.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHAT WE REMEMBER

General Charles King, in a communication printed in the September number of this magazine, displays characteristic gallantry and good sportsmanship in the way he assumes responsibility for an error that found its way into his published reminiscences. The error itself amounts to little, and as General King usually refreshes his memory from written contemporary records he is an accurate writer. He spoke of Governor Jerry Rusk's popularity with the crowds gathered at the funeral of General Grant, and ascribed it to his quelling of the Milwaukee riots—an executive act which gave the Badger governor national fame. On further reflection General King remembered that "the funeral of General Grant took place in the late summer of 1885, the Milwaukee riots occurred in the late spring of 1886." Thus the two things could not have been related as cause and effect.

And yet, Rusk " 'took' with the crowds even the year before he became a national figure. . . . It must have been his leonine physique, or, possibly, his phrase 'Those men need bread, not bayonets,' used on another occasion."

The incident contains a warning for the less careful historical student. The lesson is that our memories, when they volunteer testimony concerning events of long ago, should ever be treated as potential perjurers, and handled with all the rigor employed by the cross-questioner in a court of law.

The degree of accuracy with which the mind reproduces, years afterwards, impressions it has received depends primarily on the conditions under which such impressions were originally made upon it. In general, incidents that arouse the emotions at the same moment in which they arrest the

intellect are reproduced more perfectly, those appealing only to the thinking faculty less perfectly. Grandfather's last words all his own children remember and transmit in turn to their children. Unfortunately, to the second generation, and still more to the third, his words are vague, unemotionalized, almost meaningless, and fail of accurate reproduction.

But the mind, on its intellectual side, presses to the aid of the memory when the latter is in trouble. Anything which ought to be remembered, if it cannot be reproduced is apt to be reconstructed. Where memory fails, imagination gives a cue and tries to satisfy the craving for completeness. The results of such reconstructions often possess very faint resemblances to the original impressions, elements having been substituted from many sources variously related to the experience which proves irrecoverable. That is the way in which, quoting one American humorist, we come to "know so many things that ain't so."

The "will to believe," using that expression not irreverently but in its observable relation to mundane things, plays an important part here also. If we simply cannot recall what happened, and must perforce reconstruct, how natural to reconstruct according to a plan which pleases us! The court witness whose memory is vague, by dint of vigorous cudgeling from examiner and cross-examiner recalls some things. But all of them happen (?) to be favorable to the side for which he is testifying. The political orator whose historical information is nil, at any moment can recall a few facts which support the contention he has just put forth. If we watch ourselves closely, we may be surprised at the difficulty of stating the simplest remembered incident without coloring it in some measure to suit our momentary personal situation.

Cases in which supposititious facts unconsciously willed by the narrator were substituted for the actual facts which

could not be clearly recalled are historically very common. At the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument, fifty years after the famous battle, forty "survivors," the "venerable men" of Webster's apostrophe, gave in their written "verified" narratives of what happened on that ground in June, 1775. "These testimonies," says Channing,[1] "for the most part, were 'mixtures of old men's broken memories and fond imaginings with the love of the marvelous. Some of those who gave in affidavits about the battle could not have been in it, nor even in its neighborhood. They had got so used to telling the story for the wonderment of village listeners, as grandfathers' tales, and as petted representatives of the *Spirit of '76*, that they did not distinguish between what they had seen and done and what they had read, heard, and dreamed.' "

At the opposite side of the continent, nearly a century subsequent to Bunker Hill battle, was developed a controversy over the *saving of Oregon* which has come to be known as the *Whitman Question*. Did Dr. Marcus Whitman, the loyal missionary pioneer, make his overland trip from Oregon to the East in 1842–43 in the hope of affecting the political destiny of the Oregon country, and did he accomplish such a result? The most scrupulous and thoroughgoing investigation of contemporaneous records convinced historians that he did neither of those things, and that he never claimed to have done them. Yet his missionary associates, forty years after the events, believed themselves capable of recalling words, phrases, and incidents spoken by Dr. Whitman before his tragic death as a Christian martyr, which proved both that he intended to and actually did *save Oregon* "from being traded off to England, in the Ashburton Treaty, for a cod fishery," despite the fact that the Ashburton Treaty was signed, sealed, and delivered before Whitman started east.[2]

[1] *History of the United States*, III, 169, note.

[2] A good review of all the evidence, and an enlightening discussion, is in E. G. Bourne, *Essays in Historical Criticism* (New York, 1901), "The Legend of Marcus Whitman."

In the cases cited the witnesses, or affiants, professed to be giving their recollections of what happened according to their own personal experience. If such testimony, usually called "first-hand evidence," is liable to reversal when confronted by unimpeachable proofs like contemporaneous records, what shall we say of the evidential character of traditions of events or facts twice or thrice removed from the original witness of them, particularly when self-interest or the will to believe in a certain way is prompter? Such "evidence" of course is worthless, and yet we occasionally meet with attempts to employ it for historical purposes. "I [an eighty-seven-year-old woman] remember when a little girl hearing my grandmother say that her father told her" is a formula which men have been thoughtless enough to embody in solemnly worded affidavits. In fact, at this writing we have a sheaf of such documents at the State Historical Library. Thereby hangs a tale which I will perhaps impart to our readers in a later issue of this magazine.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

TO MEMBERS

The membership committee of the Society, J. H. A. Lacher chairman, has planned the membership campaign for this year. One main feature is to ask every member to present the claims of the Society to at least one friend or acquaintance who, in his opinion, not merely would make a desirable member but would receive a distinct benefit from such membership.

We suggest that the life membership, costing $20, would ordinarily prove much cheaper than the annual membership at $2.00 per year, and we urge that you ask your friend to consider taking a life membership. All members are entitled to receive, free, the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* and other publications. The *History of Agriculture in Wisconsin*, now coming from the press, will be ready for distribution to members within a few days. A volume of the *Wisconsin Domesday Book Town Studies* will be ready in a few months. The *Proceedings* for 1922 will be distributed probably in January, 1923.

At the annual meeting of the Society on the nineteenth of October, 1922, it was resolved to send free to members all volumes which are paid for out of the income of the Burrows Fund, but *only on request*, the idea being that the editions of these books in the Domesday Series should be limited to the effective demand. The *History of Agriculture* is the first of these publications, and *it is earnestly requested that every member who desires that volume free (it will be sold for $2.00, the price of a year's membership) write at once to indicate that fact.* New members as well as old will receive the book.

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending October 10, 1922, there were seven additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. One of these enrolled as a life member, John W. Hancock of Roanoke, Virginia.

Six persons became annual members, as follows: Reverend Henry Colman, Milwaukee; Walter Distelhorst, Sheboygan; J. H. Kolb, Madison; Mrs. Charles J. McIntosh, Milwaukee; Mrs. E. A. Munz, Milwaukee; Robert J. Usher, Chicago, Illinois.

R. A. Adams of Minneapolis, Minnesota, changed from annual to life membership.

In the Question Box of the March number of this magazine the Society published some material relating to the history of Rhinelander. We have recently received a communication from William B. Shaw of New York City, associate editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in which he gives additional data concerning the early days of that city. It is our plan to publish this interesting letter in a future issue of the magazine.

A notable gift to the Society has been received from W. B. E. Shufeldt of Oconomowoc, in a marble reproduction of a Greek statue called the "Crouching Venus of the Vatican." With this Mr. Shufeldt also presented Henry W. Elkins' oil painting of Mount Shasta, a fine example of American landscape art. The Society will hold these gifts in trust, hoping the time may soon come when an art gallery may become part of the state's public enterprises.

The Society has received from Mrs. J. A. Watrous of Milwaukee, the gift of a considerable number of her husband's papers. A description and estimate of the same will appear in a later issue of this magazine.

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS

Although English born, Bishop Fallows, who died in Chicago, September 5, was distinctively a Wisconsin man, having come to this state while it was still a territory and when he was a lad of thirteen. The Fallows farm was twelve miles east of Madison; there young Samuel grew up and thence he came to the University, where he graduated in 1859. After marriage with Lucy Bethia Huntington, he became principal of what was then Galesville University and was there when Lincoln's call to arms thrilled his patriotic spirit. Enlisting in 1862 as chaplain, he became in 1864 lieutenant colonel of the Fortieth Infantry and the next year colonel of the Forty-ninth, being brevetted brigadier general at the close of the war. General Fallows then entered the active ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was successively pastor of two of the largest Milwaukee churches. In 1870 he was elected state superintendent of public instruction, and reëlected for a second term. From 1866 to 1874 he was regent of the State University. In the latter

year he became president of Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois, where he remained until he entered the Reformed Episcopal church, and thereafter made his home in Chicago. His interest in and affection for Wisconsin never waned. As the oldest alumnus of the University he gave its affairs his heartiest support. A man of universal knowledge and deep human sympathies, he touched life at all points of progress, never losing in his broad outlook the highest viewpoint. Whatsoever things were noble, pure, and of good report appealed to him. No son of Wisconsin has done her more honor. His legacy to our Society of his papers and correspondence ensures the perpetuation of his memory for generations to come.

JAMBO CREEK MONUMENT

Somewhat unique and unusual was the dedication on June 11 last, of a tablet to Jacques Vieau, known to the Indians as Jambo, who in the late eighteenth century had a jackknife fur trade post on a Manitowoc County stream. This stream took from him the name of Jambo Creek. The Community Club of this place, determined to perpetuate the memory of the early trader, arranged for a fine bronze tablet to mark the site of the first building in the county. The tablet was unveiled by two great-great-granddaughters of the trader, Leona and Ethel Vieau. Addresses were delivered by Honorable Emil Baensch, president of the Manitowoc County Historical Society, and Dr. Joseph Schafer, our superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES

In 1920 the city of Milwaukee presented to the ancient city of Strasbourg a tablet commemorating the return of that city to its allegiance to France. In return the mayor of the French city, on behalf of his municipality, has this summer given to Milwaukee a facsimile of a mediaeval manuscript formerly preserved at Strasbourg, compiled there in the twelfth century. This manuscript, called *Hortus Delicarum*, the *Garden of Delicacies*, is a religious history of the world. It is illustrated with miniatures of great beauty. This precious gift will be preserved in the public library.

AN EARLY REPUBLICAN

The cradle of the Republican party is thought to be Ripon, Wisconsin, where in the early spring of 1854 meetings were held to protest the Nebraska Act, and whence the same year a call issued for a state convention to form a new party, later called Republican. Among those who signed the call was Edwin U. Judd, then Free Soil chairman for the first congressional district of Wisconsin. Mr. Judd lately died in the state of Washington. Although the Michigan convention for 1854 met a few days earlier than that of Wisconsin, Mr. Judd always maintained that the initial impetus arose at Ripon, and that the honor of propounding the name "Republican" belonged to Alvin J. Bovay of that place. Mr. Judd was approaching his ninety-seventh birthday; not long before his death he received congratulations from President Harding, the leader of the party he had helped to found.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

St. Mary's College, Prairie du Chien, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation during the week of June 12, 1922. The college occupies a portion of the former site of Fort Crawford, erected in 1829 by Colonel Zachary Taylor and used at interrupted intervals for military purposes until 1864. In this year that portion of Fort Crawford Reservation occupied by the officers' quarters was purchased from the government by Honorable John Lawler, who presented the gift to the School Sisters of Notre Dame for the erection of a girls' boarding college, which was formally opened in 1872.

An interesting feature of the golden jubilee celebration was the presentation of two original productions—one a pageant written for the occasion by a member of the faculty, portraying in six episodes the history of Prairie du Chien and St. Mary's. This pageant was staged on the east campus, the entire student body participating in the performance. The second production was an original play, "The Rose of Prairie Town" a story of early social life in the Prairie's pioneer days. It was composed by two college students—Margaret Martin, '22, of Omaha, Nebraska, and Adeline Fitzgerald of Lansing, Iowa.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

A number of Lutheran churches celebrated this summer the several anniversaries of their founding. One begun seventy-five years ago was the Norwegian church in the village of Keyser, Columbia County, which was organized in 1847 by Reverend J. W. C. Dietrichson. The golden or fiftieth jubilee was celebrated by St. Paul's Church of Stony Hill, near Shawano; by a church of the same name in Prairie Farm Township, Barron County; by the Maple Creek church near New London; by the Otter Creek church in Iowa County, not far from Dodgeville; by the church at Orfordville; and by the Swedish Lutheran church of Sand Lake, Polk County.

Among the Evangelical Lutheran celebrations were those of Salem at West Granville, and Immanuel at Theresa, seventy-five years old; St. John's at Monroe, and Trinity at Stettin near Marathon, sixty years old; the Friedens Kirche of Rosendale and the Trinity Norwegian of Norden, fifty years old in August. The year after the Peshtigo fire, was begun St. John's Evangelical Church in the town of Grover, several of whose members were survivors of the great conflagration.

A group of emigrants from Lippe, Germany, who settled in the town of Herman, Dodge County, founded seventy-five years ago the Immanuel Reformed Church. This event was suitably celebrated last August.

In Rock County, east of Janesville, a Scotch colony founded in the same year the Rock Prairie United Presbyterian Church, which this year observed its seventy-fifth anniversary.

Another country parish with an interesting history is the Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church not far from Elkhorn, which in August held a two days' service of remembrance. One feature of the occasion

was music by the choir who first sang in the church at its opening fifty years before.

Likewise the Richmond Methodist church of Walworth County attained and celebrated its half-century mark last September.

The present Cathedral of St. John, seat of the Catholic archbishopric of Milwaukee, was commenced seventy-five years ago. A memorial service was held this summer in honor of the laying of the corner stone for this historic edifice.

One band of the Iroquois Oneida Indians has always affiliated with the Episcopal church; their fine church building on Duck Creek was struck by lightning July 17, 1920, and entirely destroyed. Nothing daunted, their devoted missionary, Reverend William Watson, undertook the work of reconstruction. Contributions were sought throughout the entire country, and June 11 this faithful band of Indian Christians had the pleasure of seeing the consecration of their new thirty-thousand-dollar church. Bishop Weller performed the consecration service, one feature of which was the exhibition of the first organ brought to Wisconsin for this church by Eleazar Williams.

HIGHWAYS AND BRIDGES

The opening of state highway fifteen, which makes a continuous cement road from Green Bay to the Illinois border, connecting there with Sheridan Drive to Chicago, has evoked reminiscences of the days when this route was an Indian trail over which mail was carried on the back of a foot runner. Several excellent historical articles on this early road have appeared in the state newspapers, under the auspices and authorship of the secretary of the Wisconsin Good Roads Association.

The new bridge recently completed across Wisconsin River at Sauk City replaces the historic toll bridge used there since the time of the Civil War. One of the toll collectors still resides near the northern end of the bridge, and furnished his reminiscences for the ceremony incident to the new bridge's opening.

AN OSHKOSH BANK

The pioneers of Wisconsin had a natural distrust of banks. Their experiences with the panic of 1837, which occurred at the beginning of the territory's peopling, led the first constitutional convention to introduce an article forever prohibiting any banks in Wisconsin. For this and other reasons this first constitution was rejected; nevertheless, when Wisconsin became a state (1848) there were few banking institutions in our borders. A bank, therefore, which can show seventy years of operation in Wisconsin is an historical institution. The old Commercial National Bank of Oshkosh commemorated this year its seventieth birthday. It was organized with a capital of four thousand dollars and chartered before Oshkosh became a city. Through all the years, with many changes, the organization has maintained a continuous existence, and has had no small share in the upbuilding of the "Sawdust City."

The last number of our magazine featured several articles on early Platteville. As supplementary material on the same subject we note the

Autobiography of Frederick G. Hollman. Hollman was born in Germany, came to America in 1819 as one of the Vandalia, Illinois, colony of Germans. In 1827 he sought the lead mines, and the next year began mining at Platteville, which became his permanent home. At his death, which occurred in 1875, he left a manuscript account of his life which is now published by R. I. Dugdale. It furnishes many detailed and interesting data on the founding and founders of this early mining town.

THE JENKIN LLOYD JONES PARK

Sunday, October 1, a large concourse of people gathered at Tower Hill on Wisconsin River to dedicate the new state park. It is believed that five thousand or more people concentrated at this place, on this beautiful autumn day, to pay tribute to the historical setting, and to the continued influence of the prominent man for whom the park is named. The exercises were in charge of Miss Lutie Stearns, chairman. Reverend John Favill of Lake Mills offered the dedicatory prayer. The historical background was interestingly described by Dr. Joseph Schafer, superintendent of our Society, himself a native of the region in which Tower Hill stands. He described the early lead mining interests of southwest Wisconsin, and the importance of a manufactory for shot near the mines. He told of the old shot tower on the hill, older than the territory of Wisconsin itself; of the building of Old Helena before 1832 and its destruction in the Black Hawk War; of the waning of the importance of shot making, and the final abandonment of the old tower. Zona Gale was chosen to speak of the personality of Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones and his influence on the state, nation, and humanity. It was his wish that this site, replete with historic associations, where were held under his auspices for many years congresses on social welfare, should be given to the state. His widow and other members of the Tower Hill Association have made this possible. Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelley of Chicago made the presentation of the gift, which was graciously accepted by Governor Blaine and C. L. Harrington of the Conservation Commission. Mrs. Clancy gave the neighborhood pledge; and the interesting area of some fifty-five acres, commanding one of the finest views on the river, became a part of the treasures of the state. This account is condensed from the description by Curator H. E. Cole in his paper the Baraboo *Weekly News*.

THE HOARD MEMORIAL

Several years ago, while Governor Hoard was still among us, a group of agricultural leaders planned a memorial to him as the founder of modern dairying. The World War delayed the consummation of this idea, and meanwhile the Governor himself died, not, however, before he had been visited by the sculptor Gutzon Borglum, who was chosen to portray the veteran dairyman.

February 3 of the present year, dedication exercises were held on the agricultural campus and the statue accepted for the University and the state by President Edward A. Birge. Appreciations of the subject were given by dairymen from the neighboring states of Michigan and Iowa.

Because of the rigor of the weather the statue was not set in place until somewhat later. It now stands at the head of Agricultural Mall, in a setting of much dignity and originality formed of Wisconsin crystalline white stone. As one of the first memorials dedicated to an agricultural benefactor, as well as a tribute to one of the outstanding governors of our state, this statue is a noteworthy and deserved tribute.

MUSEUM NOTES

On the occasion of the reunion of the famous Thirty-second Division veterans, held in Madison, August 26-29, the Historical Museum prepared a very extensive exhibit of World War materials. Twenty-two cases of specimens preserved as mementos of this great international struggle were shown in addition to the large permanent collection already installed. A selected group of the most interesting and attractive of the American and foreign war posters and a large collection of the war maps of the Allied armies and of the Germans were displayed on screens and on the museum walls. Hundreds of veterans and their friends visited the museum during the reunion to view these exhibits, all of which were greatly appreciated. As a result of this special recognition of the high regard in which the veterans are held by the state, many additions to the historical collections are being received from the soldiers and their friends.

The annual historical excursion of University summer session students was this year conducted by the Historical Museum on July 8, about 250 men and women participating. Three large steamers conveyed the party to Bernard's Park on the north shore of Lake Mendota, from which point the company hiked to the State Hospital grounds. Here the huge Indian bird and quadruped shaped Indian mounds preserved on the lawn were viewed, and a talk on these was given by Mr. Brown. A return was then made to the park, where a picnic luncheon was partaken of. From this point the excursionists were conveyed by boat to West Point on the northwest shore of the lake. Here, on the site of the early Madison paper "City of the Four Lakes," Miss Kellogg talked on the early history of the region. Before returning to the city another halt was made at Merrill Springs, where the fine Indian mounds and other remains on the grounds of the Black Hawk Country Club and adjoining properties were viewed.

On the evening of July 13, 350 students of the University summer session and numerous visitors gathered on Lincoln Terrace on the upper campus, to participate in a folklore meeting held under the direction of the Historical Museum. The speakers on this occasion were Louise P. Kellogg, Mrs. Smiley P. Blanton, Professor Louis B. Wolfenson, Reverend Francis S. Dayton, Mrs. Georginia J. Kepke, Mr. S. E. Lathrop, and Charles E. Brown. The examples of the folklore of the American Indian and negro, of the Wisconsin lumberjacks and rivermen, were greatly appreciated by the large audience of school teachers and others. These outdoor folklore meetings, the first of which was held on Muir

Knoll six years ago, have become a distinctive feature of the summer session. For two years past folklore literature, for which there has been a large demand, has been printed for distribution at these meetings.

On July 4, the museum conducted a similar historical excursion of about fifty clergymen in attendance at the University Rural Ministers' Conference course, to see the Indian remains on the State Hospital grounds and Farwell Point.

Plans are under way for marking with descriptive metal tablets a number of Indian effigy mounds now preserved in Burrows Park on the east shore of Lake Mendota and in the two small but attractive city parks, Hudson and Elmside, on the north shore of Lake Monona. Metal tablets will also be placed, by order of the University Board of Regents, on three additional groups of mounds on the University grounds in the grove, at the rustic bridge, and on Eagle Heights. At Fox Lake two large linear mounds preserved on Franks' Point are being marked. Three interesting Indian mounds—an oval, a tapering linear, and a bird effigy—are preserved on the grounds of the Bible Institute, on the south shore of Green Lake. These are to be marked with a bronze tablet. At Avoca a linear mound has been preserved in a public park. At Lake Emily, near Amherst Junction, a fine group of burial mounds has been saved from destruction by being included in the new county farm. At Wisconsin Rapids and Nekoosa the preservation of several groups of local mounds is receiving the attention of the women's clubs and the D. A. R. Mutilated mounds on the State Hospital grounds and on the grounds of the new Soldiers' Memorial Hospital, both at Mendota, are being restored under the supervision of the Historical Museum.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society has published a "Summary of the Archeology of Western Sauk County," by H. E. Cole of Baraboo. This contains a full description of the Indian camp and village sites, planting grounds, burial places, mounds, and trails in fourteen townships, and is illustrated with plates, diagrams, and a map. Altogether, 135 mounds were located during this survey. Among the most noted of those that have been destroyed were the man mounds at La Valle and an octagonal enclosure at Dellona. A description of the Indian remains in eastern Sauk County was published by Dr. A. B. Stout in 1906.

Between the dates of July 17 and August 4, Charles E. Brown, chief of the Historical Museum, made an eastern trip, visiting over thirty large and small museums in Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, and other places. These included historical, art, natural history, anthropological, and special museums. At Rochester he also viewed the valuable private collection of Alvin H. Dewey. While in Philadelphia, with Charles R. Toothaker, curator of the Commercial Museum, he made a trip to Doylestown to view the historial museum located there, probably unique in its class in the United States.

Adjutant General Holway has placed in the care of the Historical Museum the battle flags of the Thirty-second Division, A. E. F. These

flags are eight in number and include those of the 107th Engineers, 120th and 121st Field Artillery, 119th and 121st Machine Gun Battalions, the 127th and 128th Infantry, and the Headquarters flag. They are now installed in a wall case in the museum corridor.

The Historical Museum has received during the last quarter many gifts of specimens. Coins and paper money have been presented by Mary Stephens, Alice Jackson, Lowell J. Ragatz, A. J. Vinje, and Mrs. A. L. Sanborn of Madison; by H. E. Cole, Baraboo, and W. B. E. Shufeldt, Oconomowoc. Mrs. E. H. Van Ostrand, Madison, has given a series of old political and other badges; and Mrs. Emma M. LaClear, a trunk used in the Civil War by Lieutenant James Mills, of Company E, Fifth Wisconsin Infantry. The University of Wisconsin has presented a gravestone from the earliest Madison burying ground, once located where Bascom Hall now stands on the top of University Hill. This bears the inscription "Erected to the Memory of Samuel Warren of Middlesex, England, who was killed by lightning, June 13 [or 15], 1838. Aged 26 years." Warren's was the second death in Madison. The stone was recovered this year in improving the roadway in front of Bascom Hall.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Superintendent Joseph Schafer ("The Yankee and the Teuton in Wisconsin") presents a paper read November 13 before the Madison Literary Society.

Dr. Samuel Plantz ("Lawrence College") has been the head of that institution since 1894, having had the longest term of office of any of its presidents.

General Charles King ("Memories of a Busy Life") is one of the oldest and most distinguished of Wisconsin's authors and soldier citizens. General King's devotion to his boyhood home is evidenced in the pages of his article.

Louise Phelps Kellogg ("The Electric Light System at Appleton"), senior research associate of the Society, wrote this paper at the request of Curator John G. D. Mack, state engineer. She has been aided therein by eminent Edisonians in both the East and the West, among whom are T. Commerford Martin, Charles E. Neil, William E. Keily, John N. Cadby, and A. C. Langstedt.

Doane Robinson ("Beaver Creek Valley, Monroe County") is a native of the Wisconsin locality he describes. Since 1908 he has been secretary and superintendent of the South Dakota Department of History.

THE GENIUS OF WISCONSIN

By Helen Farnsworth Mears. In the State Capitol at Madison

VOL. VI N.3 1922-1923

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent

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Paid for out of the George B. Burrows Fund Income

WISCONSIN[1]

William Ellery Leonard

Wisconsin, lopped from Michigan as a territory in 1836 to become a state twelve years later, shares in the story of the discovery and the settlement and in the qualities and activities of her population much in common with the whole North Middle West. Yet Wisconsin possesses an individuality, both historical and social, more organic than the little red line of the map. Geography has had profoundly to do with her becoming; in her, the regional characteristics of man find the most indubitable and emphatic expression; and, moreover, once organized as a state, she began instinctively, like many other state units, to create personality, as must any group, however artificial or accidental at first, when it makes its laws together under one dome in the spiritual center, and sends its youth to one schoolhouse on a neighboring hill.

But the story of man here, between the majestic castellated bluffs of the upper Mississippi and the stern iron and copper bearing rocks of Superior's wave eaten shores, is not one story but three. There have been three human occupations of this rolling terrain of sunny swale and drumlins, with its innumerous rivers winding between the wild rice marshes, or the now perishing forests, or the shadowy scarps and dalles, with its thousand glacial lakes in the northern pineries or the midland oak openings, and with its wide driftless area, once surrounded but never traversed by the ice sheet, where today the unstriated old Cambrian

[1] This paper presents a poet's vision of Wisconsin, historical and actual. It differs, at least in form of statement, from the historian's vision, and probably no historian would agree with the poet's statement in all matters of detail. But whoever is able to thrill at sight of an eagle sailing above the mountain crests, will rejoice in this stark new phrasing of the story of our state. We appreciate it so highly that, although the paper was not originally written for this magazine, we welcome the opportunity of first presenting to our readers its unique qualities.—Editor.

sandstone stands weathered and carved into mesas and giant toadstools. But no man, from first to last, ever settled on the mountains of Wisconsin, for the primeval ranges were beveled down to that peneplain underlying the Cambrian long before the trilobite or protozoan—though sometimes in the jagged cloud banks, white on afternoon horizons of early autumn, one may fancy he sees their tremendous ghosts.

The three occupations of this ancient land have been three independent efforts of man to light his fire and to sing his song. And, though only the third, with its hosts of inpouring exiles and seekers, constitutes the epic of the settlement, of the building of our cities and the state, nevertheless, the occupation of the red man invited the Frenchman, and the Frenchman pioneered the thoroughfares thither for the aftercomers and their household gods. The aborigines (Fox, Menominee, Winnebago, and other tribes finally huddled between the fierce Dakota on the west and the fierce inland ranging Iroquois from the east) have left to none of our states more reminders of a vanished folk culture: the Indian names of so many rivers, lakes, and hills; the trails whose grass-grown depressions may still be traced down the groves; the stone celts and spear points and the copper knives and needles dug up by fresh-water beaches or along the ploughed fields; the chipping sites under primeval oak trees; the corn hills; and above all, the hundreds of earthworks, both conical barrows over the bones of unknown chiefs, and those totemic animal effigies that lie on their gigantic sides asleep on so many low hilltops and green declivities, by the waters of ancient villages. The native tribes—long since, as white men's hunters, for a pittance of glass beads, iron hatchets, and whisky, debauched in their handicrafts and agriculture—have been exterminated or deported (like some of the Winnebago to Nebraska), or live sordidly on the northern reservations,

putting on, with the encouragement of white anthropologists, now and then the tarnished relics of ancestral costumes for ritual dance and religious festival, doing odd jobs at lumbering or berry picking, or occasionally, up to fifteen years ago at least, coming down in little bands as far as Madison to trap the muskrat in their fathers' streams and lakes. An alien stock, the Christian Oneida, brought by American philanthropic enterprise from New York, are almost the only well kempt, prosperous Indian citizens about Wisconsin—farmers and business men and good Episcopalians in a community of their own. Our people, largely through the activities of the Archeological Society and the Historical Museum at Madison, in coöperation with the state legislature, have begun to develop both a scientific curiosity and a memorial piety touching their red predecessors, which sometimes unite, by one of those minor ironies of history, present-day Germans, Norwegians, Saxons, Celts, and Slavs in little excavation parties or local site marking ceremonials.

In the softened grays and purples of the twilight atmosphere, when the distant roads and the barns are blurred in the lowlands and the crows are flying to the copses, the outlook from many a height over valley and lake and river, especially if the moon is bulging up, is peculiarly aboriginal in these parts: I have never so had the feeling of the ghosts of Indian days in any landscape as in Wisconsin. Nicolet, in his Chinese damask robe, with his seven Hurons around him, discharging thunder and lightning from pistols in both hands, as he stands on Wisconsin's landfall by his beached canoe at the foot of the bluffs up in Green Bay, before the naked and awestruck autochthons, seems a more haunting presence than John Smith, Miles Standish, or Massasoit. He came, you remember, up the Ottawa, having heard of the "People of the Sea" (so the Hurons called the Winnebago), thinking to open trade relations, on behalf of

Champlain and the Hundred Associates, with Orientals on the Pacific, and took possession forever in the name of the King of France. This was in 1634.

Freedom to trade, not freedom to worship God or to manage one's own politics, was the impulse to the first white occupation, as freedom to plant one's own corn was, on the whole, the impulse to the second. As the years went by after Marquette with Jolliet in 1673 paddled down the Great Lakes and across the state, and entered the Father of Waters—"with a joy I cannot express"—the Fox-Wisconsin Portage became the determinant of the human affairs of a province and of an empire. Here the basin of the St. Lawrence, represented by the upper currents of Fox River, may glimpse beyond a mile or so of marshy plain, alive with blackbirds and meadow larks, the Wisconsin powerfully flowing off toward the Mississippi; here the Atlantic touches the Gulf of Mexico. Kept open only by long wars with the natives, the Fox-Wisconsin waterway established and sustained the fur trade, which was the economic life of the old régime in Wisconsin, no less than in Canada. Linking far-away Quebec with far-away New Orleans, it was the indirect occasion of much of the strategy of the conflict with Great Britain—fundamentally over the control of the fur trade—that cost France her power in North America; and it continued to affect man's trafficking in some measure—Congress appropriated millions of dollars for its improvement—until the age of steel rails. Without it, neither France nor Britain might have come to Wisconsin any more than to Minnesota.

The trading posts left their names to modern cities and towns—Prairie du Chien, La Crosse, Eau Claire, Trempealeau; and the descendants of the habitants—the blacksmiths, carpenters, farmers, and retired traders—who squatted around them, give today a sprinkling of French to the polyglot roll call of legislature and college class room. But

the bark chapels and the log crosses of the "Black Gowns" soon rotted away or were burnt by hands still heathen, leaving only the names of a costal island and a river town or so, the silver ostensorium of Perrot still bearing the date 1686, and the *Jesuit Relations*—those faithful reports to their masters in France of lands and waters seen, aborigines baptized, and hungers survived. And La Salle's *Griffon*, the first boat besides dugout or war canoe launched upon the Great Lakes, lies sunk, mast and sail, somewhere off Door Peninsula, with all its peltries. In pathetic contrast to southern Louisiana, the old French world vanished here, even more completely than the Roman world vanished from Britain; not, however, because it withdrew or was exterminated, for Frenchmen were still about, swapping produce and yarns with Britisher and Yankee; but because it was too tenuous, migratory, and scattered, too lacking in urban life, to maintain for long its individuality over against the dominantly Germanic invaders. One hears French today only among the French-Indian half-breeds of the reservations or in the recent villages of the Walloons.

The British domination lasted with cheerful impudence, in spite of the Treaty of Paris of 1783 and the Jay Treaty of 1795, till the close of the War of 1812, with entire satisfaction to the French, who had indeed actively sided with England against the hated "Bostonnais" in the Revolution. The fur trade continued to march on, integrated now with the huge English enterprise of the Far North; but another business, at first only an adjunct of the fur trade, was pressing hard upon it, with a sinister and prophetic face.

The French, having early discovered the Indians scratching for lead in the southwest corner, began to pay a price per pound that bullets should be more abundant; and the savages scratched more busily. With better guns and bigger shovels, as destined lords of all mines—coal, gold,

and diamond—our Anglo-Saxons drove out the aborigines and the shallow burrows were deepened. By Uncle Sam's garrison days of the thirties, a riffraff of adventurers from the border states was rushing in, as it was later to rush to the gold of California and the silver of Colorado; and the earliest European immigration of what I call the settlement was invited by the lead mines, first and last—some seven thousand Cornishmen, and these a sturdy stock. Great bateaux of twenty-oar power carried the lead down the Mississippi to New Orleans, long years before the Civil War definitively deflected Wisconsin's southern trade connections eastward; or the ox teams would drag it overland to the lake ports. By the fifties, for several reasons entirely economic, it declined, to be only partially revived in recent years. Abandoned diggings are now among the pious ruins of Wisconsin, along with the sleepy or abandoned villages that sprung up on the water fronts in the reign of King Lumber, the third dynasty of Big Business hereabouts, with its devastation of the northern pineries and hardwoods, and for a generation its log rafts on eight rivers.

Meantime the settlement was steadily going on. The planters of grain and the milkers of cows were coming from all the world, who were to vindicate the barn against trading post, burrow, and lumber shack. Even the mill for paper and the factory for chairs, window-frames, steam cookers, textiles, underwear, farm machinery, leather goods, automobiles, or the brewery for fresh-water pop were not to prevail against it. Though there is a great playground developing in the wooded and watered northern counties, and though there is an increasingly busy manufacturing strip along the southern Michigan shore, in the cities of Racine, Kenosha, Milwaukee, and Sheboygan, Wisconsin is primarily an agricultural state, thanks to her level and fertile glaciated soil and to the practical hardi-

hood of the vast majority of her settlers, who have been ambitious only of a homestead and acres. Wheat led first; but now, with a start perhaps from the Swiss immigrants and certainly with the scientific coöperation of the University, it's butter and cheese: we are the buttery, cheesery, creamery of the United States. But the barn would vindicate itself only when the land was cleared and ploughed, and the cattle pastured; and all this took time and many people.

The story of the settlement begins with the Black Hawk War. The newspaper correspondents, lacking much martial material about the precipitate retreat of the brave but broken Sauk leader, with his murdered tribesmen and women and children, sent east such detailed and alluring accounts of the country itself that it may not be a fancy to credit them with a part in the foundation of the state. Whatever the origin of the rumor, pioneering families were soon en route: from New York and New England down the Great Lakes or the Ohio, and from the southeast by the old Wilderness Road of Daniel Boone. It is these who began to supply that contribution of native American stock and enterprise, politically and economically dominant in territorial days, and still a good third in numbers and perhaps more than a third in power. The rest is new life out of old Europe. The admission of Wisconsin to statehood coincides historically and symbolically in date with famines, with economic unrest, and with political revolutions on the Continent. Here were broad spaces and easy laws of citizenship—opportunity for bread and votes, a chance to build a house and a commonwealth. The European printing presses spread the news, assisted by promoters on the ground. The boats filled with folk. The Germans came, Carl Schurz among them, with their pastors, Catholic and Protestant. The boats filled with folk. The sons of the Vikings came, with Christ instead of Thor, migrating

as they had done to Iceland and Greenland in neighborhood groups of a hundred or so. The boats filled with folk. Now it was five hundred from a famished Swiss canton, whose government had paid for transportation and for the land which is now New Glarus. Letters went back to the old home and more boats were filled. The Dutch came too. And the Irish. And the Scotch, one family bringing a son named John Muir. And the Welsh. And the Belgians. And the Bohemians. But read the Books of the Chronicles —the *Collections* of the Wisconsin Historical Society, under the editorship of Draper, long dead, and of the late Reuben Thwaites; for the state from within a decade of its statehood has been zealously collecting and recording its origins. There are villages of Icelandic fishermen on Washington Island off Door Peninsula; and even in the last twenty years colonies of Finns have settled on the Superior shore, already influencing the state by their intelligent coöperative methods. Though Poles and Italians are to be found mainly[2] in districts of the factory cities, and though scattered Greeks sell candy or black boots, and Russian Jews collect junk or make pants to help their boys to the University, and a few Cantonese Chinamen, now shorn of their pig-tails, launder collars and cuffs, most of the non-English speaking immigrants, especially in the big years of the settlement, tended to found their own little communities, and have conserved to this day something of native speech or customs—as sometimes the Angelus or a wayside shrine, sometimes wooden shoes, sometimes an outlandish stew or pie. But the achieving of a common action on a common soil, and the sharing of a common stake in a settled as opposed to a roving life, seem to have united them as good Wisconsinians. Often, too, there was intermingling of stocks, by marriage—or socially, as when a stray Norwegian would be assisted, not only by Norse, but by Irish

[2] There is a settlement of agricultural Poles in Portage County.

and German and Anglo-American neighbors, in building his cabin, with its clay or puncheon floor, its one window of greased sheepskin, and its broad bowlder-based chimney that narrowed against the outer side-wall to a square flue of interlaced and mud plastered sticks. If there be any "foreigners" still unbaptized in the Jordan of the New Faith, their home-born schoolma'ams will catch them, who so often go back to their home townspeople after graduating from the University or one of the several state (or county) normal schools, and tactfully carry the good news of Americanism, single negatives, toothbrushes, and operations for adenoids. But there has been little effort to uproot the joy and the pride in the traditions and customs of the several racial strains; and very few feel that the republic is in danger because a high-school class song in the vernacular has, say, a Scandinavian chorus. To be sure, there is, I believe, a well-to-do league in Milwaukee founded since the war to combat, with pamphlets and bibliographies, the menace of socialism, about which most of our citizens are, however, quite as innocent of serious knowledge as the league itself; but there has been no state legislation in Wisconsin outlawing foreign languages, as in more vigilant Iowa and Nebraska. The voluntary participation of such diverse races in the creative energies of the commonwealth is witnessed by the names in *Blue Book*, in University catalogue, and in the lists of bar, bench, and legislature. Down at the capitol the other day I dropped in on one of the numerous commissions—on a Dutchman, an Irishman, a Norwegian, and an Englishman, all four engaged upon the state taxes. Governor Blaine, old American Scotch-Irish on his father's side, is the son of a Norwegian mother who came to America only seven years before he was born.

But the war record of these Germans, Scandinavians, and other foreigners? In the Civil War 'a Wisconsin regiment was worth a battalion' went the saying in the

tents of the generals; and Old Abe, the trained eagle, who perched on the standard-beam going into battle and whirled screaming overhead when the cannon began booming or the charge was on, was a symbol famous all over the North, still recalled at Grand Army encampments, though his stuffed body was burned up in the capitol fire years ago. In the World War, though the compulsory service here as elsewhere renders it impracticable to draw patriotic conclusions from the muster, Wisconsin's voluntary coöperation in the cause at home and abroad was eager and efficient; and there was a noticeable state pride in the fact that so many of originally so diverse races were united in an American enterprise. Wisconsin reacted as all other states in those tense and raucous days, though illustrating perhaps more strikingly than some states with more homogeneous population, the commonalty to all mankind of the more elemental feelings and instincts—the common responsiveness to the war cry, the common susceptibility to mobilization of opinion and emotion. Most so-called pro-Germans in the beginning were the broken-hearted, torn, abused, and frightened citizens of later emigrations, trying often with a higher ethos than the crowd to do their civic duty. Their racial sympathies in 1914–16 had sharpened their eyesight to the real policies of the Allies, albeit they failed often enough to see the real policies of the German government. That minority in Wisconsin that was unconvinced grew every day smaller with the educational program of federal government and state university; and the skeptical or intransigent group that remained in the end is to be distinguished less by the kind of racial stock than by the kind of vision. It is, for instance, unnecessary to attribute the position of Wisconsin's senior Senator to anything but his own vision of affairs—historical, economic, diplomatic.

Far more significant for the fusion of races into one American commonwealth than the recent war records, is Wisconsin's achievement in public welfare: patriotism of one sort is largely a mob emotion; true citizenship is a life. A new technique of service and control has developed from the days when lumber and steel rails corrupted state politics, and Governor La Follette among other vital reforms succeeded in replacing the caucus with the direct primary. It is not socialism, but what its protagonists have called an adventure in democracy. In working to equalize opportunities, to protect the laboring class, to make capital realize its social obligations and public utilities serve the public, to protect natural resources—forests, waters, and metals—to bring health, books, and schooling to all, to develop the broad highways for all—in such matters, Wisconsin, in her legislation by her delegated citizenry and its execution by her delegated experts—the various state commissions—has many aims not unlike the socialist conception of a commonwealth. But in economic principle it is building merely toward a more just and efficient working of the familiar old order—better conditions for a thriving state where production is carried on for profit, not for use, and where competition rather than coöperation rules factories, farms, and markets. Yet coöperative organizations, especially agricultural, are scattered through the state and protected by legislation; and now and then a suspiciously socialistic measure, like compulsory teachers' insurance (from which a University faculty, fervently hostile to socialism, will profit nicely), gets itself written into the statutes. How the University specialists have been called in to assist the law makers; how Frank Hutchins and Charles McCarthy, both gone from us, developed the Legislative Reference Library; how the late President Van Hise gave no little reality to his dream of a university that should

serve all the people of the state—a center for the distribution, even to farm and factory hand and convict, of the long results of the sciences and the arts—all this was in the magazines a decade ago. Our progressive legislation had survived ten years of relatively mild reaction, when the candidate of the Non-Partisan League and the La Follette forces was inaugurated as governor in 1921, and democracy celebrated its triumph by a ball, without white kids, swallow-tails, or decolleté, among the balusters, pilasters, and piers of Italian, Norwegian, or Greek marble, under the dome of the new capitol—the white granite pile erected, it would seem for all time, under the Progressive régime.

Various efforts have been made to "explain Wisconsin." It was usually taken for granted before the war that several of our public welfare devices were the faithful experiments of borrowing for a democracy the efficient technique of bureaucratic Germany, under encouragement by the German element in the state. Much, however, is due to ideas that popped into the heads of the natives. There is a set in Wisconsin toward civic affairs, a concern for the state's welfare, that is in a degree traced by some to the University training under men like Ely and Commons, and especially to John Bascom, president when elder men here were boys in college classes. This spirit communicates itself to the in-comers; the Irishman McCarthy himself, a chief enthusiast and spokesman for the "Wisconsin Idea," came in from Rhode Island, a graduate from Brown. These men get their notions, talk them over, work them out, and obtain interested sponsors at the capitol or the University. There is little noise, fuss, or exaltation. They are quiet, simple-mannered citizens, but far-sighted, energetic, practical schemers for one or another special civic program. Aside from La Follette, Van Hise, McCarthy, and Chief Justice John Winslow, few would probably be called

original or powerful personalities; yet it is they, many of them almost unknown by name even in the state, who best illustrate the kind of leadership that has made the modern Wisconsin. And the public servants—inheritors and conservers of a recent tradition—go about their duties, whether Progressive or Stalwart or Democrat, as naïvely honest as some state officers and their ilk of a former day were naïvely dishonest. The state capitol was building through four administrations, and without, I am told, one penny to graft. The judiciary has not thwarted the Progressive urge; and citizens will quote you with pride the words of the late Chief Justice John Winslow in a supreme court decision: "When an eighteenth century constitution forms the charter of liberty of a twentieth century government, must its general provisions be construed and interpreted by an eighteenth century mind surrounded by eighteenth century conditions and ideals?" The University, with a faculty composed of native born, of Easterners and Westerners, of Canadians and a few Europeans, though today apparently more conservative than the state administration, has been from its beginning in the year the state itself began, true, in spite of brief interregnums of reaction and timidity, in the main true to the bronze tablet on Bascom Hall, just behind the statue of Lincoln on the hill: "Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere, we believe that the great State University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found."

But—but it is a commonplace, of course, that the state of Wisconsin, like all the Middle West, is in the finer things of civilization by and large still crude in sentiment and achievement, still imperfectly organized in effort. She has had from the beginning of her statehood her men and women of broad and cultivated tastes, also concerned for the public welfare in things of the spirit; but they have seldom hit on

a technique of leadership. Thus uncouthness, knowing not itself but glowing with its adventure in democracy, blunders monotonously into a self-expression, which is scarcely the expression of what the best of us hereabouts can do. Not altogether in jest might one propose a state commission for overlooking, say, the English in the guide books to our famous places (the Dalles, Devils Lake, Madison herself of the Four Lakes) and on the signs before the animal cages of our zoölogical gardens, and for hanging the perpetrators of at least one memorial arch and several public buildings. And though we have a library among the greatest in the land, culture is still subordinate to agriculture, the stock pavilion houses our commencements, and a remodelled horse barn our department of art.

However—Wisconsin spells a swift and solid achievement in man's economic and social mastery on one quarter-section of this earth, which less than a hundred years ago was largely as primeval as when the southwind and the northing beast and bird bore in the seeds of grass and trees and berries after the ice age. That there is much yet to do before she ripens a rich and regnant Life is in the nature of things. And the state motto is "Forward."

THE YANKEE AND THE TEUTON IN WISCONSIN

Joseph Schafer

II DISTINCTIVE TRAITS AS FARMERS

The agricultural traits and peculiarities of the nineteenth century Yankees were the resultant of partly contradictory forces, some of them evolutionary, others devolutionary. In England the period of the Puritan migration to America and the half-century antecedent thereto was a time of vigorous agricultural change marked by many improvements in cultivation and in land management. The agrarian revolution introduced by the transfer of church properties to laymen was accompanied by enclosures and a widespread tendency to shift from an uneconomical crop economy to an agriculture governed by business principles. In this new system the production of farm animals—especially sheep—the fertilization of the soil, rotation of crops, and livestock improvement were main factors. Forces and interests were set in motion at this time which, a century or so later, made farming the concern of many of England's leading minds, whose wise and persistent experimentation benefited the whole civilized world.

The few thousand immigrants to the New England colonies, founders of America's Yankeedom, were not all farmers. Some were fishermen, some were small tradesmen, others craftsmen; a few were professional men and soldiers. But a goodly proportion were land owners and peasants, and all had a more or less direct knowledge of the principles and processes which governed English agriculture. The influence of habit, always a determining factor in the transfer of civilization from an old land to a new, caused the occasional reproduction in New England of some features of English farming, especially under village conditions. The

common field system in Old Salem reflected a disappearing element in English farm life, while the commons of hay, commons of pasture, commons of wood, and commons of mast, with their administrative "hay reeve," "hog reeve," "wood reeve," herdsmen, and shepherds, mark a natural imitating of the ways of parish life at home.

But there were differences in the conditions "at home" and in America as wide as those symbolized by the terms "insular," and "continental," applied to the geography of the two countries. Chief among these differences were the generally forested character of the new-world land, the necessity of adapting tillage to an unfamiliar climate, in part to new food cereals, especially Indian corn, and the absolute dependence upon markets which could be created or opened by the colonists themselves. It was in fact the problem of a market which so long subordinated farming proper in New England to a species of country living in which small patches of arable supplied most of the family's food, while forest and stream were the objects of exploitation for marketable furs, for medicinal plants, and for timber products. Yankee ingenuity, which justly became proverbial, had an assignable cause. It was not an inherited quality, or one which was imported and conserved; it was a distinctively American product, explained by the situation of the average New England farmer—who was, by force of circumstances, more of a mechanic and woods worker than a cultivator of the soil. His house, especially in winter, was a busy workshop where clapboards, staves, hoops, heading, ax handles, and a variety of other articles of utility and salability were always in course of manufacture. All the farm "tinkering" was additional thereto.

In his contest with the forest for a livelihood, the Yankee farmer was gradually changed from the eastern New England village type to that of the American "pioneer." His axmanship was unrivaled, his skill in woodscraft, his re-

sourcefulness in the face of untried situations were equal to the best. When the time came for taking agricultural possession of broad spaces in the northern and western interior, the Yankee was the instrument, shaped by four generations of American history, to achieve that object.[1]

This general "handiness" was gained not without a partial loss of such acquired knowledge and skill in agriculture proper as the first immigrants brought from England. Close, careful cultivation was impossible among the stumps and girdled trees of new clearings; the amplitude of natural meadows and the superabundance of "browse" relieved settlers from the sharp necessity of providing artificially for the winter feeding of cattle; the mast of oak trees and the wealth of nuts, supplementing summer "greens," roots, grass, and wild apples, supplied most of the requisites for finishing off pork. Under these conditions farming even at best was an entirely different thing from what it had been at home. At its worst, it was a crude process, affording a vegetative kind of existence, but nothing more. In fact, farming in the New England states hardly attained the status of a business until the nineteenth century, though in some portions it gave the farmer and his family a generous living and afforded a few luxuries. It made thousands of persons independent proprietors who could not have reached that station at home; it gave the farmers as a class a commanding influence in politics and society; "embattled," it enabled them to wrest their country's independence from the awkward hands of a bungling monarchy. In short, it contributed incalculably to their importance as men in history. The indications are, however, that as farmers the

[1] Michel Chevalier, *Society, Manners, and Politics in the United States* (Boston, 1839), chap. x, 112-113, 117, says: "Loading a wagon with a plough, a bed, a barrel of salt meat, the indispensable supply of tea and molasses, a Bible and a wife, and with his axe on his shoulder, the Yankee sets out for the West, without a servant, without an assistant, often without a companion, to build himself a log hut, six hundred miles from his father's roof, and clear away a spot for a farm in the midst of the boundless forest. . . . He is incomparable as a pioneer, unequalled as a settler of the wilderness."

fourth generation of *Mayflower* descendants were decidedly inferior to the original Pilgrims and Puritans.

The third generation were probably less skillful than the fourth. For, by the time of the Revolution there were farming areas in southern New England that were looking up. Timothy Dwight, near the end of the century, found and recorded some of the evidences of a movement to improve cultivation, to fertilize the soil, to better the character of farm livestock—a movement which had been going forward under impulses communicated from England, where the eighteenth century was peculiarly fruitful in agricultural development. Dwight was enough of an idealist to appreciate the limits of the improvement thus far reached. Yet he did insist, with evident justice, that the farming of the Connecticut valley and of eastern Massachusetts was at least respectable. Fields were well cleared and carefully cultivated, clover began to be used as a feeding and green manure crop, the beginnings had been made of a system of rotation of crops, livestock was of relatively good quality—especially in certain Connecticut towns which were already noted for the weight of the bullocks they furnished to the commissary department of Washington's army. By that time, also, leading men in New England lent their influence toward the building up of the agricultural interest; agricultural societies were organized and essays on agriculture came to have considerable vogue. Some importations of pure-bred livestock from England took place. The first merino sheep were brought in from France, then larger numbers from Spain by Consul William Jarvis. In 1810 Elkanah Watson established his Berkshire County Agricultural Society, with the county fair which became the model for subsequent county and state fairs the country over.

When Tom Paine predicted in 1776 that an independent America would prosper "as long as eating continues to be

the custom of Europe,"[2] he assumed one point about which some doubt might in future arise: Would Europe always have the wherewithal to purchase American foodstuffs at prices which would compensate our people for growing them and delivering them to the market? During the continuance of the long revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, Europe managed to make good Paine's prophecy, and prices at the close of the wars ruled high. There followed the great expansion era which spread American farmers over the New West, both south and north, into which Yankees entered to a large extent.

The good prices did not hold. Food could be raised cheaply, but markets were costly to reach, even with the new wizardry of the steamboat, and something gigantic was called for in the way of internal improvements. The answer was at first canals, afterwards railroads. At the same time, something had to be done by the farmer himself if the entire structure of American agriculture, now becoming conscious of its own embarrassments, was not to go down. The answer to this was *better farming.* It was in 1819, the panic year, that John S. Skinner founded at Baltimore the *American Farmer*, first of the distinctively farm journals which almost immediately had a small group of successors. Among them were the *New England Farmer*, the *Albany Cultivator*, the *Pennsylvania Farmer*, the *Rural New Yorker*, the *Vermont Farmer*, the *Ohio Farmer*, etc.

Yankeedom was a good social soil for these journals. The all but universal literacy of the people, their curiosity, their love of argument and disputation, their habit of experimentation, all tended both to give currency to the new ideas presented and to sift the practical and valuable from the merely theoretic and futile. Thus was introduced, in a period of prevailing "hard times," a meliorating influence destined to reach a very large proportion of the

[2] See his *Common Sense* (Philadelphia, 1791).

settlers in those sections, particularly Vermont, western New York, northern Pennsylvania and Ohio, from which the bulk of the Yankee pioneers of Wisconsin were drawn a quarter of a century later. The effect of county and state fairs was to deepen and fructify the influence of the new agricultural press.

It will be understood that the actual "shoring up" of agricultural practice came about with relative slowness. Yet, it soon began here and there, and by a kind of mild infection spread gradually over wide areas. Only in crisis periods, with the introduction of new methods to suit new market conditions, was progress ever very rapid. To illustrate, as early as 1820 Josiah Quincy was advocating and practising the summer soiling of cattle, especially milch cows, and demonstrating the profitableness of the system for the region near Boston. It was a long time before soiling became common even in that district, but this experiment engendered better care of livestock. The same careful, experimental farmer demonstrated the economy of using good-sized whole potatoes for seed, as against the practice of planting seed ends and small tubers; other farmers were slow to adopt the idea, which is not yet universally followed, yet some improvement doubtless came from the publication of Quincy's findings.

What, then, were the general farming habits of the Yankees who form the background of Wisconsin's pioneer age? First of all, they lived in decent houses which were usually of lumber. Dwight contended that not one New England village in a hundred was disfigured with the presence of even one log house. He also gives the result of a count made in 1810 of the log houses along the road from New Haven to Windsor in Vermont, thence across the Green Mountains to Middlebury, and back by a direct route to New Haven, a distance of over 460 miles, much of it through new settlements. It showed only fifteen to

Middlebury and thirty-two on the return route. It seems to have been a matter of pride with the Yankee to desert his pioneer log house as quickly as possible. His personal skill with tools, and abundance of saw timber, made the construction of a frame house a family undertaking calling for labor indeed, but only a minimum of hired skill; and for little material involving the outlay of actual money. So the frame houses rose wherever the Yankees settled. Along the great road from Albany to Buffalo, in western New York, they began to spring up before the settlements were ten years old. When, about twenty-five years later, travelers passed that way they saw many houses of squared, framed timbers, covered over neatly with boards at the sides and ends, and roofed with shingles.[3] These common frame houses were sufficiently inartistic, no doubt. Perhaps, as one traveler remarks, they did look like "huge packing boxes." Similar architectural designs can be seen scattered over the West—and the East, too—at this late date. Still, they were more commodious than the log houses, and improved the families' living conditions. The next stage was likely to mark a very distinct advance. "In the more cleared and longer settled parts of the country," says a none too sympathetic English traveler, "we saw many detached houses, which might almost be called villas, very neatly got up, with rows of wooden columns in front, aided by trees and tall shrubs running round and across the garden which was prettily fenced in, and embellished with a profusion of flowers." Yankees had the habit of building by the roadside, whatever the economic disadvantages of such a situation, because it enabled them to keep in touch with the world—a reason which is by no means frivolous, and for them highly characteristic.

We have no such definite account of the Yankee farmers'

[3] See Captain Basil Hall, *Travels in North America in the Years 1827 and 1828* (Edinburgh, 1829), i, 130.

barns as of those of Pennsylvania Germans. It is true that Dwight, speaking for the older New England, suggests that the barn was apt to be a much better structure than the house. The custom, however, noted by travelers in New York and elsewhere, of letting cattle run at large all winter without shelter other than trees and brush, and perhaps the straw pile or rick of marsh hay, argues that stabling was furnished for only a minimum number of work oxen, horses—if such there were—and perhaps in some cases cows in milk. It undoubtedly was not the practice to house stock cattle, or even—except in isolated cases—to feed them in sheds. The advocates of careful sheltering who wrote for the agricultural journals recognized that the weight of opinion was against sheltering stock. They compromised with that opinion by recommending sheds for young stock and dry cows, and warm barns only for milking cows and work animals.[4] Yet, some of the leading cattle feeders of the Genesee valley, as late as the year 1842, were content to scatter loads of hay over meadows and through brush patches for the hundreds of beef cattle they were wintering.[5]

The livestock, except sheep and pigs, was still by 1840 prevailingly of no breed. Nevertheless, Durhams and Devons were coming into use. The Patroon stock of shorthorns, introduced in 1824 from England by Stephen Van Rensellaer, of Albany, gained its first customers apparently among the English farmers of western New York, but gradually made its way among the Yankees as well. Other importations were soon made, so that by 1840 there were several prominent herds of purebreds in that section of the state. In 1842 it was said of the Genesee County Fair that "with the exception of some working oxen and one cow not a single animal of native cattle was in the yard. All were either pure or grade Durhams or Devons. . . .

[4] *American Agriculturist*, i (1842), 115 ff.

[5] Captain Robert Barclay, *Agricultural Tour in the United States* . . . (London, 1842), 41.

Bulls were shown by some six or seven competitors. Among them were four thoroughbred ones and one of those imported."[6] It is clear that by the time emigration to Wisconsin began to take place, actual progress had been made and the entire body of Yankee farmers had been indoctrinated with the idea of better livestock. Sheep and pigs were already largely improved, the former prevailingly through the cross with the merinos, the latter with Berkshires and other English breeds. The Morgan horse, a Vermont product, was gaining wide popularity.

From what has been said of the care of livestock, it follows that the possibilities of the farm for the manufacture of fertilizer were generally neglected. English travelers were apt to insist that this neglect was universal, but there were, of course, numerous exceptions. Farming was extensive, not intensive. Lands were cleared by chopping or "slashing" the timber, burning brush and logs, then harrowing among the stumps to cover the first-sown wheat seed. In a few years, with the rotting of the smaller stumps and the roots, the plow could be used, though always with embarrassment on account of the large stumps which thickly studded the fields. These disappeared gradually, being allowed to stand till so fully decayed that a few strokes with ax or mattock would dislodge them. As late as 1830 many fields in western New York were stump infested.

Wheat was the great, almost the sole, market crop, and it was grown year after year till the soil ceased to respond. From bumper yields of twenty-five or thirty bushels per acre the returns fell off to twenty, fifteen, and then twelve, ten, or even eight. The process of decline was well under way when the immigration to Wisconsin set in, and already the turn had come toward a more definite livestock economy, which in large portions of New York soon gave rise to a system of factory cheese making. A

[6] *American Agriculturist*, i, 311.

A FARM NEAR ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, IN 1827

From Captain Basil Hall's *Forty Etchings from Sketches Made with the Camera Lucida.* London, 1829

main reason for the removal to the West, on the part of farmers whose holdings were too small to make successful stock farms, or who refused to abandon wheat raising as a business, was that lands in the West could be had already cleared by nature. Many half-cleared farms, with customary buildings and fences, could in the forties be purchased in western New York for from four to eight dollars per acre. Instead of buying these farms, the young men preferred going to Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, or Wisconsin, those having such farms for sale doing likewise after selling out to neighbors, usually the larger farmers, who elected to remain and change their system of farming. In Vermont we have a similar story, in Ohio the same. The Yankee farmers who came to Wisconsin were generally at home either small farmers or the sons of farmers large or small: while a certain proportion of the larger farmers, by reason of debt or desire to extend their business, also sold out and came west to buy cheap lands on the prairies or in the openings.

An agriculture which dates from before the time of Tacitus, and which acquired permanent characteristics from the influence of Roman merchants, monastics, and feudatories in Roman and medieval times, was bound to differ widely and even fundamentally from the agriculture of a far flung American frontier. The Germans who met the Yankee immigrants in primitive Wisconsin brought an inheritance of habit and training analogous to that of the English Puritan emigrants to New England, but with the difference that the Germans' training had continued two hundred years longer, on similar lines. They were old-world cultivators, the Yankees new-world cultivators.

Tacitus says in one place: "The Germans live scattered and apart, as a spring, a hill, or a wood entices them."[7]

[7] *Germania* (translated slightly differently in University of Pennsylvania *Translations and Reprints*), 11.

Nineteenth century German economists complained that German farmsteads were seated often most inconveniently with reference to the management of the farm lands pertaining to them. They had been established, in the days of long ago, by lakeside, brook, or river under conditions in which access to water was the most important single consideration. They had never been moved, although gradually the arable stretched far back from the dwelling, and the pasture perhaps was located in a wholly detached area.[8] This description applies to portions of northern Germany where farms were large and farming had the status of a regular and dignified business.

Many individuals and families came to Wisconsin from districts like Mecklenburg, Prussia, Pomerania, though in the emigrations of the 1840's and fifties the great majority were from southern and central German states. It will be one of the interesting inquiries in connection with our study of local influences in Wisconsin towns (*Domesday Book Studies*), how far the special regional inheritances of foreign born settlers manifested themselves in Wisconsin communities. The presumption, about the north German, would be that his farming operations would tend to be on a large scale, under a business system which—in this new land—would slough off such anacronisms as the dislocated farmstead, and present the features of an ideal establishment. But it may be that the forest was such a powerful leveler as to obliterate most of the regional distinctions among immigrants. Our chief concern, at all events, is with that great body of German farmers, and intending farmers, who came from the southwestern states of the recent Empire, especially Alsace, Baden, Württemberg, Rhine Palatinate, Rhenish Prussia, Hesse, Nassau, Westphalia—to some extent Bavaria and Saxony.

[8] J. H. von Thünen, *Der Isolierte Staat* (Berlin, 1875), 103 ff., "Ueber die Lage der Höfe in Mecklenburg."

The fundamental facts about the home conditions of these people, so far as they were farmers at home, were the smallness of their holdings, their intensive cultivation, and the almost universal village type of life. Travelers of about 1840 describe the typical middle Rhine country as a highly cultivated plain without division hedges or fences other than the tree-bordered roads, with no separate farm dwellings and with no livestock in sight. The crops of several kinds being arranged in various shaped fields, patches, and strips, the plain looked like the proverbial "crazy-quilt." Villages were huddled at the edges of woods, and occasionally in the midst of the cultivated area. Their houses, which were not arranged on a regular plan, were usually large stone structures, the farm yard, with tools, implements, manure and compost heaps, occupying a kind of court at the rear.

As a rule, all animals were housed winter and summer. Here was an important difference to the farming of the north, where large herds of cattle could be seen pasturing ample meadows, or ruminating in the shade of buildings or of woods. The soiling system was universally practiced in summer. Grass land being scarce and precious, feed for the cows was laboriously gathered along the brookside, in the open spaces of the forest, along all the roads, in the cemeteries, and the greens before the houses. The weeds and thinnings from the growing crops went to the same object. Vegetable tops were a great resource in late summer and fall, and patches of clover, while insuring green feed, furnished hay as well. In places the growing of sugar beets for the market was a leading agricultural enterprise, and the tops of the beets were carefully cured for winter feed.

The cultivation was intensive both in that it aimed at the maximum produce from given areas, and in that the crops raised included some which called for very special

care. Some sections grew tobacco, in connection with which much hand work was indispensable. This crop also called for care in seed selection, in germinating, and in preparing the ground for the reception of the young plants. Beet culture for sugar making involved perhaps not less care, and doubtless more hand labor. Of similar but less particularity was the growing of root crops for stock feed, the orcharding, which was general, and the vine dressing, incident to the business of special districts.

There were, of course, many farmers and farms in the region indicated and in other contributory regions, which were not so widely different from the average of those in America. Yet, on the whole, it can be said that the German husbandman, in training and habit, was analogous to our modern truck farmer or orchardist, rather than to our general farmer. He was a specialist in soils, in fertilizing and preparing them for different crops, in planting, stirring, weeding, irrigating; in defending plants against insect pests, seasonal irregularities, and soil peculiarities; he throve by hoeing, dragging, trimming, pruning, sprouting; by curing and conserving plants, roots, grasses, grains, and fruits. His livestock economy was incidental, yet very important. It supplied the necessary fertilizer to maintain soil productivity; it afforded milk, beef, pork, butter, cheese, wool. It gave him his draft animals, often cows instead of oxen, and economized every bit of grass and forage which his situation produced.

Improvement of livestock appears to have affected southwestern Germany prior to 1850 very little as compared with the pastoral countries of England, Holland, Friesland, and north Germany. The animals kept by the village farmers were therefore not remarkable for quality. But they were usually well housed, and the feed and care they received made up in considerable measure for the absence of superior blood.

The various states of Germany, by 1840, were maintaining schools of agriculture, a species of experiment stations for the dissemination of such scientific agricultural information as was then available. To some extent, therefore, farming was beginning to be scientific. But, prevailingly it was intensely practical, the appropriate art connected with the growing of every distinct crop being handed on from father to son, from farmer to laborer.

One could almost predict how farmers thus trained would react to the new environment of the Wisconsin wilderness. Taking up a tract of forested land or buying a farm with a small clearing upon it, their impulse would be, with the least possible delay, to get a few acres thoroughly cleared, subdued to the plow, and in a high state of tilth. Exceptions there were, to be sure, but on the whole the German pioneers were not content to slash and burn their timber. After the timber was off, the stumps must come out, forthwith, to make the tract fit for decent cultivation. Was it the Germans who introduced in land clearing the custom of "grubbing" instead of "slashing"? This meant felling the tree by undermining it, chopping off roots underground at a safe depth, taking out grub and all, instead of cutting it off above ground. In timber of moderate growth this practice proved fairly expeditious and highly successful, for once a tract was grubbed, the breaking plow encountered no serious obstruction. A good "grubber" among later immigrants could always count on getting jobs from established German farmers.[9]

To the American, who was content to plow around his stumps every year for a decade, to cultivate around them, cradle or reap around them, it seemed that his German

[9] In southwestern Wisconsin, about 1870, a respectable German farmer announced to his relatives the marriage of his daughter to a man who had arrived but recently and had the status of a mere laborer. To parry all questions about the suitability of the groom, who was known to be addicted to liquor and other vices, the farmer added: "I'm very willing to give him my daughter, for he is the best 'grubber' I've ever had on my farm."

neighbor was using some kind of magic to exorcise his stumps. The magic was merely human muscle, motivated by a psychology which inhibited rest so long as a single stump remained in the field.

The German not only used the heaps of farm yard fertilizer which, on buying out the original entryman, he commonly found on the premises, but he conserved all that his livestock produced, and frequently, if not too distant from town or village, became a purchaser of the commodity of which liverymen, stock yard keepers, and private owners of cow or horse were anxious to be relieved. The manufacture of fertilizer was a prime reason for stabling his livestock. The other was his fixed habit of affording animals such care. Not all Germans built barns at once, but the majority always tried to provide warm sheds, at least, whereas Yankee and Southwesterner alike were very prone to allow their animals to huddle, humped and shivering, all winter on the leeward side of house or granary, or in clumps of sheltering brush or trees.[10] The German was willing to occupy his log house longer, if necessary, in order to gain the means for constructing adequate barns and sheds.

Germans were not one-crop farmers. The lands they occupied, usually forested, could not be cleared fast enough at best to enable them to raise wheat on a grand scale, as the Yankees did in the open lands of the southeast and west. Their arable was extended only a few acres per year, and while that was being done the German farmers grew a little of everything—wheat, rye, corn, oats, barley, potatoes, roots. Clover was to them a favorite forage, hay, and green manure crop. In growing it, they used gypsum freely. This policy of clover growing, adopted gradually

[10] When John Kerler settled near Milwaukee in 1848, he bought a farm on which was no provision for sheltering livestock other than work animals. He built a barn at once, refusing to permit, for a single winter, the cruel American practice of leaving cattle out in the cold. His case is typical.

by all farmers, was one of the means finally relied on by the wheat farmers to restore the productivity of their abused soils.

In ways such as the above, German farmers helped to save Wisconsin agriculture in the period of stress when wheat growing failed and before coöperative dairying entered. They were not the chief influence in popularizing improved livestock. Credit for that innovation must be awarded to the Yankees. They had resumed in the eastern states the English tradition of breeding, and brought it into Wisconsin where, by means of state and county fairs and an active agricultural press, it was ultimately borne in upon the minds of all farmers, Germans among the rest.[11]

Neither did the Germans lead in developing the new agriculture, of which coöperative dairying was the keystone. Yankee leadership therein, too, was the dominant influence. Yet, it was the Germans, Scandinavians, and other foreigners—and numerically Germans were in the majority—who, by virtue of their agricultural morale, their steadiness in carrying out plans, their patience and perseverance, have made the dairy business of Wisconsin the great industry it has become.

Above all, the Germans persisted as farmers. They prospered not dramatically, like some of the more successful of the Yankee farmers, but by little and little they saved money, bought more land, better stock, and built better homes. When Yankee farmers, discouraged or impoverished by the failure of wheat, offered their farms for sale preparatory to "going west," Germans who had managed their smaller farms more carefully stood ready to buy; when Yankees who were tired of being "tied to a cow" wanted to go to Montana, Oregon, or Wyoming to raise steers by wholesale, on the ranching plan, they sold out to Germans who made the dairy farms pay larger dividends year by

[11] See the author's *History of Agriculture in Wisconsin* (Madison, 1922), *passim.*

year. When Yankee farmers retired to the city, or went into business, which in recent decades they have done by thousands, Germans were among those who were the keenest bidders for their farm properties. In a word, the German has succeeded agriculturally through the more and more perfect functioning, in this new land, of qualities imparted by the training and inheritance which he brought with him from the old world. On the whole, Germans have kept clear of speculation, preferring to invest their savings in neighboring lands with which they were intimately familiar, or to lend to neighboring farmers on farm mortgage security. In the aggregate, German farmers in Wisconsin have long had vast sums at interest. The Institute for Research in Land Economics (University of Wisconsin) has completed investigations which show that the nation's area of lowest farm mortgage interest rates (5.2 per cent or less) coincides very closely with the great maple forest of eastern Wisconsin, which has been held, from the first, predominantly by German farmers.

We have no desire to minimize the factor contributed to Wisconsin's agriculture by the Yankees. They were the prophets and the organizers of the farmers' movement. Their inherent optimism, their speculative bent, their genius for organization were indispensable to its success. "Anything is possible to the American people," shouted the mid-century American orator from a thousand Fourth of July rostrums, therein merely reflecting what the mass of his hearers religiously believed. When agriculture had to be remade in Wisconsin, the Yankee's intelligence told him in what ways it must be improved, and his tact, courage, and address enabled him to enlist and organize the means for remaking it. When the Yankee was convinced, by his farm paper or by the exhibitions, that a purebred animal was a good investment, his speculative spirit sent him to his banker to borrow a thousand dollars, and to a distant

breeder to make what his more timid German neighbor would call a "mighty risky investment"—for the animal might die! Finally, when local organization was required to secure a cheese factory, a creamery, or a dairy board of trade, the Yankee by virtue of his community leadership was usually able to effect the desired result.

Wisconsin's almost unique success in agriculture is due to no single or even dual factor. But among the human elements which have been most potent in producing the result, none is of more significance than the fortunate blend in her population of the Yankee and the Teuton.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE WISCONSIN DEPARTMENT

Hosea W. Rood

ORIGIN OF THE G. A. R.

From the third day of February to the fourth of March, 1864, General Sherman led an army of about twenty-five thousand men from Vicksburg eastward across the state of Mississippi, to Meridian and back, for the purpose of destroying Confederate railroads. There was little fighting, not much to do besides tearing up the roads and burning the ties—this work, of course, being done by the men in the ranks.

Surgeon Benjamin F. Stephenson and Chaplain William J. Rutledge belonged to the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. They were tent mates and close companions. Since there was not much for them to do on this rather quiet expedition, they rode along side by side and held converse about the close bond of friendship that was becoming more and more manifest among the comrades they had seen so long together. Their regiment had suffered severely in battle, and the survivors were being drawn more and more closely together. They said to one another that this comradeship would not be at all likely to come to an end with the conclusion of the war; that not only would the memory of common hardship and suffering, common dangers, the common loss of "bunkies" in battle, the hospital, or the prison pen, the recollection of jolly good times together in camp and on the march, unite them in the bonds of fraternity, but also the fact that they had fought for a common cause—the saving of our country and its free institutions from disunion. These two comrades were men of vision; they felt that the sentiment of patriotism should be cultivated

among the citizens of our republic, both old and young, in order that another war between different sections of our country might be made impossible. They agreed that no organized effort could better encourage and strengthen such patriotic sentiment than an association of those men who had proved their patriotism by their self-sacrificing service in the War for the Union. They dwelt much upon the good they hoped would come through an organization. They even went so far as to outline in their thoughts a ritual for use in their proposed association of Civil War veterans.

When the war came to an end, Chaplain Rutledge and Dr. Stephenson did not forget what they had talked about on the Meridian expedition; they soon began a correspondence concerning their proposed plan. In March, 1866, they met in Springfield, Illinois, and there spent some time together arranging a form of ceremony for the society they had in mind. Even before this meeting, Dr. Stephenson, after talking the matter over with several army comrades, had planned a service and even gone so far as personally to pledge some of them for Grand Army work. No records were made of these matters at the time, yet different persons have since told what was done then.

One of Dr. Stephenson's active associates was Captain John S. Phelps, who had served in Company B of the Thirty-second Illinois Infantry. Phelps was a young man, practical and energetic. He urged Dr. Stephenson to make a beginning at once and to muster a Grand Army post in Springfield; yet the organization was then only in its formative stage. After considerable correspondence between men interested in the matter, and a careful revision of Dr. Stephenson's draft of a ritual, he, calling himself department commander for Illinois, issued a charter for the organization of a post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Decatur, Illinois; and this post, on the sixth of April, 1866,

was mustered by Dr. Stephenson, assisted by Captain Phelps. Thus was the first Grand Army post organized at Decatur, Illinois, three days less than a year after the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It was known as Post Number One. Not long after, Number Two was organized at Springfield.

The first department convention of the Grand Army in Illinois was held in Springfield, July 12, 1866. What was then called a department convention came later to be known as an encampment, and all department and national meetings of the Grand Army are still so called. At this Springfield encampment General John M. Palmer was chosen department commander.

ORGANIZATION IN WISCONSIN

Before the Grand Army was organized in Illinois, various associations of soldiers had been formed under different names, some of which were manipulated for political purposes. In some of the cities and larger villages in Wisconsin had been formed soldiers' and sailors' leagues. These were not acting under a state organization, but were independent one of another. They had, however, common objects: the relief of indigent veterans; the securing of employment for those out of work; and the advancement in other ways of the interests of ex-soldiers and ex-sailors. General James K. Proudfit, late colonel of the Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry, was president of the league at Madison, and George F. Rowell secretary. When Comrade Rowell heard of the formation of a Grand Army post at Decatur, Illinois, he wrote to Springfield asking for information concerning the movement. In response he received copies of the constitution, with a request that the Grand Army be organized in Wisconsin. Copies of this constitution were sent to officers of other leagues. Correspondence with influential veterans in various parts of the state led General

Proudfit to issue a call for a convention in Madison, on June 7, 1866. On that date a large and harmonious meeting was held. Major Robert M. Woods came up from Illinois to give information and, if required, to aid in the organization of the Department of Wisconsin.

At this meeting resolutions were unanimously adopted to accept the plans of organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, and to urge all soldiers' and sailors' leagues to organize thereunder as posts of the Grand Army. Also the following was adopted as prepared by the committee on resolutions, chairman General Thomas S. Allen, later secretary of state:

Resolved, That we tender our grateful acknowledgment for the just and kindly spirit manifested by Congress in the passage of resolutions in favor of giving the preference in appointment to positions of honor and profit within the gift of the National Government, other things being equal, to those who faithfully served in the Union army during the war of the rebellion, and for the recent circular of the President of the United States of the same import, and that the propriety and justice of exercising such discrimination in case of those who have been disabled while in the service of their country are too obvious to be questioned. At the same time we disclaim any disposition on the part of the brave and patriotic men whom we represent, the volunteer soldiers of Wisconsin, to claim office as the reward of their services, or to place themselves in the position of clamorous office seekers. They regard, as every true American should, the independence of private life and the prizes that wait upon individual enterprises in the industrial and business pursuits open to all in this free land as offering incentives to a worthy ambition preferable to those offered by a greedy scramble for place and the favor of politicians; and they receive the fulsome flatteries and unsolicited promises of demagogues of whatever party assumes that the soldiers who risked their lives in defense of their country are a horde of greedy office seekers capable of being lured by promises of official patronage into the service of political tricksters, with feelings of profound disgust and indignation.

The officers elected at this first meeting for the Department of Wisconsin were: commander, General James K. Proudfit; adjutant general, George F. Rowell; quartermaster general, Edward Coleman; surgeon, Dr. L. H. Cary; council of administration, General Thomas S. Allen, General Jeremiah M. Rusk, Colonel A. J. Bartlett, and Colonel E. A.

Calkins. This was quite an array of generals and colonels. Later, the rules and regulations were so changed as to exclude the use of all such titles, and to require the term "comrade" to be applied to every member alike.

Since the Department of Illinois was not organized until July 12, 1866, Wisconsin, organized June 7, was the first by thirty-five days. Yet in the parades of the Grand Army at national encampments, Illinois is given the head of the procession because the order had its origin there, with the first organized post—that at Decatur, April 6, 1866. Wisconsin, however, always comes second in the procession.

On the ninth of June, two days after the organization of the Department of Wisconsin, the Soldiers' and Sailors' League of Madison held its regular session. At that meeting this question arose: Shall we reorganize as a post of the Grand Army of the Republic? After due discussion a motion to do so was carried, though not unanimously. The league then adjourned, and those not in favor of such reorganization withdrew, after which the comrades remaining took the Grand Army obligation, and elected as officers: Captain J. W. Talford, late of Company G of the Twenty-third Wisconsin, commander; Henry Sandford, of Company F of the Second Wisconsin Infantry, adjutant. There were seventeen charter members. The post was named after Cassius Fairchild, late colonel of the Sixteenth Wisconsin. The next day, June 10, the post was given the charter under which it is now working. It has the oldest charter of any existing Grand Army post. There was a time when the meetings of this post were suspended, yet the charter was kept and it now hangs upon the wall of the post hall at 118 Monona Avenue. The post at Berlin was chartered September 8, 1866. It has kept up an unbroken record, and is the oldest post in the order that has done so. Its members claim that it is the oldest Grand Army post in the world, yet Madison has the oldest charter. Though it

slept awhile, it was not dead. Its new roster for January 1, 1922, contains the names of ninety-eight members in good standing. Since 1896 it has borne the name of Lucius Fairchild, a charter member who died May 26 of that year. It has had in all 707 members.

CONSTITUTION OF THE GRAND ARMY

The declaration of principles in the constitution of the Grand Army of the Republic, as written by Adjutant General Robert M. Woods, contains the following schedule of the objects to be accomplished by this organization:

1. To preserve those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together, with the strong cords of love and affection, the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges, and marches.
2. To make these ties available in works and results of kindness of favor and material aid to those in need of assistance.
3. To make provision, where it is not already done, for the support, care, and education of soldiers' orphans, and for the maintenance of the widows of deceased soldiers.
4. To protect and assist disabled soldiers, whether because of wounds, sickness, old age, or misfortune.
5. To establish and defend the late soldiery of the United States morally, socially, and politically, with a view of inculcating a proper appreciation of their services to the country, and to a recognition of such services and claims by the American people.

To this last section, at the national encampment in 1868, these words were added: "But this association does not design to make nominations for office or to use its influence as a secret organization for political purposes." It may be said in this connection that from time to time, in both department and national encampments, resolutions have been passed against anything of a political nature being discussed in post meetings, declaring that the Grand Army is not a political organization. Politics and Grand Army matters were to be kept separate. In some cases resolutions were passed requesting members of the order to wear neither their uniforms nor their badges at political meetings.

Here is the sixth principle established by the constitution of the Grand Army of the Republic:

6. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America based upon paramount respect for, and fidelity to, the national constitution and laws, manifested by the discountenance of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason, or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights, and justice to all men.

Fraternity, charity, loyalty—these are the words in which are condensed the expression of the foregoing principles. From its organization they have been the legend of the Grand Army of the Republic. They express the thought of Chaplain Rutledge and Dr. Stephenson as they rode and talked together on the Meridian expedition. From the time when the Grand Army of the Republic was organized, these three—fraternity, charity, loyalty, "F, C, and L"—have been its cardinal virtues; and they will continue so to be until the last Grand Army man has gone into camp.

RAPID GROWTH AND DECLINE

The Department of Illinois was organized July 12, 1866, and there was so much enthusiasm among the young men in those days, that four years later the department commander reported to national headquarters the existence of 330 posts; yet there soon came to be as rapid a decline in both membership and the number of posts. Two years later, the adjutant general of the order visited Illinois to find out for himself the condition of affairs. He was told that there were then twenty-five posts in working order, when as a matter of fact there was only one—that at Rockford, which had been chartered October 3, 1866. In 1872 four posts were reported in working order in Illinois, and dues were paid on 246 members. After that there was again an increase in membership. There is no record of any department meeting in Illinois after the organization, July 12, 1866, until February, 1872, since which time encampments have been held every year up to the present.

It may be said that from about the year 1868 until 1877

the membership of the order was very greatly reduced everywhere. There are no available records of the number belonging to the order during those years, but from 1878 we have the recorded membership for every year up to the present. In 1878 there were 31,016 members, and the number increased year by year, so that ten years later there were 372,960. Two years later there were 409,489, when the membership went over the top, and began again to decrease. In 1920 it had come down to 103,258, with 4604 posts in good standing. In the year 1919, 8931 members died. The average age of all the comrades at the present time is seventy-nine.

Some causes for the first falling off in membership were the following:

1. Records were carelessly kept, or not kept at all. Some department commanders declared that because of this lack of records and making of proper reports they could not tell how many posts there were in their respective states, and their membership dues for the support of the national organization were not paid. This lack of accurate business methods tended toward demoralization—as it does in every enterprise.

2. Very soon after the organization of the Grand Army, three grades of membership were established—*recruit*, *soldier*, and *veteran*. As a member passed from the lowest grade to a higher, he came into possession of greater privileges. It was at first thought that this graded system—first, second, and third degrees—would prove attractive, and be an inducement to the boys to come into the order, and then seek rank distinction. But it worked just the other way. The comrades had seen enough of rank in the army, and so did not care to perpetuate it as citizens. This graded system had much influence in reducing the Grand Army membership, and in 1871 it was abolished.

3. Though resolutions had been passed from time to time against bringing politics into the Grand Army, some members were inclined to attend political meetings, wearing their badges or uniforms. Those were exciting times politically, and occasionally some of the comrades manifested their partisanship as members of the Grand Army. In just so far as they did this they created a prejudice against the order—all this in direct opposition to its established principles. There were politicians bidding for what was called the "soldier vote," and they did—as they always do in such seeking for votes—a great deal of mischief. It took a long time for the Grand Army to rid itself of this outside political influence and the prejudice it induced. Yet in due time it was successful, and people came to know that the Grand Army never was a political organization. All along it has held to its fundamental principles of fraternity, charity, and loyalty.

4. One more cause for the loss in membership of the Grand Army soon after its organization was the fact that young men are apt, when a movement is popular, to go into it with enthusiasm; and then by-and-by, when it loses its novelty, to become indifferent. Many of the soldier boys just home from the war were barely out of their teens. As a sort of plaything the Grand Army was at first interesting—afterward not so much so. Fifteen years later those boys, grown to maturity, came to understand how much this organization for fraternity, charity, and loyalty was worth, and it began then to have a substantial growth. Since then the loss has been through old age, feebleness, and death.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENTS, DEPARTMENT AND NATIONAL

A department in most cases comprises a state; in three or four of them there are two states. There are forty-four departments in all. Each of these departments holds an

annual encampment for the transaction of business, and a fraternal reunion. Every local post sends representatives, the number depending upon its membership. These meetings last two or three days. In the same city where the encampment is held, and during the same week, our allied patriotic societies hold their annual meetings. These societies are: the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary of the Grand Army; the Sons of Veterans, and their auxiliary; the Ladies of the Grand Army; and the Daughters of the Grand Army. The representatives of all these organizations coming thus together make up an attendance of several hundred people, all imbued with a common patriotic purpose. It is also a fraternal gathering with much of social enjoyment.

There are two especial features in the program of every Grand Army encampment—the camp fire and the parade; the camp fire in the evening of the first day, and the parade in the forenoon of the second day. For the camp fire some particularly strong speaker is secured, and there is such music as the local committee sees fit to provide. When it is practicable to do so, the presence of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army is secured. It is not easy for him to visit every one of the forty-four encampments. He attends as many of them as he can. The encampment parade always draws a big crowd of people from both the city and the surrounding country. The boys and girls in particular —dismissed from school for the occasion—come with their flags and banners to look upon the patriotic pageant. Their youthful enthusiasm, as the old comrades march by, adds very much to the liveliness of the scene. Sometimes the members of the allied patriotic societies join the procession, which makes the parade all the more attractive. It has for some years been predicted, as the rather feeble remnant of the Grand Army has passed in parade, that, because the men are coming to be so old, they would not march at

another encampment; yet they have kept marching along, and will continue to do so as long as they meet in encampment. The parade seems to be the most essential feature of the occasion.

The business meetings at the national encampment, held every year in the early autumn, consist of certain national officers—present and past—and one representative for every two hundred members in good standing, with a member at large from every department. This made the voting strength at the encampment at Indianapolis in September, 1920, 1260, though not nearly so many were present. Not all chosen as representatives in any year are able to make the journey. Wisconsin was entitled in the encampment for 1922 held at Des Moines, Iowa, September 24–30, to thirteen representatives.

The Department of Wisconsin, as was the case in Illinois, increased rapidly in number of posts and membership. During the first month of its existence, five more posts were organized—Ripon on June thirteenth; Mazomanie on the fourteenth; Fond du Lac on the twentieth; Greenbush on the twenty-eighth; and Ahnapee on the twenty-ninth. The first annual encampment was convened in Madison, June 19, 1867. At that time fifty-one posts had been organized, yet only sixteen of them were represented at the meeting—by thirty-four delegates. Because so few regular reports were made, it was not possible to tell how many members were then in the department. Department Commander Proudfit had this to say in his address:

> There is one matter to which I wish to allude that has been a source of great regret and some discouragement to me. This is the neglect by many of the Posts . . . in not reporting to department headquarters. . . . The constitution requires quarterly reports by adjutants. Manifestly, if a district does not exist, reports should be made direct to department headquarters, for in no other manner can the department commander learn the number and conditions of the membership, unless he travels from Post to Post for that purpose.

This same neglect occurred in the Grand Army in Illinois, and it was so in other departments. The causes that led to a decreased membership in Illinois, and the order as a whole, operated also in Wisconsin—neglect of proper reports, grades of membership, politics, and a failing enthusiasm. I cannot tell just when the lowest point was reached, yet at one time there were only three or four active posts in the department. The organization was maintained, however, and held regular annual encampments until it came safely through that critical period of its existence. Also, the officers of the department made reports every year to national headquarters. All honor to the loyal comrades who, in spite of discouraging conditions, kept things going!

I have before me in a little pamphlet the proceedings of the first department meeting held in Madison, June 19, 1867; and I have volumes of reports of annual encampments from 1883 down to the present time, but no records between the first in 1867 and that of 1883; no one knows what became of the missing records. In an effort to find out about them I wrote to Comrade Griffith J. Thomas, now of Harvard, Nebraska. He was department commander in 1879, '80, and '81, and is one of the few active Grand Army men of the earlier days still alive. He replied, in part, as follows:

> I am indeed surprised and pained to learn that the records of the Department of Wisconsin for its first fifteen years have so totally disappeared. . . . There was a record book, in which the proceedings of the Encampments were duly recorded. There were other books all of which were kept up to date, and I know that all these were duly forwarded to my successor, Colonel H. M. Enos, at Waukesha, as soon as the proceedings of the last Encampment could be recorded. This shipment included all the books that had been sent to me by my predecessor, Comrade E. L. Hammond. That year, 1878, was when the order reached its lowest tide in Wisconsin, as shown by my statement above, when I was chosen to lead the boys out of the wilderness. . . . When I was made Commander, January, 1879, there were but three reporting Posts. Posts that should have reported refused or neglected to do so.

Post No. 1, at Madison, is an example. I could get nothing from them, not even an answer to my letters. I took the matter up with the Commander-in-Chief, and he authorized me to annul their charter, which I did. The Wolcott Post at Milwaukee was organized, and became No. 1, in place of Fairchild Post at Madison. This awoke the Madison boys to the real merits of the situation, and they pleaded with me to undo what had been done; but it was too late. The best I could do was to give them a new number, 11, and permit them to work under their old name. This was done by and with the advice of the Commander-in-Chief. . . .

The cause of this depression was due mainly to politics, though the change in the ritual—making three ranks of membership, and the legislation that accompanied it—was another detriment—too much ritual and too much expense—making it a virtual dishonorable discharge for every comrade who did not by a certain date choose to comply with the regulations and become *veterans*—third degree. . . .

The feeling at the Encampment of 1879 was that the Grand Army should be perpetuated; that it should be built up, and that those present would do everything in their power to enlarge the membership. I sent out printed matter broadcast, and wrote many personal letters to show that the order was not political, and recited the real objects to be attained by it. It was a long, hard struggle. The big reunion of all Civil War veterans at Milwaukee, in June, 1880, helped wonderfully to get things a-moving, and, once started in earnest, there was rapid progress, as the record of Commander Phil Cheek's administration—my successor—will show.

And now here comes a strange co-incidence, by which I am able to give you a newspaper account of the proceedings of the department Encampment of January, 1882, held in Milwaukee. I have just found it among some of my old papers here. It is taken from the *Republican and News* of that city—January 26, 1882. It contains my last address as department commander. I have no other records of those years, not even an account of the big reunion of 1880, for which the Encampment of 1879, at Berlin, was responsible. I would be only too glad if I could point you to where the department records from 1867 to 1882 could be found. It looks as though the hard work of those three years—1879, '80, '81—hard work, worry and final triumph, because of the fact that new interest had been awakened and confidence in the Grand Army restored—is to be forever lost. I know that I wrote many strong letters to men that I felt ought to be active in the work. I know that at the time of the Encampment of 1882 I arose from a sick bed to attend to it, and that I wrote my address for that occasion under the greatest stress that I ever before or since have written anything. It is certain that complete records were kept during the three years of my administration.

The address of Comrade Thomas at the close of his three years of service as department commander was complete in detail of the condition of the Grand Army in Wisconsin

at that time. He reports the order as having taken on a new lease of life after some years of depression, and he is greatly encouraged. He reiterates the objects for which the Grand Army was organized. He continues:

> Our objects are spread wide before the world, and challenge the admiration and veneration of all. It is in no respect a political organization. In our ranks today are all the illustrious soldiers of the war representing every shade of political and religious opinion. In its highest civic relation it ennobles to a loftier citizenship, to a warmer patriotism, and to a high faith in American institutions. There is nothing in it which conflicts with the most exacting personal duty or the strictest religion. In one respect only is it a seclusive organization, thus eloquently stated by our commander-in-chief in a recent address: "No child can be born into it; no certificate of nationality secures entrance; the millions of a Vanderbilt cannot purchase admission; no institution of learning can grant a diploma securing recognition. The only patent of nobility to which our doors will swing open is the bit of paper—worn and tattered it may be—certifying to honorable discharge from the army or navy of the United States during the war against rebellion."

Toward the close of his address Comrade Thomas said:

> We have met with opposition, and to a certain extent we shall still meet it; but, Comrades, the edict has gone forth, and the Grand Army of the Republic is bound to become a power for good in this beloved state of ours. It rests with us to show to those about us that we are actuated by a spirit of true *fraternity*; that there is that in our hearts which impels us to stand by a comrade though the whole world assail him. It rests with us to prove that ours is that *charity* which never turns its back upon a suffering soldier, or the widow or orphan of those who fell in our holy cause. It rests with us to show the people of Wisconsin that, having proven our *loyalty* to our country and our flag, we propose to continue loyal to every sacred trust committed to our keeping.

To Comrade Thomas and a few others like him belongs the credit of keeping the Grand Army of the Republic alive during the years 1870–80. Faithful, loyal, and devoted they were, and in due time they saw a wonderful growth in the patriotic order for which they had given so much time and service. Almost all the present posts in Wisconsin were organized between 1880 and 1890, and I presume this is the case in all other departments. Only eight posts of the 280 recorded in our Wisconsin Grand Army roster were organized before 1880, and only thirty-one since 1890. The

Grand Army as a whole reached its highest membership in 1890, when it was 409,489, in something more than 6000 posts. On the thirty-first of December, 1920, there were 4445 posts, with 93,171 members. December 31, 1921, there were in Wisconsin 158 posts, with 2433 members. During that year 291 deaths were reported. There were then only three posts which had more than fifty members each—Number One, Milwaukee, 146; Number Eleven, Madison, 98; Number Nine, Baraboo, 68. Three of the posts reported only one member each, and five only two. Reports were received from every post but one. Wisconsin reached its highest membership in 1889, when there were 264 posts, with 13,987 members. The state with the highest record in 1920 was New York, with 459 posts and 8795 members. The lowest was Alabama, with three posts and fifty members. It goes without saying that there is now and must continue to be rapid decrease in membership. Since, as previously stated, the average age of the comrades is now seventy-nine years, the Grand Army of the Republic will soon exist only in memory.

(*To be concluded*)

EMPIRE: A WISCONSIN TOWN

W. A. Titus

Of all the towns of Fond du Lac County, Empire is the most completely rural. It is, and has been since its separate organization in 1851, a hundred per cent farming community. It has never contained a village nor even a hamlet. It follows, therefore, that the men of whom we write were products of the pioneer farms of half a century and more ago. The families that settled in Empire prior to the Civil War were hardy, industrious, and above the average in culture and intelligence. This abbreviated township (it contains only thirty sections) has claimed as resident farmers two of the three territorial governors of Wisconsin, one United States senator, four Congressmen, three state senators—including the writer—a number of members of the Wisconsin assembly, four sheriffs and four district attorneys of Fond du Lac County. To this list of men who have become more or less conspicuous in the political field should be added a number of equally prominent farmers, lawyers, physicians, and business men.

The topography of the town was such as gave to men and boys a broad vision, an outlook over the extensive prairies to the westward that seemed world-wide to the restricted view of the early dwellers in the wilderness. From the farms upon the bold escarpment commonly known as "the ledge," Lake Winnebago and the Fond du Lac region lay almost at one's feet, and to the farmer boys the county seat, small though it was, seemed the gateway to a larger life; the infrequent visits to the city were long remembered events. With their inheritance of health and ambition, it is not remarkable that so many of the early settlers achieved a marked success. It is not possible within the limits of this sketch to deal with the careers of all, or even

of a majority of the citizens, past and present, of whom Empire is justly proud; but special mention is made of the most prominent, or of those best known to the writer.

Nathaniel P. Tallmadge was probably the most widely known in public life of all the Empire farmers. Before coming to Wisconsin he had served for fourteen years as United States senator from New York. It is said that when William Henry Harrison was nominated for president, the nomination for vice-president was offered to Senator Tallmadge, then at the height of his political power. He declined the doubtful honor, as so many public men have done since, and John Tyler received the nomination. By this narrow margin he failed to become one of the presidents of the United States. He became interested in lands in Wisconsin Territory, resigned from the United States Senate, and was appointed by the president territorial governor. He located in the town of Empire, which was his place of residence thereafter. He died in 1864 in his beautiful farm home "under the ledge," and sleeps on the topmost knoll of the original Rienzi Cemetery, which he had previously donated from his extensive farm. The old Tallmadge farm, now owned and occupied by Fred M. Ingalls, is located in section nineteen; it consists of land both above and below the ledge.

James Duane Doty was one of the outstanding figures in Wisconsin Territory. As judge, territorial governor, and Congressman in Wisconsin, and later governor of Utah Territory, he occupied the center of the stage in Wisconsin politics for many years. He early noted the desirability of Empire lands, and became in the early forties a resident of the town. The farm on which he lived is probably the most historic in Empire. Since its purchase from the government, it has been owned and occupied by Colonel Henry Conklin, Governor J. D. Doty, Lyman H. Phillips, State Senator Edward Colman, and Congressman Owen A.

Wells. The sheep industry, in which Empire long led, and the dairy industry, which has grown steadily to the present time, were both inaugurated on a large scale on this farm. The property is now owned by the Sisters of St. Agnes, and on it is located the creditable educational institution known as St. Mary's Springs Academy.

John B. Macy, an Empire farmer who became a member of Congress, was a native of New York, where he was born in 1799. He settled in Empire in 1850, and was in 1852 elected to Congress. His farm in section thirty was a model country estate, on which he lavished money for buildings, stone arch bridges, and landscape gardens. It was the best equipped farm in the town, and the buildings he erected still stand after a lapse of seventy years. The farm later became the property of Honorable David Giddings, who resided on it for many years. It is now owned and occupied by Elwood A. Quick. Mr. Macy was very active in interesting New York capital in Wisconsin railroad enterprises; it is said that the present Chicago and Northwestern Railway system was begun largely as a result of his efforts. He was drowned in 1856, when he jumped from the burning steamer *Niagara* about a mile off Port Washington.

Owen A. Wells, member of Congress from 1893 to 1895, was born in New York and came to Empire when a child. His father, James Wells, was one of the pioneers of Fond du Lac County, having settled in 1850 on the farm in section thirty-four which is still occupied by a son, Bernard Wells. James Wells was a remarkable man, both intellectually and physically. At a time when educational opportunities were meagre, he personally supervised the education of a large family, nearly all of whom became teachers or entered the professions. Owen A. Wells, now retired from law practice, is a highly respected resident of Fond du Lac.

M. K. Reilly, the fourth resident of Empire to become a member of Congress, is a native of the town where his father

settled at an early date. Mr. Reilly was graduated from the Oshkosh Normal School in 1889, University of Wisconsin in 1894, and University Law School in 1895. He was district attorney of Fond du Lac County for one term, and was elected to Congress in 1912 and reëlected in 1914. He is now engaged in the practice of law at Fond du Lac.

Among the members of the Wisconsin assembly who were one time residents of Empire may be mentioned Charles Doty, son of Governor Doty, who was elected in 1848 and served in the first session of the legislature after Wisconsin became a state. Isaac S. Tallmadge, a son of Governor Tallmadge, served in the Wisconsin assembly during 1853–54; he resided at the time on Cold Spring Farm, later owned by Frederick Phelps. He was succeeded by M. J. Thomas, a son-in-law of John B. Macy, who served in the assembly from 1854 to 1857, when he was appointed United States marshal. Thomas resided in Empire up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1859 in the railroad wreck at Johnsons Creek, on the occasion of the formal opening of the railroad line between Fond du Lac and Janesville. James Lafferty, a prominent Empire farmer, was a member of the assembly in 1874, and John Meiklejohn in 1882. Empire farmers who have recently been sent to the legislature are Herman Schroeder and Math Koenigs, the last named being the present representative from the first assembly district of Fond du Lac County.

Colonel Edward Colman, Neil C. Bell, Peter Brucker, and C. W. Keys, all Empire farmers, have served the county in the capacity of sheriff. Isaac S. Tallmadge, John McCrory, H. E. Swett, and M. K. Reilly, all Empire residents, have held the office of district attorney. David Giddings, who resided in Empire for many years, was for two terms, before taking up his residence in the town, a member of the territorial legislature, as well as delegate in 1846 to the first constitutional convention.

Colonel Edward Colman, an officer of the Civil War, was at one time the owner of the old Governor Doty farm in section seven, town of Empire. He was in 1866–67 superintendent of public property at Madison, was elected sheriff of Fond du Lac County in 1878, and state senator in 1882.

Colonel E. L. Phillips, a native of New York, in 1852 settled in section seven in Empire. While yet a resident of New York, he was elected sheriff of Onondaga County, a member of the New York legislature, and held a commission as colonel in the New York militia. He was elected to the Wisconsin state senate in 1860; in 1863–64 he was provost marshal of the Fond du Lac district. The quaint and elaborate farmhouse that he built is still standing.

Colonel Henry Conklin, also a native of New York, came to Empire in 1841 and settled on section seven near the "big spring" just under the ledge. Before coming to Wisconsin, he had been engaged in the Hudson River shipping trade in the same field with Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was his contemporary, neighbor, and friend. During this period he represented his district in the New York legislature for several terms. Financial reverses came to him in 1839–40, and he lost a considerable part of his ample fortune. In 1841 he gathered together the remaining portion of his property and came to Wisconsin, which was thereafter his home. His enterprises here were all on a large scale. He developed several water powers and built mills in different parts of Empire and other towns of the county. The most important of these, now known as "Leonard's Mill," is still in operation. It is the only remaining mill dam and pond in the town. Colonel Conklin was the first to attempt dairying on a large scale, but the lack of transportation and markets prevented a profitable return from the industry at that early day. He died in 1868 in the city of Fond du Lac, at the age of seventy-four years.

Gustave de Neveu was born in Savigny, France, in 1811, and was educated in the College of Vendome. His father, François Joseph de Neveu, when only nineteen years of age, was an ensign in the French fleet under d'Estaing that started from France to aid the Americans in their struggle for independence. The young ensign was wounded in an encounter with a British fleet, in which the French were worsted and obliged to return to the port from which they had started. Before his wounds were healed the fleet had again sailed, leaving him in France. His interest in America did not cease, however, and it was probably because of home influence that Gustave de Neveu, while yet a young man, resolved to visit America. He spent some time in New York as a teacher of the French language, but the interior lured him and in 1837 he joined an expedition to Green Bay. Thence he adventured as far as the Fond du Lac region, where he purchased a large tract of land in section thirty-one, town of Empire, his holdings including the beautiful lake that still bears his name. He was the first settler in Empire and built in 1838 the first house in that town. At that time there were only four other houses in all Fond du Lac County.

On the occasion of Mr. de Neveu's first trip from Green Bay to Fond du Lac, he traveled with Captain Frederick Marryatt, the well known English novelist, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. Mr. de Neveu was a young man of education, culture, and refinement, and it is easy to understand how a person of his type would appeal to Captain Marryatt, especially in a western wilderness where dusky savages or white adventurers were the usual companions. Marryatt urged young de Neveu to accompany him on his journey west of the Mississippi River, but the latter decided that Empire ended the long trail so far as he was concerned.[1] Since 1838, the de Neveu home has been

[1] For Marryatt's account of his meeting with de Neveu, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xiv, 142.—Editor.

noted for its hospitality and social activities. A daughter, Emily de Neveu, still resides on the old farm, which has become a popular summer resort. Throughout his Wisconsin career Gustave de Neveu was a farmer, with occasional excursions into the fields of literature and politics. In 1881, although then seventy years of age, he planned a long trip through the then unsettled regions of the Pacific Northwest. Death overtook him near the close of the year, and his remains lie buried on the banks of the Columbia River within the state of Washington.[2]

Other early settlers in Empire were David Lyons, George Keys, John Keys, James Wells, M. Reilly, J. McCrory, B. F. Swett, T. Brownsell, B. Kaye, John Meiklejohn, George Meiklejohn, A. T. Germond, John Berry, J. Immel, D. H. Vinton, Hamilton Meekin, John Treleven, J. Isaac, L. H. Jennings, B. White, T. J. Burhyte, J. Menne, C. S. Pray, George Wright, George Shoemaker, the Freund brothers, George Titus, Daniel Graham, and William Edwards. A number of Scottish families early came to Empire, among whom may be mentioned Duncan McGregor, Alexander McGregor, Peter Ferguson, William Moffatt, and J. Campbell. Before the Civil War period, the people of Empire were from "York State," or else from England, Ireland, or Scotland. The Germans in most instances came in at a later date. One of the early German settlers was J. Immel. A son, John W. Immel, resides in Fond du Lac; as president of the Immel Construction Company, the Vulcan Iron Works, and the Clark Motor Company, he is well known throughout Wisconsin.

Although the population of Empire has never been large, it has been a place of sepulture for hosts who have crossed the "great divide." No other town in the county approaches it in the number of interments. Rienzi Ceme-

[2] See article by de Neveu in Wis. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings*, 1910, 153-164, accompanied by his portrait.—Editor.

tery, four miles from Fond du Lac, is unequaled in Fond du Lac County for size and beauty; it is located in sections eighteen and nineteen. Empire Cemetery, in section thirty-three, has long been a burial place for the residents of portions of Empire, Eden, Osceola, and Forest.[3]

Of social or quasi social events, the most common were the farm "bees," country dances, singing schools, and church donation parties. The "bees" were the culmination of a sincere desire on the part of the pioneer farmers to help one another, and especially to give assistance to a neighbor who had been ill or otherwise unfortunate. Where no such incentive existed, it was common enough to find a neighborhood group alternating the "bees" for the sake of sociability or the advantages of joint effort. Ordinarily there was a little liquor provided; it was not used to excess as a rule, but the workers were kept in a happy mood. Many of the stone-wall fences that still exist were the result of this community teamwork.

The country dances were simple, unconventional, and without any set time for closing, except that the young people must get home in time to feed the stock in the morning, and do the other morning chores. The people came from miles around to these dancing parties, using heavy draft horses and even oxen as a means of rapid transit.

The church donation party, an annual event, was one of the methods employed for maintaining the rural pastor. The net result was a miscellaneous collection of food and clothing, desirable or otherwise, some cash, and a jolly evening for all, from the grandparents to the children. The few roomy homes in the neighborhood were always in demand for these social affairs.

The pioneers who carved the fertile farms out of the wilderness have passed on, and hardly a thought is given to the efforts of these noble men and women who made possible the comforts and the luxuries of today.

[3] For a description of Empire Cemetery, see article by the writer, "Two Graves in a Rural Wisconsin Cemetery," in *Wis. Mag. of Hist.*, iv, 426-430 (June, 1921).

MICAJAH TERRELL WILLIAMS—A SKETCH

Samuel M. Williams

In the title records of the earliest platted lands in the city of Milwaukee on the west side of the river are often found the names of Micajah T. Williams and Hannah J. Williams, his wife; as they did not live in Milwaukee, the question is often asked by those interested in the early history of Milwaukee: Who was Micajah T. Williams?[1]

To best know others, a knowledge of their forebears—some account of the past out of which their lives have come—is interesting, and as necessary as the background of the best pictures. A greater part of Mr. Williams' life is identified with Ohio than with Wisconsin; nevertheless his share in Wisconsin history is not inconsiderable.

Mr. Williams was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, June 3, 1792, near the place where, on the farm of his grandfather Richard Williams, was fought the battle of Guilford Court House. He was the eldest son of Jesse Williams and Sarah Terrell, and grandson of Micajah Terrell and Sarah Lynch—the Lynches having come to Virginia from Galway, Ireland, and the Terrells and Williamses from Wales, during or about the latter part of the seventeenth century. Most of Mr. Williams' ancestors were members of the religious Society of Friends or Quakers, and the older generations of them were slaveholders, by inheritance. Sarah Lynch Terrell, grandmother of Mr. Williams, was a devout woman, an elder in the Society of Friends. Her convictions against the evils of slavery, expressed during her last illness, were read in the Friends meeting in the section where she lived, and produced a decided effect. She exacted from her husband a promise that he would free their negroes, and she expressed the hope that her children would not marry slaveholders. The Quaker discipline at that time prohibited only the buying and selling of slaves. Soon after her death, her husband freed their

[1] The Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, October 15, 1895, gives a short account of Micajah T. Williams among a group of sketches of the founders of Milwaukee.

negroes and removed with his family from Virginia to Guilford County, North Carolina, where their daughter Sarah Terrell married Jesse, son of Richard Williams, and they became the parents of Micajah T. Williams.

General Greene and General Cornwallis both refer to the fact that they left their sick and wounded in the care of the Quakers of the neighborhood of the battle ground of Guilford Court House. Among the officers of General Greene in the battle of Guilford Court House was Colonel Charles Lynch, a great-uncle of Mr. Williams, who raised a regiment of riflemen and joined General Greene, rendering yeoman service as a first-class fighting man, having previously, however, lost his standing in the Society of Friends by reason of his military connections. In his home district about Lynchburg, Virginia, during the Revolutionary War period, in the absence of the necessary local government, Colonel Lynch with several other leading men of the district organized a court of criminal jurisdiction, without the consent of the voters, for the trial and punishment of Tories, thieves, outlaws, and persons communicating with the enemy. The fighting colonel was made judge of the court. The prisoner was given a fair trial, and if he could prove his innocence, was released, but if found guilty, was punished, though no case exists where the punishment was death. Modern "lynch law" does not possess the quality of mercy that characterized the judgments of Colonel Lynch, yet the modern law has seized upon and bears his name.

During the Revolution many Tories lived in the Blue Ridge section of southwestern Virginia. In 1780 they formed a conspiracy, organized companies, and did actually attempt to levy war against the Commonwealth; but Col. Wm. Preston, the County Lieutenant of the then County of Montgomery, on the west side of the Blue Ridge, and Col. James Calloway, the County Lieutenant of the County of Bedford, on the east side, aided by Col. Charles Lynch and Capt. Robert Adams, Jr., (army officers) and other faithful citizens, did by timely and effectual measures suppress said conspiracy. Whenever a conspirator or Tory was captured he was tried before a sort of drum head court martial, and Col. Lynch, acting as judge, condemned them to receive various punishments, generally so many lashes. After the war many suits were instituted by citizens of this region for this infliction (without due process of law) of Lynch's Law, *as it was called:* and the general assembly of the State, in October, 1782, found it necessary to pass an act, that relieved them of prosecution on the ground, that "the acts of the Judge

Lynch's Court might not be *strictly warranted by law*, although justified by the *imminence of the danger*."[2]

Mr. Williams received his education in the schools of Lynchburg, Virginia, where with his brothers and sisters he was sent from their home in North Carolina. Lynchburg was founded by John Lynch, a great-uncle of Mr. Williams and a brother of the fighting colonel.

In 1811 Micajah T. Williams, at the age of nineteen, with a view to the selection of a home in what was called the Western Country, made a journey on horseback from North Carolina through Virginia, Ohio, and the territory of Indiana. The next year he went to Cincinnati to reside, and two years later his father's family followed, making the journey with a four-horse wagon, a two-horse carriage, and a saddle horse for his mother, who rode the entire distance. Their route was doubtless along the old Wilderness Road through the Cumberland Gap.

The question may be asked: Was negro slavery an influential cause that brought Micajah T. Williams and his father's family from North Carolina to Ohio? In all probability it was. One of the historians of the southern Quakers writes:[3]

> The prophetic voice of their preachers was heard, telling them of the judgments of the Almighty that were coming upon the Southland because of her bondsmen, and warning them to flee lest they be partakers of the chastisement. One minister in particular visited every meeting house in Georgia, South Carolina and lower North Carolina, preaching a day of vengeance and warning the Friends to escape. The result was that the entire body of Friends in the region, and many from the other parts of North Carolina and from Virginia and Maryland, emigrated to Ohio, Indiana and other Western States—

to the land covered by the precious Ordinance of 1787.

Mr. Williams began his career at Cincinnati as clerk of the board of supervisors. Very soon after, he appears in the editorial corps of the *Western Spy*.[4] At that time the proprietor of the newspaper, Captain Joseph Carpenter, was absent in the North-

[2] *The Green Bag* (Boston), March, 1893, from an article on "Lynch Law," by Alexander Brown. See also material on Colonel Lynch and the Loyalists of Virginia, in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xxiv, *passim*.

[3] Fernando G. Cartland, *Southern Heroes: or Friends in War Time* (Cambridge, Mass., 1895).

[4] For the history of this newspaper, see R. G. Thwaites, "Ohio Valley Press," in American Antiquarian Society, *Proceedings*, xix, 338-339.—Editor.

western Army, in command of his company of infantry under General William Henry Harrison. During the winter of 1813, Captain Carpenter died on his way home from the army, and was buried in the woods by his servant. Mr. Williams and others volunteered to go and bring his body to Cincinnati; this they accomplished, carrying the remains on a sled hundreds of miles through the woods in the month of February. Through his association with the *Western Spy*, Mr. Williams wielded a powerful influence for the progress of public improvements in the state of Ohio, while the state in its infancy was struggling with the great question of transportation.

On March 2, 1818, at Zanesville, Ohio, according to the marriage ceremony of the religious Society of Friends, Williams was married to Hannah, daughter of Aquilla and Elizabeth Jones, of Baltimore, Maryland. She had come from Baltimore on a visit to her grandfather, Moses Dillon, making the journey on horseback. She was a woman of unusual decision of character, of dignified, quiet manners, in harmony with her breeding as a Quakeress. Though the marriage is said to have taken place at Zanesville, Ohio, the fact is, there was no Friends meeting there, so they rode horseback forty miles to Plainfield, where they were married.[5]

In 1820 Mr. Williams was elected to the General Assembly from Hamilton County, Ohio; he was reëlected for the session of 1822–23, and made speaker of the House for the session of 1824–25. It was during these sessions of the legislature that Mr. Williams brought to bear his great influence upon the promotion of public improvements in the state, which at that time consisted in the building of canals connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio River. Honorable Alfred Kelley writes of him:

> His sagacious mind was early impressed with the important fact that Ohio needed nothing so much as cheap and expeditious means of conveying to the best market the surplus products of her luxuriant soil. . . . Alive to the interests of his adopted State, anxious above all

[5] Their children were: Major Charles H. Williams, Baraboo; Granville S. Williams, Cincinnati; Elizabeth W. Perry, Cincinnati; Alfred K. Williams, Washington, Kansas; Sarah W. Thomas, Oakland, California; George F. Williams, Milwaukee; and John Edward Williams, Madison. All of them are now deceased, except Mrs. Sarah W. Thomas, who in her ninety-fifth year now lives with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Ritchie, in Oakland, California.

things for her prosperity, he stood ready to lend the whole energy of his intellect and the large share of influence he possessed to the accomplishment of his great task.

En route to the city of New York in the fall of 1823, Mr. Williams made a personal inspection of every part of the line of the Erie Canal in that state, which was then nearly completed. It has been said that "he walked the entire length of it"—which can hardly be taken in a literal sense. He examined the locks, aqueducts, bridges, embankments, and informed himself of the practical construction and cost of each part. His pocket notebook, in which he made entries of his observations at each step upon that journey—with diagrams on the mode of carrying the canal through swamps, over rivers, around the sides of hills; with estimates of the capacity of different kinds of earth and clay for holding water, of the requisite quantity of water to be supplied by feeders, of the amount of evaporation to be provided for, dependent on the season of the year, weather, etc.—is interesting evidence of his capacity for the mastery of detail, and of the careful preparation he made for the wise and successful fulfillment of the enterprise of constructing the Ohio canals.

Mr. Williams and Alfred Kelly were designated acting commissioners in the construction of the canals. Samuel Forrer, who was one of two engineers under whom the canal routes were located, and who was connected with the work from its beginning to its completion, says in a letter on the subject:

> Under the law just passed, the Ohio Canal, connecting Lake Erie at Cleveland with the Ohio River at Portsmouth, and the Miami Canal extending from Cincinnati to Dayton, were constructed by and entirely under the supervision of Mr. Williams and Mr. Kelly. These gentlemen disbursed the millions of dollars expended, constructing near four hundred miles of canal; and as a closing commentary on the character of each, it can be said without fear of contradiction that not a dollar was ever lost to the State by the act of either, no bond or security was ever required of either; and, as the sequel shows, none was ever needed—and yet these faithful agents at no time received salaries exceeding one thousand dollars a year.[6]

[6] In the abstract of expenditures made by the canal commissioners for March 1—May 31, 1827, on the Miami and Ohio canals, are the following items: Samuel Forrer, resident engineer, three months, $350; Jesse L. Williams, assistant engineer, three months, $135; Byron Kilbourn, assistant engineer, three months, $135; C. E. Lynch, Jr., assistant engineer, three months, $90; Garret Vliet, rodman, three months, $36; L. Bayliss, axman, three months, $27.

In 1830 Mr. Williams was nominated by the Democratic party of Ohio for the United States Senate. The Whig candidate, Thomas K. Ewing, was elected by one vote. It is related that a member of the Ohio legislature, Joseph Ridgway, an old personal friend of Mr. Williams, but a Whig, said to him, "Mr. Williams, I should be glad to see you representing the state of Ohio in the United States Senate, but if I vote for you I must vote against my party; I leave it to you to say what I shall do."

Without hesitation Mr. Williams replied, "It is your duty to vote with your party, sir."

Although Mr. Williams had been a Democrat, yet in 1840, when General Harrison was the Whig candidate for president, he united with that party, giving as his reason, "that the tariff the Democratic party opposed, was a necessity for the people, that the Democratic party was much more of a Southern than a national party." At that election he went to the polls with his two sons, Charles and Granville, and after they had voted, he turned to his friends and neighbors there assembled and said, "Gentlemen, this is the proudest day of my life, when with my two sons we cast three votes for General Harrison."

When the United States Bank was crushed out of existence, during the administration of President Andrew Jackson, a branch of the bank at Cincinnati closed its doors. Mr. Williams saw clearly that another bank must be established to take its place. Calling together the prominent men of both parties, he carried through the legislature the act of incorporation by which the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company was organized. He then became its president, and retained that office until shortly before his death. The affairs of the institution continued in a prosperous condition at least ten years after Mr. Williams' death, and it enjoyed full confidence of the public until the great financial panic of 1857.

Through appointment by President Andrew Jackson, Mr. Williams became, April 15, 1831, surveyor general of the Northwest Territory, succeeding General Lytle, and held that position until March, 1835. Prior to this period Wisconsin was a part of the territory of Michigan, and was in possession of the Indians, though the advance guard of white settlers had begun pushing in

at the southwest corner of the state, attracted by the lead regions, and at Green Bay, attracted by the waterway and fur trade. No land in Wisconsin was thrown open for settlement and purchase from the United States until after the Black Hawk War and the subsequent treaties with the Indians.

Mr. Williams was always interested in the growth and development of the new country. From an early date he had been familiar with its promising advantages. His position as surveyor general of the Northwest Territory gave him the opportunity to help in securing the results of their sacrifices to those who in good faith and with great hardship had settled or squatted upon the lands of Michigan Territory west of Lake Michigan, before they were surveyed and purchasable through the United States land office opened at Green Bay.

Morgan L. Martin, in a letter to James S. Buck, says:[7]

I first visited Milwaukee and spent there the 4th of July, 1833. There were no claims or improvements of any description, save the trading establishment of Solomon Juneau, and a small cabin occupied by his brother Peter. The land was still owned by the Government; had not been surveyed, nor was there any law of Congress under which claims for pre-emption could be made. . . . On the 10th of June, 1834, an act [of Congress] was passed extending the pre-emption law of 1830, under which a pre-emption was secured to the lands occupied by Solomon Juneau. . . .

Samuel Forrer, in a letter, speaks of Mr. Williams as surveyor general:

Mr. Williams was at that time regarded as the most reliable and influential politician of his party in Ohio; and yet the most ardent political opponent could enter his office at all times in the perfect confidence of finding in the chief the courteous, gentlemanly and intelligent man of business. No mere partisan consideration operated upon him in the organization or conduct of his business operations. His chief clerk and a majority of his assistant clerks were opposed to him in politics. His deputies in the field were selected purely because of their fitness for the place.

He was remarkable for the facility with which he made himself acquainted with the duties of any trust he assumed, however minute or comprehensive. In this new office [surveyor general of the Northwest] he necessarily had many intelligent visitors from among the pioneers of his district, none of whom ever left his office without obtaining all the information they sought, if it was possible to obtain it. And certainly

[7] James S. Buck, *Pioneer History of Milwaukee* (Milwaukee, 1890), i, 40-41.

none ever left without contributing to the stock of knowledge of the Surveyor General in regard to the climate, soil and every marked characteristic of the district of country known to the visitor.

Mr. Williams had early been deeply impressed with the idea that somewhere along the western shore of Lake Michigan, between Chicago and Green Bay, there would be a great city. He had so favorably known Byron Kilbourn as an engineer of ability, courage, and integrity in the work of constructing the Ohio and Miami canals, that after Mr. Williams had terminated his official term of surveyor general of the Northwest Territory, in March, 1835, he bought of Mr. Kilbourn, December 14, 1835, a half interest in the lands preëmpted and patented by Mr. Kilbourn on the west side of Milwaukee River. He also bought other property in the same locality, and was guided by Mr. Kilbourn in the subsequent struggles in building up the early settlement of "Milwaukee on the west side" of the river, in its competition and rivalry with "Milwaukee on the east side" of the river.

The following letter, dated Milwaukee, February 27, 1837, from Byron Kilbourn to M. T. Williams, is interesting and historical:

DEAR SIR

Mr. Clybourn was here some 10 or 12 days since and I obtained a full settlement with him—having sold out his remaining interest here. I was enabled to square off accounts with him, nearly; he still remaining in my debt only about $200—[8]

I have now made out a statement of receipts and expenditures up to Dec 31, 1836, which shows a balance due you of $9,875.70. I have nearly this sum in hand and propose to use it for the present in payment for work now progressing, but to be refunded out of future receipts. The business being now in my own hands entirely, I shall be able at any time to make out a statement and dividend without delay—and shall do so 1st July next, and sooner if desired. My proportion of receipts has been entirely consumed and a little more, in building &c. in addition to my part of road & street expenditures. My buildings alone have cost rising $13,000, having been done under the most disadvantag[eou]s circumstances. In Ohio the same work could have been done for less than $5,000. But it was important in the highest degree that the pro-

[8] Clybourn Street, Milwaukee, was named for this Archibald Clybourn, early settler of Chicago. In 1836 Clybourn was one of the proprietors of Kilbourn's new town, probably on the claim of his half-brother James Clark, a half-breed who had had a post at Milwaukee. As this letter indicates, Kilbourn and Williams early bought him out.—EDITOR.

prietors should do something in the way of improvement and business, by way of giving an impulse, and to counterbalance in some degree the efforts on the other side made by the proprietors there—Douceman is a man of wealth, and has expended as much, or more than Juneau, having built a warehouse, store and one or two dwelling houses. Martin has built two verry respectable houses, and several other original owners of minor interest have contributed considerably in actual improvements. This action on their part, together with a year the start of us,[9] has given them an apparent advantage thus far, and it is necessary that we should take a similar course to turn the tide in our favour. That we can do so is obvious, and that the means will be tried, I hope is also certain. The effect produced by taking the lead in improvements may be seen by that arround my residence—although so far up the river, there is now a verry respectable village arround me, a verry small part of which I have good reason to believe would not be here, but for the commencement made by me. From Block 50[10] to Spring Street [Grand Avenue], it is now pretty well improved; but between my house[11] and B. 50 it is still vacant, and requires filling up to give a connected appearance to the town. Your lots are situated about the middle of this space, which if improved with one or two good buildings, would mend the appearance of the town, give tone to improvements in that quarter and enhance the value of other surrounding property, more than the cost of the buildings—and the buildings would rent for a fair interest. I will therefore ask whether you would be willing for me to have a good building erected on the corner of B. 47 and a warehouse or storehouse on the corner of B. 49, or either—and if so, to send me a description of the size and value of the buildings you would choose to erect.

Times begin to brighten with us, several good sales have been recently made at second hand, and building is commencing with a brisk air. As soon as navigation opens, and lumber can be received, our mechanics will have full employment; and there will be business for as many more as soon as we can get them. Some time back L 1 B 72 was sold for $5,500—L 1 B 59 $5,000— L 2 B 59 $4,500 and about a week since L 3 B 59 at $5,000—$1,000 in hand, the remainder in 6, 12 & 18 mo. Should the times mend a little we may hope for some good operations during the coming season.

I have been, and am now, labouring with all dilligence in the matter of roads to secure their proper locations, and by next Fall, if you will make us a visit, I feel sanguine in demonstrating to you that the business of Milwaukee is to be done on the W. side. My bridge over the Menomonee marsh will give Walkers Point a cooler, as all agree who look at its bearing on the business of the place—and as to a bridge over the river, I consider it out of the question; but if they should succede contrary to all expectation, in erecting it, I will take good care that they shall have no use of it—for we can construct a couple of small steamboats

[9] The rivalry of "Milwaukee east of the river" and "Milwaukee west of the river" had part of its roots in the priority of the former.—Editor.

[10] Where the Second Ward Bank now stands.

[11] Kilbourn's residence was then on the corner of Third and Chestnut.—Editor.

for harbour use, and pass them through the bridge so frequently that it can never be closed. It will cost us less to do this, than it will them to build the bridge, and the bridge will be of less use to them than a ferry.[12] It wants a strong pull &c. and the story is told.

I have purchased and paid on joint a/c fr. 5 in Sec 5, T 7 R 22 for $1,000 which makes our mill tract and privilege there complete.

I hope you will make some improvements here, as I believe it would be money well expended, even if no return should ever be had from it direct.

Verry Respectfu[ly]

M. T. Williams Esq BYRON KILBOURN

I recd a letter a few days since from Messrs Dwelle and Warren giving notice that my plats[13] were completed and ready to be sent off by first opportunity if so directed by you or me. If Mr. Vliet is coming out soon it would be well to send them by him—but if he is not *certain* of starting soon, I will ask of you the favour to write to A. Buttles Esq of Columbus and ascertain whether he will come out early, and if so request him to fetch them. I presume they could be sent to him by the stage or by some passenger. I hope they will arrive [soon] as I am daily in want of them—and have been greatly disappointed [at] not receiving those sent by Vliet, which with him performed the [tour] of the N. W. and then I suppose returned to Cin[a].

If you see Mr. Vliet just mention to him that claim ju[mping] is the order of the day, and that in all probability before he arrives here his claims at Minnomonee falls will be occupied [by] families. Several persons have been talking of this, and I think unless he is here early and secures them by *occupation*, he will loose them. Jack knife and non-resident claims are getting much out of fashion.

B. K.

In all Mr. Williams' relations with Milwaukee, his only visit to the young city was made in 1842, when it had grown to have a population of *two thousand;* and during that period and up to the date of his death in 1844, at the age of fifty-two years, all his affairs connected with the city he helped to found were in charge of Mr. Kilbourn and Increase A. Lapham. Mr. Williams was a man of large and commanding figure, friendly and pleasing personality, unquestioned integrity, of wide political influence, unlimited energy and industry, of whom John Hustis, of Hustisford, Wisconsin, said: "He was one of the most delightful men I

[12] These sentences indicate the feeling that led to the "bridge war" of Milwaukee. On the original manuscript is written by a later hand, possibly Kilbourn's: "The Bridge spoken of over the Menomonee that was to be a cooler to Walkers Point was not built until 1842 when I waded the marsh and took soundings for the road to cross the bridge when built."

[13] "Plats of Milwaukee City West Side no doubt the same of which I sent you one some time since"—pencilled note on the original manuscript.

ever met—a man of marvelous intellectual resources and commanding force of character—and I passed as much time in his society as I could, during the two weeks in 1842, that he spent in Milwaukee."[14]

[14] In the preparation of this sketch great use has been made of prior productions by Williams' daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Perry; by his nephew, Robert W. Carroll; and by John G. Gregory, of Milwaukee.

KATE DEWEY COLE—AN APPRECIATION

Kate Dewey was born at Cassville, Grant County, Wisconsin, on February 12, 1854, the daughter of Nelson and Catherine (Dunn) Dewey. Her father was the first governor of the state, 1848–52; while her maternal grandfather, Charles Dunn, was the chief justice of the supreme court of the territory, 1836–48. Judge Dunn's wife was the daughter of Judge Otho Shrader, who came to America about 1795 in order to live in a country with a democratic form of government—giving up, it is said, the "von" and the "Sch" in his name on doing so. He settled in southern Pennsylvania, and married there into a family of German (Pennsylvania Dutch) extraction, named Lenhard. In 1805 he was appointed by President Jefferson one of the three judges of the just formed Louisiana Territory. The settled parts of this territory, stretching from the southern line of Arkansas to the northern boundary of the United States, and from the Mississippi River on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the northwest, were then very few, and the three judges held their courts at St. Charles, St. Louis, and (Judge Shrader) at Ste. Genevieve, in eastern Missouri. The last-named place was just across the Mississippi from Kaskaskia, which was from 1809 until 1820 the capital of Illinois Territory.

Judge Shrader died about 1811, and his widow and two daughters then found a home at Kaskaskia, and a friend and guardian in Nathaniel Pope, United States judge of Illinois. It is a tradition in the family that one or both the girls went on horseback each fall and spring to and from Lexington, Kentucky, where was the nearest good school. Either at Kaskaskia or at Vandalia, the second capital of Illinois, one of the Shrader girls married Charles Dunn, clerk of the legislature and member of the House of Representatives. His family seat was Shepardsville, Kentucky, near Louisville, where, as eldest son, he was heir to a large plantation, with a full complement of slaves. But as he did not believe in slavery, he gave up his patrimony and moved to Illinois, a "free" state. He saw service in the Black Hawk War

CATHERINE DUNN DEWEY, MOTHER OF KATE DEWEY COLE

After a painting by James R. Stuart, in State Historical Museum

(1832), and upon his appointment (1836) to the territorial court, he removed to Wisconsin.

Kate Dewey's father, Nelson Dewey, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, within only a few miles of her recent summer home. He grew to manhood in middle New York State, to which his father had migrated, and thence he himself emigrated in 1836 to Wisconsin. Thus German, Virginia, and Kentucky ancestors united in the person of Catherine Dunn, and the united stream found its way to Wisconsin—there to be joined by a New England flow, of which was born Kate Dewey.

She passed her childhood on her father's estate near Cassville, and in Lancaster, Grant County, with long and frequent visits to her grandfather's home at Old Belmont, Lafayette County, the first territorial capital. When she was prepared for college, the family removed for a time to Madison, where Kate was graduated in the University class of 1875. Two years of European travel and study added a mastery of the modern languages to the foundation of Greek and Latin laid in the University. After several years of teaching, she met Theodore Cole (Wisconsin University 1871), and in 1885 became his wife. Thereafter she lived at St. Louis and at Washington until her death at the latter place July 13, 1922. The following appreciation was written by her classmate Fannie West Williams:[1]

In the death of Kate Dewey Cole, in Washington, D. C., last July, the University lost one of the most brilliant minds and unusual personalities that ever received and honored its degree.

Kate Dunn Dewey, B. A. 1875, wife of Theodore Cole, 1871, was by inheritance, training, and affection a true daughter of Wisconsin, and ever loyal to its University, where she received her formal education . . . . Three years of teaching in a Milwaukee high school, a later year in Germany and France, and some years of teaching in a fine girls' school in Washington sharpened and broadened her mind, and extended her stimulating influence over a wide and varied circle.

This brilliant intellect and fascinating personality were what attracted strangers; but what held her grateful friends were her

[1] *Wisconsin Alumni Magazine*, November, 1922, 22.

implacable honesty and contempt for pretense; her unswerving loyalty and deep affection; her unflinching courage and unfailing sense of humor—qualities of the heart rather than of the mind. Her activities in recent years centered about her home in Washington, where she was one of the leading spirits in the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, and an active promoter of the National Club House.

She is survived by her husband and by one son, Felix, who is in the United States consular service at Berlin, Germany.

Truly democratic by nature and by intention, every human being, of whatever race, color, or condition, was her potential friend. To many a person, in many a state and country, something vital and precious has gone out of life with the death of Kate Dewey Cole.

DOCUMENTS

A SWISS FAMILY IN THE NEW WORLD: LETTERS OF JAKOB AND ULRICH BÜHLER, 1847–1877[1]

TRANSLATION AND NOTES BY LOWELL J. RAGATZ

Jakob Bühler, one of my paternal great-grandfathers, was a native of Felsberg, Canton Graubünden,[2] Switzerland. He was by occupation a carpenter, and was a friend of my other paternal great-grandfather, Bartholomew Ragatz, an architect and magistrate of Tamins of the same canton. The latter sent his eldest son Christian to America in 1841 to select a suitable home in the new world, and in 1842 he moved with his wife and nine other children, via Galena to the town of Honey Creek, Sauk County, and took up a homestead there.[3]

[1] The sources for the Swiss settlement at New Glarus, Green County, were published by our Society in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, vii, 411-445; xii, 335-382; xv, 295-337. For the settlement of Swiss in Sauk County we have heretofore had little material. We are glad to present to our readers these letters so recently garnered in the old world by a descendant of the Sauk County Swiss.—EDITOR.

[2] The French name for this canton is the Grisons.

[3] The old home of the Ragatz family was Milan, Italy. The name was originally spelled Ragazzi. In the eighteenth century, following a religious-political disturbance, members of the family fled to Switzerland. There the spelling of the name was changed to Ragaz. Bartholomew, the first of the Swiss line of the house to come to America, adopted the spelling Ragatz. This is now generally followed by members of the family in America, while the spelling Ragaz is employed by those in Switzerland, and Ragazzis are still to be found in Milan. For the Ragatz family in America, see G. Fritsche, *Die Evangelische Gemeindschaft in Wisconsin Während Achtzig Jahren, 1840-1920* (Cleveland, O., n.d.), 30–31, 40, 45, 47, 54–56, 59, 74–75, 94, 101–102, and especially 144–145; John S. Roeseler, "The Evangelical Association on Lomira Circuit," in *Wis. Mag. of Hist.*, iv, no. 4 (June, 1921), 398, 413; and *Portrait and Biographical Record of Berrien and Cass Counties, Michigan* (Chicago, 1893), 296-297.

Bartholomew Ragatz was the organizer of the first Evangelical church in Sauk County, and long served as a lay preacher. Meetings were held in the Ragatz home from 1844 to 1851, when a log church and parsonage were erected on land deeded to the Evangelical Association by him. A stone church replaced the log one in 1875. This was destroyed by fire in 1904; in the same year the present structure was built. The official name of the congregation has always been the Ragatz Evangelical Church. Two of the Ragatz sons, Oswald and John Henry, became Association pastors. Ninety-one of the former's parishioners were massacred in the Sioux uprising near St. Peters, Minnesota, in the early sixties.

The diary of Reverend Henry Esch confirms some of the above statements. In July, 1851, Esch opened the Sauk Mission with Bartholomew Ragatz, Agnes Ragatz, Heinrich, George, Bartholomew, Oswald, Thomas, and Julius as members.—EDITOR.

His reports of the prospects offered by that portion of Wisconsin, sent to his old friends, were so favorable that in the spring of 1843, forty-one families followed him to Sauk County, while still others came at a later date. They gave to the community a distinctly Swiss tone, which three-quarters of a century has not entirely effaced.

Among the later comers was Jakob Bühler. He left his home in Felsberg with his wife and eight children, and came to the town of Honey Creek in 1847. Bartholomew Ragatz had provisionally selected land for him near his own homestead. This selection was approved, and the Bühlers spent their last money, fifteen dollars, in the purchase of livestock. Several Ragatz-Bühler intermarriages subsequently took place.

The originals of the following letters are in my possession. They were secured from distant relatives in Felsberg in the summer of 1922. They had been found among the papers of George Bühler, the recipient of all but one of them, after his death more than twenty years ago. They are written in German. Some purely personal matters have been omitted in the translations.

Jakob Bühler died in 1882, his wife in 1890. Of their children, two are still living—my paternal grandmother, Katherine Bühler Ragatz, of Madison, and Ulrich Bühler, writer of the last two letters, on the old home farm in Honey Creek. Numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren are found throughout the state, but the majority of them are living in or near Prairie du Sac, Sauk County. The name is now generally spelled Buehler.

LE HAVRE, 2 Brachmonat [June] 1847

DEAR BROTHER GEORGE: I am writing to tell you of our journey. We went from Zurich to Siflen, and from there to Paris, by oxcart. Traveling in this fashion is not easy.[4] From Paris

[4] My grandmother, who was nine years of age when the trip was made, recalls many interesting incidents connected with it. A large company of Swiss people made up the caravan party. Such groups were led by Frenchmen who furnished oxcarts for the hauling

one goes by water.[5] At first the boats are drawn by from two to four oxen. After one and one-half days ours was attached to a tug, and from there on we traveled more rapidly, clear to Le Havre.

In the harbor there, the ship masts are so thick that one is reminded of the naked trunks in a burned-over forest. Cotton and rice-flour from America were being unloaded. I can't describe them exactly, as we couldn't look at them closely.

As regards the ship we are taking, all is satisfactory. We put our trust in God that all will go well. We from Graubünden have been apportioned among three ships. Those taking the first boat left the rest of us in Siflen, and took the train from Basel. . . . We understand that the innkeepers got considerable money out of them; we were told that they had been on a spree after getting here. We arrived on May 25, four days after they had sailed. Tomorrow we will follow them.

George Bühler's child died in Sendire, about midway between here and home, and was buried, so they tell us, in the children's plot, in the center of the cemetery.

There is something to write about K——also. He got drunk in Sila. The money for his trip and expenses in America was in George Bühler's hands. He started a rumpus about this money, and was quieted only when a couple of our party hit him over the head. Two days later he was all right again and asked for George Bühler. I told him that Bühler had gone by train, and had the money. Then he stormed! Bühler left K——'s money with the innkeeper, Ruffli, in Le Havre, for safekeeping when he sailed, and Ruffli has the money now but won't give it to K—— until our boat leaves, lest K—— get drunk again and lose it. More about K——. He had a fit on the way here. He fell and bumped his head so that the next day his right eye was swollen shut. He said, "This is the third time." The others in our party

of baggage, small children, and the sick. Everyone else walked. In this particular caravan there were three families from Felsberg, the von Eschens, the Haases, and the Bühlers, and a young Mr. Nold, all bound for the town of Honey Creek. A constant lookout had to be kept against robbers, especially in the mountains. A few cattle were driven along to supply fresh meat. Vegetables and other foodstuffs were bought en route, each family buying what it could as best it could. Prices ranged rather high.

[5] Much of the freight between Paris and Le Havre and vice versa is still carried on the Seine barges.

thought him drunk. We who know have said nothing, and they don't know the real facts.

You can imagine what it means to travel with a big family. One always needs money, money, money. It costs about one Swiss *batzen*[6] a day a person, for a family that has brought only personal effects, and no provisions along. This is what I must write from France; from America I can, perhaps, write something more cheering. We are all satisfied with our Le Havre innkeeper, Herr Ruffli, and with our guide, Mach. We recommend Herr Ruffli to anyone who is headed for America; he is held in high esteem along both train and water routes.

If anyone who is fond of hunting intends to go to America, he should leave his gun at home, for in Le Havre, the best kind of double-barreled one can be bought for from 25 to 30 gulden,[7] and it can be tried out before the bargain is closed. Other things are all expensive, however.

Dear brother and sisters, we are well and send greetings to all the relatives and friends. I will write to you and others from America. I have not yet forgotten Felsberg.

JAKOB BÜHLER

P. S. Early one moonlit morning in Alsace, after we had gotten out of the mountains, the baby asked, "Father, are we going to ride clear to Heaven?"

SAUK PRAIRIE, 21 Wintermonat [December] 1847

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTERS: At last I will write you a letter. I am able to tell you, thanks be to God, that we are all well, and we hope that you are the same. The reason we didn't write before was that while on the way we sent you two letters, one from Le Havre and one from Albany.[8] Now I will give you an account of the trip.

[6] The French centime-franc standard was adopted as the official coinage system of Switzerland in 1850. Before this, there had been no uniformity, the then standards, as the gulden, varying in value from canton to canton. The old names have continued in colloquial usage, though not always with the original values. The *batzen* is the equivalent of 14 Swiss centimes, i.e., of about three cents in American money.

[7] The gulden is an old Swiss standard of value, used only colloquially today. Its value varies in the different cantons from 170 to 230 centimes. The gulden referred to here is the gulden of the Grisons, worth 174 centimes, or 35 cents American money. The guns were therefore priced at $8.75 to $10.50.

[8] The latter was not found.

We went by wagon from Zurich to Paris. We saw many large and beautiful cities and many wonderful things along the way. From Paris to Le Havre we went by water on a tow-boat, which was drawn by oxen for a time, after which we were hooked onto a tug, and towed in that way to Le Havre. We had to wait there for eight days while our ship, the *Magnolia*, was being unloaded. We sailed on the ninth day. Vomiting began inside of a quarter of an hour. This was caused by seasickness, which lasted two to three days for most of us, though from eight to fourteen for a few.

The ship went so swiftly that we were out of sight of land within half a day, whereas land is generally seen from four to five days [when the wind is not favourable]. We were in no storm, but we had such strong wind several times that the ship made as much as ten to twelve miles in an hour. We saw big fish which we thought to be some thirty feet long, and some six feet thick. We also saw schools of smaller ones. We also saw swallow-like birds which kept traveling with the ship. They rested from time to time on the water.

On the thirtieth [of June], we saw the New York lighthouses, and on the thirty-first [sic] we entered the harbor. You can well imagine what joy there was among us! It was otherwise when we got into the town. We were met by a crowd of swindlers. Each one wanted to take us to his inn. One told us, "This innkeeper is a rascal"; another, "That fellow is a robber," so that we scarce knew with which one we dared to go. At length a man led us to a German innkeeper who treated us nicely. His name is Hambacher Schloss. He showed us a good place to arrange for steamer and railroad accommodations.

We went by steamer from New York to Albany, and from there to Buffalo by tram, all for $6.00, and from there to Milwaukee for $3.00 a person. Most of those who traveled with us had to pay $12. One has to be on his guard in arranging for tickets, because anyone bringing persons to the office to take passage gets a percentage. It is best to let the innkeepers arrange this. Since they know English, they can tell one what is printed on the tickets, for if "baggage free" doesn't appear on them, one is cheated.

The lakes from Buffalo to Milwaukee are rather rough, and so large that one does not see land. We had a bad steamer. One evening an iron shaft one foot thick broke, and we traveled the whole night until we came to an island, on the power from one water wheel. We had to wait there for three days until another steamer came and picked us up.[9] From then on, everything went well until we got to Milwaukee.

There interesting things happened again. It was necessary for us to go overland. Transportation people came to us and asked, "Do you want to strike a bargain with us?" I asked, "How much do you want to go to Sauk Prairie with four chests and the family?" They said from $20 to $23.

Several among our party bought oxen and wagons, and so furnished their own transportation. Three from Sais, one from Vabzeinen, Heinrich Kleinens of Praden,[10] and myself made a deal with two of the haulage men with four wagons for $72.

For three nights we slept in the open, and for two under shelter, on the way to Sauk Prairie. The town[11] is still small. It stands on the banks of the Wisconsin, which will doubtless soon have many ships on it.

Quite unexpectedly our niece Bessy met us. She welcomed us heartily and took good care of us until we had built some shacks on our land. The logs for the big house are ready now, and if all goes well, I will build it this winter.

George von Eschen has his house completed already, and moved in on the 13th.[12] . . . Franz was held up in building his house because of the fever. . . . Now he is well again and will live with von Eschen over winter; he has planted a nice piece of rye already.

Von Eschen, Nold, Haase, and myself chose land together, our holdings touching at the center. Each of us has eighty acres.

[9] My grandmother recalls that while the party was waiting to be rescued, some of the enterprising young women secured work washing clothes. One housewife supplied her new laundress from the ship with soft soap. The latter mistook it for soup, with somewhat disastrous results for herself. The Swiss immigrants saw their first colored person—a young negress—at the same place.

[10] These are hamlets near Felsberg, with populations from 100 to 300 each.

[11] Prairie du Sac. The river was then crossed on a ferry boat a little below the location of the new bridge, recently completed. There was no island in the middle of the river there at that time, as there is now.

[12] The von Eschen home contained a stone stove. The Bühler home had only an open fireplace. Hence baking was long done at the von Eschens'.

There are 1035 *klafter*[13] in an acre, according to Ragaz. We are about a quarter of an hour away from magistrate Ragaz, who had his eye on this land for us. Schreiber and Bernhard Bühler are about an hour from us. We are two hours from town.

The land which we picked out is very level and has little underbrush on it, so that we can plow it. Woods and spring water are close by. I have plowed four acres already and have planted three with rye and one with wheat. In spring I intend to plow four to six acres more. A mill is being built about an hour away from us.[14]

In this region there are chiefly folks from Graubünden, some fifty families, I should say.[15] Agricultural products are quite expensive compared with other places. A quarter[16] of rye costs ½ dollar, wheat somewhat more, a quarter of potatoes cost 12 *batzen*,[17] and a pound of meat (30 *lote*),[18] 6 *bluzger*.[19]

Hans and George and I hired ourselves out for several days digging potatoes. The three of us received 10 quarters of potatoes a day and board.

Tell Christian Straub that he can earn nothing here by his trade, for everyone here has iron stoves, with which there are enough metal cooking utensils. For folks who want to work, it is best here to take up a piece of land and to work on it. . . .

And now I will close, wishing all of you a happy new year. We all send hearty greetings to you, brother, sisters, and brothers-

[13] Or 4047 square meters. The *klafter* is an obsolete unit of surface measurement. It equalled 4 square meters.

[14] Lodde's Mill, on Honey Creek, still in operation.

[15] The most interesting figure from a romantic point of view who was on Sauk Prairie about this time was Count Haraszthy of Austria. For a sketch of Count Haraszthy, see Wis. Hist. Soc., *Proceedings*, 1906, 224-245.

[16] The Swiss quarter, an old standard of quantity replaced by the litre-hectolitre system three-quarters of a century ago, but still in colloquial use today, must not be confused with the official English unit of the same name which equals 8 bushels. The former has a value of from 15 to 30 litres, according to the canton. The quarter of the Grisons, here in question, equals 30 litres or .85 of a bushel. The price of rye was therefore 59 cents a bushel.

[17] One hundred and sixty-eight centimes or about 34 cents American money. See note 6. The price per bushel, 40 cents.

[18] A *lot* (plural *lote*) equals half an ounce. The use of this unit of weight has now come to be restricted largely to precious metals.

[19] The *bluzger* is a colloquial standard of value employed only in the Grisons. It equals 2.2 centimes. This price of less than 3 cents a pound for meat on Sauk Prairie is corroborated by contemporary account books. There was at that time no market for cattle raised there other than Milwaukee, which meant long overland driving. Hogs could not be driven. Hence little stock was raised beyond that required for personal use and local sales.

in-law. Greet all our other relatives and old neighbors for us. I will look for an early reply.

JAKOB BÜHLER

SAUK PRAIRIE, 19 Wintermonth [December] 1848.

DEAR BROTHER: We were very glad to get your letter and to learn that your wife and child and yourself are all well. We are too, thank God. . . .

Dear brother, you ask about coming to America. If you had a large family, I would advise you to do so, for those who have large families and grown children can get along nicely because food can then be raised with little work. [But you have only one child] and the journey is hard.

This region is rather cold, because there are only low hills between which the north wind blows very strongly. But at that, not all of the cattle are stabled. As a result, they are a sad sight by spring. During the summer time they are as well off as those in Europe.

I can't tell you much about the progress we are making. I have thirteen acres under plow now. There are 1037 *klafter*[20] to an acre. The wheat and rye which we sowed a year ago were failures, because we, newcomers that we were, plowed too late. We hope for better luck this coming year. The ground is already covered with snow.

Here there is very little fall or spring. Early last May I ran across some wild-grape vines that scarcely showed signs of life, and at the end of the month they were already in bloom, and at the end of June there were already wild grapes on them. This is how rapidly things grow in summer time!

There are places on the bluffs where one can scarcely work his way through for the number of grapevines. They say that grape shoots brought over from Europe won't grow here, that only seeds from there will.[21] I was glad to get those which brother-in-law

[20] See note 13.

[21] A great deal of interest in raising grapes was being shown around Prairie du Sac just at this time. Two years before, in 1846, Jacob Kehl had arrived from Germany, and in the belief that that region would be suitable for wine production, he terraced the hills across the river from the town and set out many vines. Large quantities of grapes were subsequently grown by him, a wine press was set at work, and considerable wine was produced. It was stored in two cellars back of "Round Bluff." The venture proved less

Florian brought me. The vine cuttings which I brought along with me froze last winter. I want to send you wild-grape seeds. The wild grapes have such a strongly colored juice that one can write letters with it.

We in the new world don't need many of the things one has in the old. So far there hasn't been much fruit around here, but this year many trees were set out, and in a few years there will be plenty. There are wild apple trees about. In the older towns there is fruit enough. In this part of the country there are plums, little cherries, walnuts, hickory nuts, hazelnuts, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries, currants, gooseberries, etc. . . .

There are four kinds of oaks. The acorns of one of them are like hazelnuts. There are cedars on the bluffs, very much like those in —— 's [name illegible] garden. There is a sort of pine, almost like the *arve*.[22] Larch trees[23] grow in wet places, where the cattle can't go in the summer time.

As for animals, there are deer which are gray and white, rabbits, badgers, marmots, and raccoon. Sometimes the latter are as large as beavers. There are big and small squirrels, as in the old world. There are others, and another kind of water animal of which only the skin is good.[24]

There are turtles. There are also wolves. One hears now and then that they have torn apart a pig. When a number of grown pigs are kept together, the wolves don't touch them. There are also porcupines. Not far away from here there are bear.

As for birds, there are eagles, hawks, geese, ducks, woodcocks, and prairie chickens. The latter are something like partridges, though their flesh does not taste as good. There is a smaller kind of fowl, too, which tastes good. These multiply at a great

remunerative than had been expected, and recourse was had to general farming. Some of the terraces and the partially caved-in cellars can still be seen. The farm is now owned by John Kehl, a son of the grape grower. Up to within recent years, at least, he still had a considerable supply of this old wine in his possession. Mrs. Jacob Kehl is still living, and has her home in Philadelphia.

[22] The *arve* is a variety of pine peculiar to the Grisons region of the Alps and to Siberia. It is rather small, has a very gnarled trunk, and five needles develop from each bud. The French name is *pin du Boston*, or in patois, *l'arole*.

[23] Also called tamaracks.

[24] The muskrat, in all probability. This animal is still trapped in the Honey Creek country.

rate, laying twenty to twenty-four eggs.[25] Many of these are shot and netted in the corn fields.

There are swallows, too, canaries, and blackbirds. . . . Many of these go away in the winter. In spring, there are pigeons which come in regular clouds,[26] so that one feels glad when they finally go away again. In the states where they stay, the crops are not large. . . .

There are snakes here which can go on the water and on land. The rattlesnakes are of different sizes. There are black and yellow speckled ones. If one doesn't bother them or step on them, one need not fear them. They don't come after one. When one gets near to them, one hears their warning rattle. They get a rattle in the third year. So one can tell their age. I killed one that had thirteen rattles, and so was fifteen years old. There aren't so many here because it is too cold. Farther south there are more.

I must close because Bühler[27] is leaving today. I haven't the time to recopy this; there are doubtless mistakes [in spelling] in it. Dear brother, let the relatives in Chur share in this letter. I haven't time to write another letter to them, it is not that we want to forget them. We all send hearty greetings, especially to dear mother in Chur. Greet for us those in Felsberg who ask about us.

Elsbeth married Litscher of Haldenstein or Chur last summer.

The wild-grape seeds I am sending are to be planted in the fall. Plant the melon seeds two or three together, in holes from three to four feet apart.

[Jacob Bühler]

Sauk City, March 9, 1855.

Dear Brother: I received your letter and learned that you are well. You may, God be praised, learn the same of us.

[25] The quail.

[26] Passenger pigeons. My grandmother recalls how they could be seen flying in long lines from Ferry Bluff at one end of Sauk Prairie, to the Baraboo Bluffs at the other end.

[27] Bühler carried this letter with him. The early Swiss settlers entrusted few things to the mail. Most letters and parcels were given to returning fellow-countrymen for personal delivery. An aged inhabitant of Tamins recalls how persons arriving from America had as many as fifty letters with them, for distribution throughout the village and countryside.

Hans intends to go to another place with his wife and child in spring if he can sell his land here. He has eighty acres and a house on it. Others are going from here, too. . . .

Elizabeth and Zedonia are well off with their husbands. Each one has a boy and a girl.

You write that you had sent me song books. A short time ago a woman told me that she got a letter from Hans Ländi, 150 miles from Sauk, [in which he said] that there were song books for me with him. But I can get them in spring.

Leonard Bühler came here unexpectedly in January. He has visited all the Felsbergers. He says that now he can believe what most of them wrote—when someone [from here] writes about the land or cattle he has, you can believe him, because no one claims to have more than he [really] has.

My sister's son from Tusis wrote me a letter too; he has doubtless received the answer long since. He should come straight along to America. If one is willing to work, he and his will soon have an abundance of food and can [even] sell some.

I would like it if all the Felsbergers were here, without exception, for even those who get along well in Felsberg could make out better in America. Judging by what Leonard says, prospects in the old home town don't look very bright.[28]

We can't thank God enough that we are in America. We have had a good harvest. I wouldn't have written much about it, only Leonard asked one and then another, and then he said, "I'll write to the old home town about it," and since he is doing so, I'll write [about it] too.

We got 280 quarters of wheat, 236 of oats, 349 of corn,[29] 250 of potatoes last summer. The wheat and oats were threshed in one and one-half days. The price of the threshed grain here is, the wheat, 5 francs a quarter,[30] oats 51 *bluzgers*,[31] corn 62 *bluzgers*,[32] potatoes also 62 *B*. the quarter.

[28] The period from about 1840 to 1860 was one of great depression in Switzerland. This explains in part the great exodus to America during those years.

[29] Corn has the colloquial name *türken* (also spelled *dirken*) in the Grisons. This word was carried to America and is still occasionally met with among the old Swiss settlers in Wisconsin. It was once thought that this grain had come from Turkey.

[30] That is $1.00 per 30 litres, or $1.17 per bushel, using the Grisons standards. See note 16.

[31] Twenty-two cents per 30 litres, or 26 cents per bushel, with the Grisons standards. See notes 16 and 19.

[32] Twenty-seven cents per 30 litres, or 32 cents per bushel, Grisons standards. See notes 16 and 19.

The corn is planted for cattle and hogs. We have twenty hogs [and] thirteen cows, not counting three calves we expect to get. The potatoes are shipped south almost every year because they don't have enough good ones there. We have 160 acres of land. Thirty-two acres are cultivated and we intend to get about ten more into shape this summer.

You are doubtless wondering how we do our work. We can do it without hired help. Work here in America is carried on differently than [it is] in the old home. With the big scythe one [person] cuts two to three acres [a day]. One or two rake, one or two bundle, and then they place twelve and twelve sheaves together. So, at last, when evening comes, rows [of sheaves] stand in the field.

When they are dry (the little bundles), they are brought together, each kind in a separate pile. . . . We had one such pile of winter wheat, two of summer [wheat], and one of oats.

I can also tell you something about deer hunting. Altogether I have killed twenty-two and George four. There is hardly time enough for this now, there is so much work on the farm. But rabbits and prairie chickens are caught and shot much in winter. In hunting, Florian is the master.

Cholera appeared in our region last summer; especially in the little town several were taken off by it, though the most of these were dissolute livers. In the country, it carried off one woman and two children.

Last summer, in addition to the field work, we raised the house and barn and moved them nearer to the road. The road goes between our land and Franz Haase's.

We wonder how the relatives in Chur are; if mamma and the others are all well. We are waiting for a letter from them.

I'll write something about the Dülieser affair too. I examined the thing myself, since otherwise I couldn't have arrived at a proper conclusion. On some points I didn't exactly agree with them, but on the whole, we are of the same opinion. Through cleansing and conversion one can reach Heaven. We have been going to their church for almost two years. People who are inclined towards God lead a different life than do those who are not so minded.

We would gladly invite you to make us a visit if it weren't so far, so that you could see for yourself how things go with us. For we really have a nice piece of ground. Towards the north, through hay land, comes a nice little brook. In the summer time there come many fish which we catch. . . .

And now I will close. I hope that you will be able to understand what I have written even if it isn't written according to rules, for I don't have much writing to do in America.

We extend many greetings to you and to the relatives in Chur. If they are still living, also greet for me old Aunt Anna Danüser and my godmother Elizabeth von Eschen.

JAKOB BÜHLER

P. S. Let the folks in Chur read this too.

SAUK CITY, 2 J[anuary], 1856

DEAR BROTHER: Since I have an opportunity to write a few lines [I will say] that we are, thanks to God, all well and getting along nicely, and [that] we hope the same of you.

Otherwise I don't think of much to write. Jacob ———— [name illegible] has doubtless told you how things go with us. Otherwise you can find out from our neighbor Möli, who is now on a short visit in Churwalden.

I am sending you a little summer-wheat seed. You can sow it in March. It is very easy to thresh. I have still another kind something like this which is too hard [to thresh]. . . .

This summer we got 318 bushels of wheat . . . of oats 237 bushels. Next summer we are going to plant 50 bushels more of summer wheat. A bushel of wheat is worth a bit over a dollar now.

I will close. We remain faithful [to the memory of other times] and wish you a good new year. You may greet for us whoever asks about us.

JAKOB BÜHLER

AMERICA, June 19, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND AND OLD CHUM [George Danüser]: I've been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, for I thought that you would be wondering how we are getting along in America.

Well, in the first place, I'll tell you that I am well and like being in America. Still, I'd like to be among you all again. Perhaps I will be sometime again, too. If it weren't so far, I'd long since have come on a visit.

I'd like very much to know how all of you young folks in the old fatherland are. I suppose things have changed a great deal since I came to America. From what I hear, you must be having harder times even than when I was still there. Hard times are unknown here. To be sure, things didn't go so well [for us] during the first two years, but now we are in comfortable circumstances. There is no lack of things to eat. We have a surplus.

I can tell you exactly how we stand. We have 22 acres of wheat planted, 11 acres of oats, 6 acres of corn, ½ acre of potatoes, and the prospects are fine for a bumper crop. Last year we got 318 bushels of wheat, 256 bushels of oats, 250 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of potatoes.

You wonder perhaps, how we can work such a large farm. Sickles aren't s d here, because things are done in a different way, by which one man can cut two to three acres [in a day]. There is another kind of machine drawn by two teams of horses with which 14 to 18 acres of wheat can be cut [in a day]. And so it goes with all work here—everything is done faster than in the old country.

I can tell you what we have in the line of livestock. We have 14 cattle, 2 horses, 5 sheep, 14 hogs, and a great number of chickens. Now you know about how we are fixed.

Anybody who is willing to work can get along in America, for pay is much greater here than over there. I did at one time, it is true, work out for 6 months for only 6 dollars a month, but if I want to work out now, I can get 16 to 18 dollars [a month] from a farmer all through the summer.

I am thinking about going away from here after harvest time in order to make some money, to a place where I can earn 18 to 20 dollars a month—working in the woods, for I am thinking about buying a piece of land in a new region.

I have also heard that George Danüser in the lower part of town and George Danüser in the upper part of town[33] and Christian Danüser on the little circle[34] would like to come to America. You can tell them to come right along, for I know that after they'd have been here a short time, they wouldn't want to go back, for it would be better for all [the] young folks, for boys and girls [in Felsberg], if they were here.

It would certainly give me great joy if some of my old friends were to come at last. I recall many things as well as if they had happened just recently. Best of all, I remember how I climbed the fruit trees with you. I remember very well how we stole Stitzler's pears.

Fruit is still not plentiful around here. There is, to be sure, some wild fruit, but it isn't as good as that grown in orchards. There are many plums almost as good as tame ones. The wild apples are sour, and the wild grapes, of which there are very many, are also sour.

My best friend is Jakob Schneller. I wonder if you are still all unmarried, those of you of my age. I am.[35] In America most of the girls get married at 16 to 18 and the men from 20 to 22.

And now I must close, but must first say that you mustn't be surprised that I can't write better, for you know that I was young when I came to America, and I attended no German school. I could write better in English, but I thought you wouldn't be

[33] In 1842 an avalanche from Mount Calanda nearly destroyed Felsberg. It came to a stop just behind the village proper, but rolling stones did great damage. My grandmother, then four years of age, has a vivid recollection of the event. The terror-stricken inhabitants fled, and not daring to return to their homes for weeks, built shelter huts farther down the valley. Money was collected throughout Switzerland to aid the sufferers. As stones continued to fall, some of those who had had their homes destroyed built new ones with their share of the donation money on the site of the shelter camp. This has grown to be New Felsberg. Old Felsberg, reoccupied in due course, is divided into an upper and a lower part. Others of the sufferers came to Wisconsin. Among these was Jakob Bühler, whose home had been partially destroyed. The story of the great landslip has been told many a time about the firesides of Sauk County. A woman tending her cow is said to have been buried alive. For years, the persons who had returned to Old Felsberg slept with their clothes bundled beside them. Small slides still occur, but as they are held back by the large one, they have long since ceased to be a matter of concern.

[34] A portion of Old Felsberg.

[35] Ulrich Bühler was married on February 16, 1860, to Emeline Bennett, a native of New York and a great-great-granddaughter of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Their fiftieth wedding anniversary, in 1910, and their sixty-second, in 1922, were the occasions for large gatherings of relatives and friends at the old Bühler homestead.

able to read my letter then, and so I had to write it in German. . . . You can read this letter [to others] if you wish.

Give my greetings to all who ask about me; give them to Peter Schneller in particular, for me, and to Zidonia Danüser. Give my greetings to Margaret Danüser and the whole family. Greet all the young ladies for me and tell them that they should write. It would please me greatly to hear from them, for I like very much to read letters from the old fatherland. I'll be expecting an answer from you soon.

ULRICH BÜHLER

SAUK CITY, May 17, 1877.

DEAR UNCLE GEORGE: We received your good letter of April 27 today[36] and see by it that you are still in good health. Since father can't write readily any more, he asked me to write for him. . . .

I judge by your letter that old age has not yet begun to tell on you. On my part, I can tell you that my parents, considering their age, are still well and robust, especially mother, who doesn't seem a bit older than sixty, although she is almost eighty, and still has the use of all her powers. Father shows his age somewhat at times. My parents live with my youngest brother, who was married some years ago, and they have no worldly cares. . . .

Elias von Eschen . . . lives in Sauk City and has a furniture store. We see each other often. We generally talk about hunting then. He told me how he went hunting with you on the Ruchgerstabada and Garunis,[37] and that you shot a marten there.

There is still quite a bit of game here, and one doesn't have to have a hunting license. There is a closed season for big game in the summer, but from October to mid-January, anyone who cares to can hunt. I killed two deer with the gun which you sent me. Brother Christian also shot a big stag two years ago. He was pretty thin, but still gave 180 pounds of meat, and big horns. Brother George has also shot a number of them, and father most of all.

[36] Twenty days for a letter to go from eastern Switzerland to south central Wisconsin compares very favourably with the service of today, when the time averages twelve days for the same trip.

[37] These are two mountains north of Felsberg.

There is much target shooting, generally with turkeys for prizes. A year-old turkey weighs from 15 to 18 pounds and is set up for a dollar. Ten men then shoot in order, one shot each, at numbers on the target. The one who has the highest number gets the prize. In this way 15 to 20 such fowl are shot for in a day.[38]

There are two tame deer here which were caught and are often shot for. The person who wins one lets him be shot for again. We shot for them several times, but did not have the luck to win one. The distance is generally 250 to 280 paces, and our rifle doesn't shoot accurately. If you have a good rifle and have no use for it, it would give us great pleasure if you would send it to us by Mr. John Prader who will visit you. . . .

And now I will close, and hope for an early reply. We greet you, also Aunt Anna and all the relatives in Felsberg and in Chur.

Your nephew,

ULRICH BÜHLER

[38] Shooting for fowl is still a leading sport among menfolk of Prairie du Sac and Sauk City, especially at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year time. Geese, ducks, turkeys, and chickens are as a rule all included among the prizes. The position of target tender is rather lucrative, and small boys vie with one another to secure it.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO WISCONSIN IN 1840[1]

Monday May 31st 1841—Our company being ready and all things prepared we Left Racine about 3 o'clock PM for Iowa. Our company consisted of 4, besides the driver, viz. Moses Vilas D. S. [Deputy Surveyor] formerly from [blank in MS.] Co. [blank in MS.] Chas. Smith from Orange Co. Vermont Eleazer Barnum Coburn, from Orange Co. Vermont, and myself. The day was fine and we went by way of Mount Pleasant as far as Rochester 24 miles Put up at [Peter] Campbels

Teusday June 1st 1841—We left Rochester 6 AM. Day clear & very warm. Traveled on the U. S. Road to Janes Ville.[2] Camped a mile beyond the River 45 miles to-day

Wednesday 2nd Started 6 AM. Passed over an extensive high rolling Prairie in a North Easterly direction in order to pass round the heads of Bass Creek, thence South westerly thro. some fine Bur Oak openings a few miles when we came to Sugar river Pra. a beautiful level piece of land separated from the river here by a strip of openings very rich soil. Crossed about 2 miles below Centre Ville & stopped on the west bank for noon. The day was clear & very warm and a bathe was quite reviving to our faculties. this is 20 miles from JanesVille Our road was south of the bluffs and we came to a Hoosier settlement about 5 miles from the river. Passed thro. New Mexico on NE. cor. of Sect. 3, T. 1, R. 7. The Co. seat of Green Co. has lately been removed from this place to Monroe on Sect. 35 in the town north.[3] This like many other Wis. towns has a house or two a Tavern & Store Camped 2½ miles beyond at [O.C.] Smith's saw mill on a branch [Honey Creek] of the Peekatonokee [Pecatonica]. Here we find Maple, Bass, Black walnut &c Burr Oak having disappeared.

[1] The following is the concluding installment of the diary of Frederick J. Starin, publication of which was begun in the September, 1922, number of this magazine.

[2] In 1838 the territorial legislature petitioned Congress for an appropriation for a road from Racine to the Mississippi. Congress responded in 1839 by appropriating $10,000 for such a road. This appropriation was utilized for the eastern portion of the road, which was opened by 1840 as far as Janesville.

[3] New Mexico, which is now included in the city limits of Monroe, was platted in 1838 by Judge Jacob Andrick, a settler from Indiana. He succeeded in having his town named as the county seat by the territorial legislature. Meanwhile, having neglected to record the plat, the rival owners of the site of Monroe secured the removal of the county seat to their town.

Thursday 3rd Started at 6. Crossed Skinners Creek at a saw mill. The Peekatonokee just at the Junction of the two branches,[4] Hunters Ferry, Spafford's Creek near its mouth.[5] Wolf Creek at the saw & grist mill near its mouth. Bebas store &c. Platte Mounds in sight N. W. Passed the first lead diggings on the Pra. 3 or 4 miles NE. of Gratiots grove[6] on the N. E. side of which we camped for the night. Day Clear & very warm.

Friday 4th Started at 6. Passed thro. Shulsburg a settlement of miners, pits or shafts have been sunk in this vicinity on almost every acre, thence S West to [Dennis] Murphys Mill & Furnace on Fevre river Here we saw a few Pine trees on the bank Thence S.W. to Sinsinewa Mound the residence of Gen. G.[eorge] W.[allace] Jones surveyor Gen of Iowa and Wiskonsan.[7] The mound is a circular elevation commanding a very extensive prospect. The General's house is about half way up facing the southeast. 6 miles from here to Dubuque where we arrived 3 PM. Crossed the River in a horse boat after dismissing the team. Distance to the Island one mile, & ¼ mile to the opposite bank. Islands appear to be confined to the west shore at this place

This town appears at first sight to be settled wholly by french yet there are quite a number of Eastern people, especially the professional & trading community. The scenery on the river is wild and picturesque consisting of high rocky bluffs and deep ravines. we pitched our tent on the Catfish creek 2 miles southeast of town—at night we had a heavy thunder shower accompanied with a hard S.E. blow. The day was warm & sultry except a cool shower 2 PM.

Saturday 5th Very warm and sultry. Coburn & I went to town this PM.

Sunday 6th Very warm & sultry. Attended church at the school house a few rods from our camp.

[4] Skinner's Creek enters the Pecatonica in section five, town one, range six east.

[5] Named for Omri Spafford, killed in the Black Hawk War.

[6] Gratiot's Grove was a fine piece of timber just south of the present Shullsburg. It was settled in 1825 by the Gratiot family from St. Louis. See description in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, x, 245-249, 267-269.

[7] James D. Doty, who was appointed territorial governor in 1841, insisted on the spelling *Wiskonsan*.

Monday 7th To day we expected to leave but the General did not come over and we were detained very warm

Teusday 8th The General came over this morning about ten o'clock and after r[e]ceiving our instructions & buying some provisions we struck our tent about 3 P. M. & decamped. Having employed Mr. Grafford's team & driver to take us to our Ground Camped on Prairie creek this night where we found Mr. Weldon and his company encamped. During our stay at Dubuque the weather was uniformly very hot & sultry and we as uniformly had a heavy shower every afternoon or evening accompanied with a great deal of thunder & lightning & wind. The first night our tent came near being blown over (15 miles to day)

Wednesday 9th Passed Muquokity [Maquoketa] falls & mill, & Muquokity South Branch camped 1½ miles from the Wapisipinacon 30 miles to day.

Thursday 10th Passed the river 4 miles to Russels 16 to Jenkins the last settler Camped about a mile east of the east line & one north of the South line to T 86 N. R 7 W on a small spring brook (26½ to d[a]y)

Friday 11th I Rode back with the team to Russels on my way to Mr Chaplin's 12 miles S. E. of there, to employ him as Cook & packer with horse & wagon arrived there on foot about 6 PM

Saturday 12th He not being at home I spent to-day waiting for him.

Sunday 13th He returned about noon and having made the necessary arrangments I left about 3 PM. & traveled as far as Mr. McKinney's 22 miles where I arrived about 10 o'clock after running about the prairie some two hours without any Road & it being so dark & cloudy as scarcely to be able to distinguish any object

The first time I ever was benighted on a Prairie

Monday June 14th 1841—Arrived at our camp about 8 o'clock this morning found it deserted and a good dish of beans cooking which were not unpalatable. Our men had commenced work on friday last

Teusday June 15th 1841—On returning from our work this evening we found at our camp Mr. Woodbri[d]ge from Marion

with a horse & wagon to take Mr Chaplin's place he having been unable to obtain a horse, and Mr Durham from the same place seeking employment

Wednesday 16th Moved our camp to-day to Sect 10 T. 86 N R 7 W on the Wapisipin [Wapsipinicon] river

Thursday 17th Cold & rainy day was completely wet all day having to wade the river four times. Mr. Durham assisted us

Friday 18th Mr Durham left us

Saturday June 19th Finished E ½ of this town

Sunday June 20th I rode to Marion to-day with Mr. Woodbridge It is a pleasant place situated on a high roll of prairie bordering on the timber of the upper Iowa or Red Cedar river which is about 5 miles distant & contains 2 Hotels one store two Groceries & a courthouse being the County Seat of Linn Co. besides a number of small dwelling houses, has about 90 inhabitants 7 Doctors 4 or 5 Lawyers one Blacksmith &c Left town about 2 o'clock and after having several showers to wet us completely we arrived in sight of the river about dark it still continued to rain and it was with much difficulty & after putting down to the river several times that we found our camp completely drenched

Thursday 24th Moved camp to-day to South part of Sect. 6. Near the river a good spring

Friday 25th Finished Town 86 Range 7 yesterday & commenced on T 86 R 8. to day

Saturday 26th Mr. Woodbridge and I went to Marion to-day for provisions.

Sunday 27th Left Marion to day 2 PM. arr. at Camp 6 o'clock. Staid at Phillips

Thursday 24th Smith taken sick to day PM

Monday June 28th 1841—Finished first tier. Difficulty with Woodbridge

Teusday 29th. Moved camp this AM to Grove & spring on 16. About ten o'clock I was taken with a fit of vomiting as I supposed in consequence of drinking too freely at the spring, remained at the camp and took a dose of Hygean Pills this PM.

Wednesday June 30th . . . .

This morning feeling quite well I went out on the field as usual but before running a mile was taken with sickness & vomiting, and was compeled to return to the camp a distance of 3 miles which under the most excrutiating pain in my back & head and the heat of an oppressive sun I accomplished in as many hours.

Thursday July 1st 1841—Was greeted this morning with a visit and cordial shake (not of the hand) from my old friend the ague about 7 o'clock. Mr. Vilas went to the settlement in quest of an assistant Employed Mr. Stivers. Mr. Woodbridge sent him his compliments to day by Mr. Chambers Const. in the shape of a summons & attachment with which he was greeted on his return

Friday 2nd Had a shake this morning.

Mr. Stivers commenced work

Saturday 3d Shake rather lighter.

Sunday July 4th 1841—A light shake this morning From the effects of medicine and as I then supposed the ague combined I had become so weak as to be unable to walk a few rods—without fainting, & therefore concluded I had better seek some more suitable situation Accordingly Mr Coburn went to the settlement about 4 miles distant and engaged Mr. Speakes to take me to his cabin who came with two yoke of cattle & wagon for that purpose about 3 PM.

Monday July 5th 1841—Mr. S. went to Marion 20 miles to have Dr. Cummings visit me

Teusday 6th The Dr. arrived about 9 o'clock AM. Pronounced my disease a union of the ague & Flux known but little except in the south & western part of the U. S. Not only a dangerous but contagious disease. Escaped shaking this morning for the first time. Pronounced me in a very bad condition having let the disease progress since Thursday last. Mr. S. returned about 5 or 6 P M.

Wednesday 7th Sent Mr. S's boy to Marion for Oil, sugar rice &c. Dr. found me better

Sunday 11th Mr. Vilas was here this PM. Finished Town 86 Range 8 yesterday. Was gratified to find that I had been gradually overcoming my illness day by day untill now I was able

to sit up long enough to wash & change my clothes The Dr. stopt visiting me on Friday. Mr. V. was on his way to Marion to attend Woodbridge's suit on Teusday

Wednesday 14th Moved Camp from 16 Grove

Sunday July 18th 1841—During the past week I have gained steadily, so that to-day I made an essay at walking out with Mr. & Mrs. S. to Mr. D's field

Monday 19th Walked to Mr. Lockhart's this AM. and had a delicious feast on wild honey & returned to Mr. S's about noon & ate a good dinner, about 4 P M experienced certain symptoms of a return of the ague. Very warm

Wednesday 21st Had chills & fever about 1 PM.

Friday 23d Had shake & fever about 11 AM.

Sunday 25th Had slight shake about 8 AM Mr. Osburn from the camp called on me Camp on Sect. 3 T 87 N R 8 W on the river

Dr. Beaumont's experiments on the susceptibility of digestion of articles of food results[8] Boiled Rice 1 hour, Sago, Tapioca, Barley, B'ld milk 2.15 hours, Tripe & pigs feet 1 h. Fowls & Beefs Liver 2.30 Hard Eggs 3.30 Soft, do 3, Custard 2.45, Trout 1.30 Fresh fish 3, Beef rare roast 3, Dry roasted 3.30 Salt Beef with mustard 2.30 Pickled Pork 4.30 Raw do, 3. Fresh mutton 3.15 Veal 4, Wheat bread fresh 3.30 corn bread 3.15 Sponge cake 2.30 Succotash 3.45 Apple dumpling 3. Sour mellow apples 2, sweet mellow do. 1.30. Parsnips B'ld 2.30. Potatoes do 3.30 do roasted 2.30 Raw cabbage 2.30 with vin. 2 Boiled cabbage 4.30

Sunday August 1st 1841—Have had a remission of the ague since last Sunday and gained gradually during the week.

Messrs. Coburn & Stivers came in from the camp to day for provisions.

Monday 2nd Election for the town of Washington Linn Co. held to-day at Mr. Magonigh

Teusday 3d Assisted Mr. Speak in securing a bee tree this evening.

Wednesday 4th Mr. S. & I sent to Grove on 16 in quest of bees.

[8] For Dr. Beaumont and his experiments, see *Wis. Mag. of Hist.*, iv. 263-280.

Thursday 5th Mr. Downes raised house I went to Mr. Osborn's this P M. on sect. 9 Town 85 R 8 west. Mr. O. arr. home

Friday 6th Rode to Mr. S.s

Saturday 7th Mr. O. & Mr. O. Jr. Left this morning for the camp which we found on Sect 26, T. 88 N. R 8 W. Load of Provisions

Sunday Aug. 8th Spent most of the day hunting bees. Rained some. Sam. Osborn returned

Wednesday Aug. 11th I went out to-day with the company.

Thursday Aug. 12th Finished Town 88 N. R 8 W.

Friday Aug. 13th Cut a bee tree this A. M. PM. moved to T 87 N R 7 W.

Saturday 14th Messrs. Maxwell & Osborn returned home.

Monday August 16th 1841—Commenced on T. 87 N. R. 7 W.

Thursday 19th Finished a whole tier to-day.

Sunday 22nd Maxwell went home for Team

Monday 23d Finished the job to day—87

Teusday 24th Team came out

Wednesday 25th This morning we left the Wapisipinicon river for home. Camped 7 miles above Charles ford on the Makoqueta near Mr. Beardsley's. Rainy night.

Thursday 26th Passed the ford & Cascade & camped on White Water creek.

Friday 27th Rainy day arrived at Du Buque 3 P M Camped on the Catfish

Saturday August 28th 1841—Ascertained to-day that on account of the probable non-confirmation of the appointment of Gen. Wilson by the Senate no money could at present be obtained from the Office

Sunday 29th Smith, Coburn & I visited the resting place of Dubuque's remains to-day, 2 miles south of the town on a high bluff on the west bank of the River north of the mouth of the Catfish creek His bones lie on the surface & are protected by a small stone building at one end of which a cross has been erected by the Catholics bearing the following inscription "Julien

Dubuque Mineur de la mines De L'Espagne Mort La 24th Marse 1810 Agé 45 ½ anné"[9]

Monday 30th Mr. Vilas visited Gen Wilson to-day.

Teusday 31st Moved camp to an island in the river to-day & Mr. Lockhart left for home.

September 1st 1841—Left Dubuque to-day about 11 o'clock A. M with Mr. Grafford's team passed Sinsinewa Mound Camped on Fevre River one mile above Murphy's Mill & Furnace

Thursday 2nd. Passed through Shulsburg camped ½ mile east of the west branch of the pekatonica at a vacant house on S[blank in MS.] T[blank in MS.] R[blank in MS.]

Friday 3rd Passed thr'o Hamilton's diggings[10] Camped on the little Sugar river

Saturday 4th Passed thro Sugar river diggings Crossed Rock River at Humes' Ferry, and camped on Rock Pra. Near Mr [Elisha] Newhals.

Sunday 5th Left the wagon at Johnstown & proceeded on foot to White Water where I arrived about 1 o'clock PM.

Teusday 7th Left White Water with horse & wagon for Turtle Pra. arrived at McKonkeys 1 PM Passed thro Delavan on my return & stopt at Mr. [Benjamin] More's

Wednesday 8th Passed thro Johnstown and arrived at White Water about noon. Rainy

Thursday Sept. 9th 1841. Drew a load of lime & siding from Slocum's Rain

Saturday 11th Democratic meeting at Freeman Pratt

Sunday 12th Started for Milwaukkee with team about noon, Staid at Mr. Billings'.

Monday 13th arrived at Milwaukee 4 P. M.

Teusday 14th Started for Racine On Horseback

Wednesday 15th Returned from Racine this P. M.

Thursday 16th Left Milwaukee this morning Staid at Mr. [Lyman] Hill's Mukwonago.

Friday 17th Arrived at White Water 4 P M

[9] For a sketch of Julien Dubuque, see *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, xix, 320; *Annals of Iowa*, third series, ii, 329-336.

[10] William S. Hamilton, son of Alexander, had a smelter and mining outfit at the present Wiota. See *Wis. Mag. of Hist.*, iv, 35-38.

Steam Boat Erie lost by fire on Lake Erie the 9th of August and over 200 lives lost.

Fire and Explosion at Syracuse on the [blank in MS.]th, and over 30 lives lost

T. R. Le Baron commenced selling goods at White Water about the 15th of Sept.

Sunday Sept. 19th 1841—Mr. Curtiss Called & Mr. & Mrs. F. L. Pratte.

Friday 24th To-day we experienced a cessation of the Equinoctial storm which commenced on Thursday 16th inst. from which time to this neither moon, sun or star has been visible. Being the most cloudy weather ever known in Wiskonsan by the oldest Settlers. Party at the Hotel this evening

Friday Oct. 1st 1841—Traced a line on Sec. 36, for H. I. S. this AM. Run line between 33 & 4. For D. J. Powers—this P. M.

Saturday 2nd Run the East line of the E ½ of the N.W. ¼ of sec. 29, T. 4, R. 15. For Hacket

Sunday 3d. Messrs Ps & I visited Mrs Bradley

Monday Oct. 4th 1841—Left White Water to-day about noon rode with Alva Smith to Milwaukee staid at Mr. Hill's.

Teusday 5th Arr. at Milwaukee 5 P M.

Wednesday 6th Left By S.B. Illinois Capt Blake about noon. Wind S.E. Course NE Very heavy sea Rough Cloudy night. Nearly all passengers sick.

Thursday Oct. 7th 1841—Passed the S. B. Missouri at the Manitou I's. this morning. Wind N. W. Co. N. N. E. Arr. at Mackinaw 5 P M—were detained in wooding till 9, in evening. Garrison here 73 men[11] Wind W. Co. E. E. S. E.

Oct. 8th Arrived at Presque Isle, 4 a. m. wooded & left about 8 a. m. Lake smooth at Sun down.

Oct. 9th Wooded at Newport before day light arr. at Detroit 10 a. m. wooded and left at 1 P. M. Wind S. of W. Passed North of Cunningham's Island at sunset arr. cleveland 11 o'clock wooded at Fair Port, 2 a. m. 10th Oct. Left Daylight Co. E of N. E. very fine weather—Arr. at Buffalo

[11] In 1841 Fort Mackinac was garrisoned by a part of the Fourth Artillery, Captain Patrick H. Galt in command.

5 o'clock P. M. Got on board canal boat Edwin Dean Capt. Wm Drum, this evening. Left Buffalo Monday morning Oct. 11th arr. at Lockport 9 o'clock evening

Wednesday Oct 13th arr. at Rochester 2 a. m. Two Buildings were on fire opposite the Republican office. Left 12 m arr. at Fair Port evening

Thursday Oct. 14th Passed Clyde 5 P. M.

Friday Oct. 15th arr. at Jordan 8 AM. at Geddisburg 5 P. M. Were detained in consequence of the opening of a new lock at Lodi.

Saturday Oct. 16th 3 p. m. Took Boat Amherst Capt. C. Cook

Sunday 17th Passed New London 9 a. m. arr. at Utica 9 o'clock in the evening

Monday 18th Passed Little falls 7 o'clock a. m. Arr. at Fulton Ville 9 o'clock in the evening.[12]

. . . .

Tuesday Sept. 7 47. Left home on the Packet Boat Montzeuma Capt. ———— Arrived at Utica 7½ P. M. Fare $1.25 Changed to Boat Onondaga Capt. Myers—

Wednesday Sept. 8-47—Clear warm Arrived at Syracuse at noon. Fare $1.50 Changed to Boat, ———— Capt Pc Bromley

Thursday Sept. 9-47. Rain last night, & part of to-day Arrived at Rochester 4 P M. Fare $2.50 Took cars 6, P. M. Fare —— —— $2.50 Arrived at Buffalo —— 11 P M. Stopped at Huffs Hotel.

Friday Sep 10, 47. clear warm. Found the girls Harriet Ann & Jane Eliza, yet on board the Canal Boat, wating for me— Took Steam Boat Illinois Capt. Blake left Buffalo, 7 Eve. arrived at Cleveland

Saturday Sept. 11, 47. clear warm—about Noon, started out at 3 p. m.

Sunday Sept. 12, 47. cold

[12] Starin spent the time from October 18, 1841, until April 16, 1842, in and about Fultonville, New York. As the incidents of his diary are not connected with Wisconsin, we omit this portion thereof. There is then a gap until September 7, 1847, when the diary recommences.

Found ourselves at anchor, near the mouth of Detroit river in a fog bank. Arrived at Detroit 9 o'clock, aground on the Flatts at Noon. Passed Port Huron & Fort Gratiot eve. run all night and

Monday 13th Sep 47—Hard north wind very rough, cold till noon to day. Were obliged to turn at Saginaw bay, run back 10 miles & hove to finally returned to the St Clair river for wood. Wooded in the eve. below port Sinai—Laid over night—

Tuesday 14th Sep. 1847—Cold N. W. wind—S. B. Canada left Buff. Sat. morn. Passed us below Detroit. S. B. Baltic left Buff Thursday Eve, aground on the flatts & Driven back from lake Huron, left her at Port Sinai this morning. SB Madison Passed us in the night. We started at 7 this morning. Passed SB Madison 11 oclock at night arrived at Mackinaw

Wednesday 15 Sep 1847 at 7½ o'clock morning, at Manitou Island 5 P. M.

Thursday 16th at Sheboygan 6 morn, arrived at Millwaukee, 12 M. Put up at the City Hotel.

Friday 17, Sep. 1847. Rainy Started for White Water—with Mr. Kinne. Staid at East Troy, Thayer

Saturday 18th I Rode to White Water with Mr Leva Pratt by way of Palmyras &c—Called on F. L. & Widow Pratt Eve—

Sunday 19th Called at P Muzzys & P Pratts.

Monday 20th Wrote home &c. Plowed PM.

Tuesday 21st Helped H.[enry] J. S.[tarin] Sow his wheat

Wednesday 22 I went to Milford with F. L. Pratt & N Pratt & wife returned with us.

Thursday 23. Ela & I went to Delavan—

Friday 24. Returned via Elkhorn &c

Saturday 25. H & I went to look at my land— &c—

Sunday 26. Called at Widow Pratts &c

Monday 27. Rode to Meads &c. Horse back—

Tuesday 28. H & I rode to Bark River Woods

Wednesday 29. Leveled Creek & Spring—4 ft

Thursday 30. Run line bet. Mrs Tripp & self Aaron Ostrander present—

Friday Oct 1st I went to Branch Mill &c &c.

Saturday 2 Helped H. J. S. Build Fence at Ba[blank in MS.]

Sunday 3th Att church Priest Kinne[?], Ela & I,

Monday 4, Oct. 1847. Went with H J S. for load corn & prepared to start for Milwaukee—

Tuesday 5th Started For Millwaukee morning Staid at Prairie Ville over night Jones Hotel—Mr. Cook rode with us.

Wednesday 6th Arrived at Millwaukee noon. Put up at U States Hotel—

Thursday 7th Left Milwaukee 2½ o'clock PM on Boat Henrik Hudson.

Friday 8th Arrived at Mackinaw, 9 o'clock Eve.—

Saturday 9th At Presque Isle 6 oclock AM

Sunday 10th Aground on St. Clair Flatts From noon till 5 P. M.—At Detroit 9 oclock Eve—

Monday 11th arrived at Cleveland 6 oclock morn & Laid till noon—

Tuesday 12th arrived at Buff. 6 o'clock Morning, took cars to Niagara Falls & Lock port. Took packet evening at L. P. for Rochester

Wednesday 13th arrived at Rochester—by Bt Louisiana Capt. Warren. 7 oclock morn—

Thursday 14th at Syracuse 7 o'c morn Boat S. America Capt. Vedder. at Utica 9 eve Capt Grand

Friday 15th arrived at home at noon by Boat Albany Capt Brown—

[*Concluded*]

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHY AN AFFIDAVIT?

The Anglo-Saxon legal system, whose traditions America inherited, makes much of the sanctity of an oath; and it is true that in court procedure the sworn statement does appear to possess a certain validity above and beyond the mere informal, unattested statement. In historical matters, however, it would seem that the only significance of the attested statement is in the identification of the authority. For the slightest examination of professed historical statements claiming to be attested by notaries will show that such attestation adds nothing whatever to the credibility of the facts alleged.

In the preceding number of this magazine I alluded to a sheaf of affidavits which had been supplied to our Society in the supposition that they afforded striking and perhaps conclusive evidence on what, to the assembler of them, was an exceedingly important question—the moral right of the state of Tennessee to a certain body of manuscript documents which, for about eighty years, have been in the possession of this Society and of Dr. Draper, who was their collector. That these affidavits, signed by men and women of undoubted sincerity and unquestioned truthfulness, reveal admirably the weaknesses of a species of evidence often relied upon, but always without justification, can perhaps be summarized best by giving an example.

John Doe, great-grandson of General James Robertson, who was the founder of Nashville, Tennessee, grandson of Dr. Felix Robertson the son of General James Robertson and first child born at Nashville, whose mother was a daughter of Dr. Felix Robertson, testifies:

> I have often heard both my grandfather and mother speak of their interview with Dr. Lyman C. Draper; that they gave him a large amount

of information and facts relating to the early days and events of the settlement at Nashville, also letters and documents relating to the early history of Tennessee; that Dr. Draper promised to present them with a copy of his book on Tennessee when completed, and would return all papers entrusted to him. My mother made her home with me; was highly educated, literary in her tastes, and a fluent and entertaining writer; two years the junior of Dr. Draper, and both died the same year. When quite advanced in years she repeatedly said to me that Dr. Draper's procrastination was a great disappointment to her; that if she possessed the information and papers given Dr. Draper, she would write a history of the Nashville settlement and refute the "absurd" statement that General Robertson was totally uneducated and was taught to read and write by his wife—*this from the lips of Mrs. General Robertson herself.*

Now what were the facts? At least four years before Dr. Draper could possibly have had an opportunity to call upon Dr. Felix Robertson, custodian of the Robertson family papers, Dr. Robertson had given all of the Robertson papers to the Nashville University Library. In the year 1840 Nathaniel Cross certifies:

> The Correspondence, etc., of Gen. James Robertson, who has been styled the "Father of Tennessee," was obtained from his son, Dr. Felix Robertson of Nashville, with permission to select from it such papers as might be considered worth preserving; inasmuch however as many of those, that were of a private nature, contained allusions to political occurrences and Indian border troubles of the day, *it was deemed best to preserve the correspondence entire* [Editor's italics]. I accordingly arranged them in chronological order and had them bound in these two volumes.

The contents of those two volumes included, according to a description given in the *American Historical Magazine*, published at Nashville, "Fragments of the correspondence of this remarkable man, consisting of copies of letters written by himself, and preserved among his papers. . . . Most of the copies of his own letters and of contemporaneous documents are in General Robertson's own handwriting." If, therefore, the good lady mentioned by the affiant we have quoted was particularly anxious to prove the absurdity of the statement that General Robertson was illiterate, her opportunity to do so was at hand. Living, as she did, in Nashville, it was only necessary for her to take the walk to

the University of Nashville Library, in order to find the full collection of the Robertson papers, many of them in General Robertson's own hand. Those papers were in Nashville in 1844, when Draper visited the library and made copious extracts and summaries of them, filling an entire notebook. They never were lent to Dr. Draper by Dr. Felix Robertson, who had parted with their possession; they never were lent to Dr. Draper by the library of the University of Nashville, Draper having taken in the form of notes made by himself at Nashville all the data from those papers which he was ever likely to need. The papers remained in Nashville. They were there in 1887, when Theodore Roosevelt, in writing his *Winning of the West*, sought them out. He says in the preface to volume one, "I had some difficulty in finding the second volume but finally succeeded." It can be asserted without hesitation, that Draper had in his collection not a single General James Robertson paper which was derived from Dr. Felix Robertson either directly or indirectly. And yet the myth, originating no one knows when or how, that Dr. Felix Robertson had lent to Draper a great body of his father's papers is now embodied, at the instance of a public official of the state of Tennessee, in eight distinct and separate affidavits.

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the process of attesting statements of this sort before a notary adds nothing to their historical value.

1923

So long as "birthday" parties, greetings, and gifts continue to be fashionable, the meaning of anniversaries cannot be shrouded or unclear. They are seasons wherein men look before and after, taking refreshment, sober counsel, or warning from the past and applying its lessons to the future. However completely on a given anniversary

the incidents of one's life may be reviewed, if this review fails to issue in a "birthday resolution" which affects the new year, the occasion has been imperfectly utilized.

Anniversaries of states are analogous to the birthdays of individuals, and when the people of a great commonwealth are able to unite in thought and sentiment for the purpose of celebrating an event common to all, the opportunity for a fruitful effort both to revive the memory of the past and to plan the growth of the future has in it unique possibilities.

Turning back in imagination to a time now a quarter of a millennium in the past, to the year 1673, we can even then discern in the midst of pervading barbarism the promise of a civilized life in the region which is now Wisconsin. In the glorious month of June, in that year, the native red men along the Fox-Wisconsin waterway saw the bark canoes of Jolliet and Father Marquette, with their seven white occupants, as they glided across our state on their adventurous voyage to determine the geographical relations of the Father of Waters.

This event lies at the very foundation of our history as a civil community. Another event, similarly significant for the political history of Wisconsin, is the admission of our state into the union in 1848, just seventy-five years ago.

What can be done to celebrate these two coincident anniversaries? How can they be made of maximum significance to our people? Can this Society help the state government and the legislature in developing plans? Can it aid the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Federated Women's Clubs, the Department of Public Instruction, and other agencies which naturally are equally interested with ourselves in making the most of the unique opportunity signalized by the number representing the year we are now in—1923?

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The thirty-seventh annual meeting of the American Historical Association was held at New Haven, Connecticut, from Wednesday, December 27, to Saturday, December 30, 1922. The program, which was rich and varied, included conferences on American history in general, on Hispanic-American history, on Mississippi Valley history; on the work of historical societies; legal history; agricultural history; British imperial history; philology; ancient history. There were eight stated dinner and luncheon conferences, and three notable evening addresses.

The first of these addresses, presented on Wednesday evening, was that of the president of the Association, who, this year, was a former University of Wisconsin professor, Charles Homer Haskins, now dean of the Graduate School of Harvard University. His subject was: "European History and American Scholarship." The address, which gives evidence at once of profound scholarship and deep insight into America's practical relation to world affairs, was printed in the January number of the *American Historical Review*. On Thursday evening Sir Robert Borden, of Canada, spoke to a large audience on "Certain Aspects of the Political Relations between English Speaking Peoples," and on Friday evening Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes delivered his now famous address in which the presentation of America's plan for meeting the present European crisis submerged the formal lecture.

One of the most impressive functions connected with the convention was an informal dinner-luncheon tendered to President Haskins by some of his former students. Of these there were two groups: an older group, men who sat under Haskins' instruction in the halls of Wisconsin University during the years 1892 to 1906; and a younger group of Harvard men. Dean Guy Stanton Ford, of Minnesota

University, one of the Wisconsin group (and as he intimated, the most venerable appearing member of that group), acted as toastmaster, with the felicity for which he has become widely known. The remarks of Dr. Haskins in reply to the encomiums of a number of his admirers were evidently charged with deep emotion.

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

The *Wisconsin Magazine of History* has no desire to monopolize the name of our great commonwealth as a title feature. Yet we recognize the opportunity for confusion which results from the announcement by an organization entirely distinct from the State Historical Society, of the prospective publication of a monthly periodical called the *Wisconsin Magazine*. A number of letters have come to us which are designed for that periodical, even some of our own members having made the inference that this Society was behind the new venture.

We regret the fact, not by reason of any doubts as to the character of the new monthly which is promised, and which has our best wishes, but because mistakes of this nature always give rise to embarrassment, and embarrassment begets disgust, which in this case would react to the detriment of both the Historical Society and the promoters of the *Wisconsin Magazine*. Let our readers be perfectly clear, therefore, that no connection exists between that monthly and our *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, which will continue to be issued quarterly.

JOSEPH SCHAFER

COMMUNICATIONS

EARLY DAYS OF RHINELANDER

I have had it in mind for some time to write in regard to the little article that appeared in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*[1] about the early days of Rhinelander. This was in the nature of a reply to an inquiry which had come from a woman in Rhinelander. The whole matter was of peculiar interest to me because it happened that for a brief time during the month of June, 1882, after the Milwaukee, Lake Shore, and Western Railroad (now the Chicago and Northwestern) had been built as far as Monico Junction, and was in process of grading from that point to Wisconsin River, I was on the site of the coming city and saw the whole region before there had been any attempt made to start a town.

As a college student, I went up with the late B. F. Dorr, an experienced "timber cruiser," to look over 840 acres of woodland in township 36-9, lying south of Pelican River, most of it within two miles of the present city of Rhinelander. This land we had entered at the land office of Wausau, paying the government price of $1.25 an acre. We had a dog tent, and spent a week on the land. We met the railroad surveyors at their camp, which was located on about the highest ground within the present city of Rhinelander, near the confluence of the Pelican and Wisconsin rivers. When we crossed the Pelican, we found on the southerly bank the cabin of a French-Canadian "homesteader," who, it seemed, had lived there many years. Unfortunately he was not at home, and we failed to get from him much information about the locality which he could undoubtedly have furnished. His cabin was the only permanent structure of any kind that we saw in all that region of many square miles.

On our land we found much good hardwood timber—maple, birch, oak, popple, basswood—and a few acres covered with hemlock and Norwegian pine. On one quarter-section there was an excellent stand of sugar maple. The trees had been tapped

[1] June, 1922.

repeatedly, and the Indians had stacked their birch-bark sap buckets at the close of the preceding season. One of the small lakes or ponds, so numerous in that part of Wisconsin, bordered part of the land. I think it very probable that the site of the "homesteader's" cabin, and possibly a portion of our own land, which we later sold, is now within the limits of the city, though of this I am not certain.

I believe the article in the magazine made no mention of the government dam in Wisconsin River at Pelican Rapids. This was a part of the system promoted by Congressman Pound, with a view of holding the waters of tributaries to the Mississippi until the dry season, when they could be used to raise the level in the lower river. I am not sure just when this dam was constructed, but the government engineers must have been at work there for some time, and probably records of the work can be found at Washington.

Raftsmen, of course, had known of Pelican Rapids since the first logging operations on the upper Wisconsin. I note that the magazine article speaks of the name Pelican Station having been used to denote the site of the present city of Rhinelander. This may have been true for the few months preceding the completion of the railroad to that point, but at the time we were there the spot was known far and wide as Pelican Rapids (the "rapids" referring to the Wisconsin and not to Pelican River).

In locating the boundary lines of our land we followed the field notes of the government survey, made twenty years before. In most cases we found the section corners and "quarter posts," by the aid of blazes on "bearing trees," without great difficulty. "Frank" Dorr, my companion on this trip, deserves to be remembered in connection with the history of northern Wisconsin. He was a practical land surveyor, and there were very few townships of what was then known as the northern wilderness which he had not at one time or another visited. During the seventies and eighties he traversed on foot the whole region north from Wolf River to the Michigan boundary. More than one thriving town is built on the land which he had surveyed when it was in a state of nature.

As stated in the magazine article, the Rhinelander family of New York was then in control of the railroad property. The chief engineer of the railroad at that time was Mr. Rumele of Boston. Several of the young men in the engineer's camp that we visited were from Boston. It is likely that some of these railroad surveyors are still living, possibly in the vicinity of Rhinelander.

I cannot close without a word of appreciation for the little magazine. I enjoy every number of it, and for me, as an old Wisconsin boy, it is one of the most interesting magazines printed.

WILLIAM B. SHAW, *New York City*

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860

Carl Schurz, in his *Reminiscences*, I, 4, says: "Memory not seldom plays treacherous pranks with us in making us believe that we have actually witnessed things which we have only heard spoken of, or which have only vividly occupied our imagination."

I believe that when M. P. Rindlaub communicated his interesting recollections of the Chicago convention of 1860 (*Wisconsin Magazine of History*, March, 1922)—where he relates how, from his "seat in the reporter's gallery," he observed that "shortly after the convention was called to order, John Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, carried two weather-beaten rails, which Lincoln had split, onto the platform, where they were received with tremendous enthusiasm"—his memory played him one of those treacherous pranks which Schurz mentions. The incident of the old fence rails occurred not at the national convention which opened at Chicago on May 16, 1860, but at the Illinois state convention held at Decatur, May 9-10, 1860. See the following *Lives* of Lincoln: Tarbell, I, 339-340; Herndon and Weik, II, 170; Arnold, 162; William E. Curtis, 27; Charnwood, 165.

While Mr. Rindlaub unquestionably saw those two fence rails in Chicago, it could not have been in the convention hall, for they stood in the hotel parlor at the Illinois delegation's headquarters. See Nicolay and Hay, II, 283-284; Hazelton, in Phantom Club *Papers*, third series, 15.

ROBERT WILD, *Milwaukee*

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

Since the last issue of the magazine, the Society has mailed to its members and subscribers two publications—the *Proceedings* for 1922 and the first volume of general studies for the *Wisconsin Domesday Book*, entitled *A History of Agriculture in Wisconsin*, by Joseph Schafer. The *Proceedings* contains a paper by the Superintendent on "The Draper Collection of Manuscripts," which was presented at the annual meeting of 1922. It is an answer to the challenge of a sister state concerning the Society's rightful title to its famous Draper Collection. It is hoped that every member and friend of the Society will read it with thoughtful care. The *History of Agriculture in Wisconsin*, although not aiming at a complete history of the subject, has been carefully written from the best sources, and constitutes an introduction to the intensive local studies which are to follow in the *Domesday Book* series. The illustrations have been chosen with great care, and many of them have never before been published, while some of the maps have been drawn or adapted for the purposes of this volume. As agriculture is still the major industry of Wisconsin, it is believed that this volume will meet a wide acceptance and a hearty welcome.

During the three months' period ending January 10, 1923, there were forty-two additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Ten of these enrolled as life members, as follows: Dr. Wendell A. Anderson, La Crosse; Frank T. Beers, Washburn; Rev. Joseph W. Berg, Milwaukee; Jesse E. Higbee, La Crosse; Maurice E. McCaffery, Madison; Charles McPherson, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Elliott M. Ogden, Milwaukee; Dr. Harry A. Sifton, Milwaukee; Richard I. Warner, Sheboygan; G. S. Wehrwein, Madison.

Thirty persons became annual members: George O. Banting, Waukesha; William Bloomer, Waukesha; Herman Bremmer, Muscoda; Martha S. Dixon, Milwaukee; John J. Esch, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Herman L. Fritschel, Milwaukee; Nellie I. Gill, Waukesha; Nathan Glicksman, Milwaukee; John G. Graham, Tomah; Daniel W. Greenburg, Portland, Ore.; Alfred L. Hall, Plymouth; Mabel V. Hansen, Hartland; Charles F. Harding, Chicago, Ill.; Charles J. Hute, Rochester; Charles J. Kasten, Milwaukee; Marie A. Kasten, Madison; Harold M. Kuckuck, West Salem; Julius A. Laack, Plymouth; Martin H. Meyer, Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Karl A. Mueller, Watertown; Mrs. J. B. Noble, Waukesha; Natalie C. Notz, Milwaukee; Charles Pfeifer, Plymouth; William F. Pflueger, Manitowoc; Elsie F. Schmidt, Lake Mills; Adolph J. Schmitz, Milwaukee; Charles F. Schuetze, Waukesha; Fred A. Shafer, Boyceville; Benjamin D. Stone, Tripoli; Martin J. Torkelson, Madison.

The high school at Plymouth and St. Clara Academy at Sinsinawa have been added to the list of Wisconsin school members. Charles L. Hill, Rosendale, changed from annual to life membership.

HENRY COLIN CAMPBELL

At the annual meeting of our Society in 1904, Henry C. Campbell of Milwaukee was elected curator to fill the unexpired term of Honorable John Johnston of the same city. Mr. Campbell was reëlected in 1906, and at every triennium since that time, until his death. His interest in our history was not only intense, but he made through the medium of the Parkman Club of Milwaukee a contribution of substantial worth. We give to our readers the following appreciation of Curator Campbell, written by a fellow member of the Parkman Club, Gardner P. Stickney:

Much has been written and said these recent days about the accomplishments of Henry Colin Campbell in his chosen profession and in club and civic life. In each of these lines he achieved success, reaching in each a rank accorded to but few.

The outstanding qualities of his character were a courtesy for the opinions of others without yielding his own, and a tireless energy in gathering and sifting information along any lines of investigation which attracted his attention. In none of the interests in his very active life were these qualities more clearly manifested, than in his studies of various men and episodes in early Wisconsin history.

Henry Campbell's interest in the history of his native state was shown first by his study on Radisson and Groseilliers (Parkman Club *Publication Number 2*, 1896). The merit of this monograph was recognized by students at once. The modest edition of two hundred copies was soon exhausted, and even now, after a lapse of twenty-six years, requests are received for occasional copies. The following year his "Père René Ménard" was presented to the club and printed. This paper met with as cordial a reception as its predecessor. These papers established Henry Campbell's reputation as an historical student, careful as to his facts and logical in his conclusions. For many years thereafter he was an occasional and welcomed contributor to the publications of the State Historical Society, the *American Historical Review*, and other journals.

Each member of the Parkman Club was pledged to prepare each year one paper embodying careful research in some topic relating to the history of the Old Northwest. One month before the presentation of the paper, its writer was expected to give the other members a memorandum showing the subject, leading authorities consulted and sources examined, and general line of argument. The paper was divided into at least two sections, with discussion following each section. These discussions were valuable and very interesting. They were led by William Ward Wight, later president of the State Historical Society, Henry E. Legler, who became librarian of the Chicago Public Library and a leader in his profession, Dr. Joseph S. LaBoule, professor of ecclesiastical history at St. Francis Seminary, and Henry Campbell. These men if present, always participated in the discussion, and they were accustomed to prepare themselves by something more than a cursory glance at the memorandum. This was particularly true of Henry Campbell. He took his membership in the club as an obligation, and it was his pleasure to

take part in every meeting. Many a paper in its completed form contains some revision or addition suggested by him in these discussions.

Careful in preparation, because it was his habit, tenacious in opinion, because he believed only in what was right, kindly and often humorous in criticism, he exercised a fine influence on his associates of that time. This influence broadened to include many more with the increasing responsibilities of his later years.

LANDMARKS

A special committee on landmarks was appointed by this Society in 1919, under the chairmanship of Honorable P. V. Lawson; upon his death in December, 1920, Honorable John Hazelwood was appointed chairman and held the office until his removal from Madison last year. The Society regrets to chronicle the death of Mr. Hazelwood at Milwaukee, January 9, 1923. He was a man deeply imbued with a love for Wisconsin, her history, and her beauty. His loss will be keenly felt by the Wisconsin Archeological Society, the Friends of Our Native Landscape, as well as by our Society. His efforts were influential in the campaign to save Aztalan's ancient remains for the state.

The Landmarks Committee of our Society, as now constituted, comprises Harry E. Cole, Baraboo, chairman; O. D. Brandenburg, John G. D. Mack, and Mrs. E. H. Van Ostrand, Madison; Senator W. A. Titus, Fond du Lac; and Judge A. H. Long, Prairie du Chien. The committee is planning for a midwinter meeting at Madison and a field meet on Labor Day, for which announcement will be made in the next magazine.

Markers are proposed for the Van Hise rock at Ableman, and for a bear effigy mound in Devils Lake State Park.

The Society is also coöperating with other organizations in landmarks activities. The Daughters of the American Revolution for Wisconsin are especially interested in this movement. The state chairman, Mrs. W. L. Olds, has addressed every chapter on the subject, and is developing enthusiastic coöperation. The recent activity of the D. A. R. consists in the purchase by the Prairie du Chien chapter of the ruins of Fort Crawford. This is a notable act of state patriotism, for the remains of this famous fort where Zachary Taylor once commanded, and Jefferson Davis wooed his daughter, where Black Hawk was imprisoned, and many noted officers have lived, were fast disintegrating. The chapter is making plans to preserve these remains from further ruin.

The members of the Waubun chapter at Portage have purchased a small piece of land where three roads meet at the site of Fort Winnebago. They propose to unveil a tablet there upon Memorial Day. They are also increasing the value of their marker already erected at the portage to Jolliet and Marquette, by placing thereon a tablet with facts concerning the carrying place.

The Elkhorn chapter has erected a marker at Linn to mark the site of an old trail in that vicinity.

A notable achievement of the D. A. R. is the erection by the Rhoda Hinsdale chapter of Shullsburg, of a tablet to mark the site of the battle of Pecatonica. See an account of the unveiling ceremonies in the *Proceedings*, 1922.

Several years ago the Buffalo County natives then resident in St. Paul and Minneapolis organized for a yearly outing, which has been maintained until the present. September 10, 1922, they dedicated a tablet to the pioneers on the courthouse square at Alma. Addresses were made by Mayor John Meile; by O. F. Rabbas, president of the society; by S. G. Gilman of Mondovi, Theodore Buehler of Alma, and F. Fugina of Fountain City. In the space behind the tablet was placed the first newspaper of the county, issued in 1856; and the names of all the settlers who arrived before 1857. A copy of these names has been sent to the Historical Library.

Early in May the Sauk County Historical Society will unveil a tablet to mark the site of the first schoolhouse in the Baraboo valley, in Baraboo, 1844. Wallace Rowan, W. H. Canfield, and Lewis Bronson selected the site for the building, and E. M. Hart was the first teacher. Several persons who attended school in this building are still living. In this log structure Reverend Warren Cochran, December 18, 1847, organized the first church in the Baraboo valley—the Congregational. See account of its anniversary in another column.

Another interesting project which is well under way is the plan to mark the homestead of General Henry Dodge, the first governor of the territory, not far from Dodgeville. Lina M. Johns, a teacher in the high school at that place, prepared for the *Dodgeville Chronicle* of November 23, 1922, an historical sketch narrating the important events in our history connected with this now almost deserted spot. The Woman's Club of Dodgeville is interested in erecting a marker at this historic site.

THE WATROUS PAPERS

The late Colonel Jerome A. Watrous passed almost his entire life in Wisconsin, and was deeply versed in its history and biography. His well known patriotic zeal made him familiar with every phase of Wisconsin's share in the Civil War, with which by means of the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic he kept in constant touch. As might have been expected, therefore, the papers from his sanctum, which his widow has given the Society, relate very largely to the four years of the War between the States. Sketches of Wisconsin regiments in action, anecdotes of Wisconsin soldiers and officers, descriptions of Wisconsin memorials and celebrations—all from the facile pen of Colonel Watrous—comprise a large and valuable portion of this collection. For he spoke of what he knew, and of times and events in which he had a share. Among the most interesting of his Civil War papers are the original manuscripts belonging to Captain Joseph Bailey, who in 1864 made the Red River dam which enabled Admiral David Porter to capture Port Hudson on the Mississippi. Bailey was a Wisconsin lumberman and familiar with methods of raising waters to float craft.

In 1910 Colonel Watrous engaged in a controversy over the action of Virginia in placing the statue of Robert E. Lee in the rotunda of the national capitol. Some of the G. A. R. officials were offended by this. Watrous, who was a generous soul and had long had pleasant relations with the South, vigorously commended Virginia's action and earned the gratitude of the men who had worn the grey. Concerning this chivalrous episode there is a large group of letters and papers.

During his sojourn in the Philippines and also during the World War, Colonel Watrous' patriotism took on new phases, both of which are well illustrated by his papers. During his journalistic career he had occasion to "write up" many separate Wisconsin localities. The original manuscripts of these articles are among his papers; they are replete with interesting anecdotes and stories concerning many personalities of the various sections of the state.

After his retirement from active service, which occurred scarcely a year before his death, Colonel Watrous began an autobiography, which from his ability as a writer as well as his deep knowledge of Wisconsin promised interesting results. Unfortunately he had covered only the period of his boyhood, the document coming to an end in 1858; it describes, however, most entertainingly a child's experiences in pioneer Wisconsin, and the hardships encountered and endured. We plan to present some portions of this manuscript to our readers at no distant day. These papers, with a Watrous genealogy and some personalia, constitute a gift the Society is glad to possess—the Jerome A. Watrous papers.

THE AYLWARD PAPERS

The untimely death of Honorable John A. Aylward, in November, 1916, removed a man of mark and promise from the state. Born in 1861 at Black Earth, Dane County, Mr. Aylward graduated at the State University with the class of 1884, proving even while in college to be a formidable debater and a clear-thinking logician. Entering the legal profession, he devoted himself not only to his private business, but to the welfare of the community. A lifelong Democrat, he was twice candidate for governor on the minority ticket, and a hard worker at the several campaigns. In 1912, occupying a position of influence with his party, he successfully conducted a primary campaign, which placed upon the Wisconsin state ballot the name of Woodrow Wilson for president. This was the opening gun of the Wilson candidacy, and had much influence in securing his nomination at the national convention, to which Mr. Aylward was delegate at large. Thereafter he was in the councils of the administration, and influential with the leaders of the government at Washington. He was appointed district attorney for the federal court of the western district of Wisconsin, and held that office until his death. He was interested in all the larger movements of his time, and rendered notable service during the early years of the World War, although not living to see America's participation.

One member of the last law firm with which he was connected was Michael Olbrich, now legal adviser of the state executive. Mr. Olbrich

has secured for the Society the papers of his former partner, John A. Aylward, ranging in time from 1901 until 1916, and comprising much information concerning the history of the Democratic party and larger political movements in the period before the World War.

HONOR FOR GENERAL BRAGG

General Edward S. Bragg, loved of Wisconsin people "for the enemies he made," has been awarded a belated recognition by his home town of Fond du Lac. During the general's lifetime a marble bust of him was cut by Robert Powrie, a skillful artist and a personal friend; this sculpture is considered by the Bragg family as the best likeness of of the general. Powrie, however, had refused to part with the marble until last autumn, when he offered it to the county of Fond du Lac, which secured the statue. It is to be placed in the county courthouse as a permanent memorial to the soldier statesman Wisconsin delights to honor. It will also stand as a memorial to the artist, who has since the date of the purchase joined the vast majority of the silent dead.

LINCOLN AND THE SCOTCH LAD

We condense from the *Milwaukee Journal* of June 18 the following true story:

One of the chief features of the state fair at Milwaukee in 1859 was a plowing contest and a prize which was awarded to the plowboy who turned the straightest furrow. A young Illinois lawyer, who had just given an address on agriculture before the assembled farmers, took great interest in the plowing contest, which followed his speech. The victor was a Scotch lad who had come to Milwaukee but two years before from the land of Robert Burns. Jamie Bryden, as he stepped forward bashfully to receive the prize, felt his hand grasped by the tall speaker, who gazed at him admiringly and asked, "What is your business, young man?" "I'm a feed merchant," Jamie replied proudly, having a few months before established a business of his own. Laying his large kind hand on the youth's shoulder, Lincoln slowly shook his head. "You never learned to plow that way in a feed store," he said. Bryden hastened to explain that he was a Scotch farmer's son, not long from the old country, whereupon his interlocutor gave him a pleasant smile, and commented on the value of Scotch methods of farming.

His life long, Mr. Bryden enjoyed repeating this story of Lincoln. His true hero, however, was Robert Burns, and to James Bryden, Milwaukee is indebted for the Burns statue unveiled July 4, 1895.

A memorial to the Lincoln campaign of 1860 has recently been presented to the city of Waukesha, and placed in its Cutler Park. This is a small brass cannon which was carried in procession during the campaign, and dubbed "The Railsplitter" in compliment to the candidate.

THE STOCKBRIDGE CENTENNIAL

In four years more the state will begin centennial observations of the first settlements on its southwestern border. Meanwhile, in October, 1922, at Gresham, in Shawano County, was celebrated the centen-

nial of the first band of Stockbridge Indians to settle in Wisconsin. This tribe has followed the famous advice of Horace Greeley, migrating successively from Massachusetts to western New York, thence to the Fox River valley in Wisconsin, where their first home and mission was at South Kaukauna. In *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, xv, 39–204, may be read the interesting diary and reports of one of their early missionaries, Reverend Cutting Marsh. Their home was at first called Statesburgh; some years afterwards the tribe removed to Calumet County and founded Stockbridge, east of Lake Winnebago. At this period there was much restlessness, and many of the Indians wished to remove entirely from Wisconsin. No such exodus, however, took place; but in the fifties of last century, the Stockbridges retroceded to the government their reservation in Calumet County, and removed with their friends the Menominee to Shawano County, where their reservations adjoin. John W. Quinney was the principal chief of the tribe when they came to Wisconsin; his activities are recorded and his character eulogized in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, iv, 303–333, under the title of the "Last of the Mohicans." He was, however, by no means the last, since his grandson, Jameson M. Quinney, still officiates as the oldest of the elders of the Stockbridge church at Gresham, and is custodian of the Bible presented to his tribe before the American Revolution by the reigning king, George III. Among the famous missionaries of this Indian group have been Reverend Jonathan Edwards, Reverend John Sergeant, and Reverend David B. Brainard. Their first Wisconsin missionary was Reverend Jesse Miner, who succumbed to the hardships of Wisconsin's winter climate, and died at Statesburgh, March 22, 1827.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

Some of the oldest churches in the state celebrated their founding in October last. The Congregational church at Hartland kept its eightieth birthday with appropriate song and sermon. In Racine, St. Luke's Episcopal Church held a four days' festival and issued a booklet in commemoration of its advent in 1842. The Whitewater church of the same name and the same denomination has held continuous services for eighty years, since the time this young settlement was first organized in a log schoolhouse by the Reverend Richard T. Cadle, first Episcopal missionary to Wisconsin.

Three-quarters of a century of the First Baptist Church of Madison was celebrated during the last winter. The Congregational church of Hartford attained the same age in last October. During all the autumn the Archbishopric of Milwaukee has been holding commemoratory services of the founding of its Cathedral of St. John in 1847. In the same city Trinity Evangelical Church, corner of Ninth and Prairie, celebrated its diamond jubilee October 15 to 22. The *Sentinel* published pictures of the first and present-day buildings used by this congregation.

In 1847 a colony of Hollanders organized the First Reformed Church of Milwaukee, which now worships at Tenth and Harmon streets in that city. Only two of the charter members of this church still survive.

The First Congregational Church of Baraboo held in January an eight-day celebration of its seventy-fifth birthday. The program honored the memory of twenty-one former pastors, and of its eight pioneer founders.

In fiftieth anniversaries Bay View, at the southern end of Milwaukee, specialized last autumn—St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran, Grace Presbyterian, and Bethany churches of that neighborhood all holding celebrations. St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran of Stevens Point and Our Saviour's Norwegian Lutheran Church of Marinette both held golden jubilees in 1922. Fifty years ago last summer a Sunday-school was organized in the western part of Oshkosh, which by December grew into the Algoma Methodist Episcopal Church. This event was celebrated with three days' services last December.

After chronicling the happy celebrations of many flourishing churches, it is sad to report the abandonment of a rural church, whose building, first erected in 1849, was wrecked last autumn. This was the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, erected on Bloom Prairie, near Bloomfield, Waukesha County, by the Reverend William H. Whiting, under the Episcopal supervision of Bishop Kemper. It contained the first pipe-organ installed in Wisconsin, and was a fine hewn oak structure with a tower. The descendants of its pioneer parishioners have nearly all removed from the neighborhood. Last spring the tower blew down in a storm; thereafter the church authorities decided it was best to wreck the old building rather than to leave it to ruin and disintegration. So the Holy Communion Church of Bloom Prairie is no more.

A CIVIL WAR NURSE

Mrs. Susannah Van Valkenburg, now living in Oshkosh, is one of the few Civil War nurses who yet remain with us. She was with her husband in 1863 at Alexandria, Virginia, where she made a twelve-foot board room in the soldiers' camp into a home where the "boys" delighted to come and be mothered. She solicited money from the soldiers in their winter quarters, and bought dainties for the sick boys in the hospitals—jellies that made their eyes sparkle; warm, nourishing soup which helped in their restoration. It is said that she even cured a dying lad, by making for him "biscuits like my mother used to make." In 1864 she received a regular appointment from the Christian Commission, and regularly visited the hospitals of Alexandria.

Now, sixty years afterwards, Mrs. Van Valkenburg devotes her leisure time to making beautiful laces, which she gives to many prominent persons whom she admires. Queen Elizabeth of Belgium graciously accepted a collar from this American woman; and during Mrs. Harding's recent illness Mrs. Van Valkenburg sent a tribute of flowers worked out in lace. For this gift she received a letter from the White House, which she cherishes as her greatest treasure.

Sixty years as guardians of the health and welfare of Racine citizens have stood three physicians, father, son, and grandson, all bearing the same name—John Goldesbrough Meachem. The eldest Meachem

came to the city just as the Civil War was causing Camp Utley to be built within Racine's borders. For two years he had charge of the camp's regimental hospital; three times he served his adopted city as mayor, and was trustee of Racine College from 1874 until his death 1896. His son was but six years old when brought from New York State to Racine. He followed in his father's footsteps as a physician, after education at Rush Medical College, Chicago. In 1872 father and son coöperated in establishing St. Luke's Hospital; the son is on the faculty of the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons, and at present is vice president of the Wisconsin Hospital Association. John G. Meachem III is also a graduate of Rush Medical College, has studied in London and Paris, and has been for several years the efficient partner of his father in active practice. In all, this family has contributed an aggregate of one hundred and eleven years' service to the citizens of Racine.

Sailing vessels have almost disappeared from the Great Lakes, except where used as pleasure craft; therefore Milwaukeeans who watch the port arrivals were interested to see a schooner enter the harbor at a recent date. This schooner was the *J. H. Stevens*, built in 1866; reduced from her proud position of full schooner rig, she carries now but fore- and mainsail, and ignominiously depends upon a gasoline engine for motive power. How are the mightly fallen! The *Stevens* motored over from a Michigan port to Milwaukee with a load of potatoes.

The December, 1922, issue of our magazine chronicled the advent of the first electric lighting plant in the West at Appleton in September, 1882. Janesville proved a close second, for its first lights appeared December 7, of the same year. The dynamo was connected with the Janesville Machine Company Works, and there were ten patrons in the business section of the city. This plant was not an Edison type, but one of the electric arc lights under the Weston patent.

We have mentioned in another column a history of the pioneer lawyers of Manitowoc. That city was the home of a delightful celebration when the bench and bar united to honor the fiftieth anniversary of the admission to its ranks of Honorable Lyman J. Nash, late revisor of statutes for the state. Mr. Nash is still in active practice, and is identified with the higher life of his community in many substantial ways.

MUSEUM NOTES

Mr. Brown, chief of the Historical Museum, spoke before the Lion's Club at the Park Hotel, Madison, December 8, 1922, on "The Mission of the Museum"; before a chapter of the same organization at Sheboygan, December 19, on "The Preservation of Sheboygan County Indian Memorials"; and before the Century Club at Madison, January 7, 1923, on "Madison's First Settlers."

The Historical Museum has prepared for use of teachers of art in the high schools of the state an "Indian Decorative Arts" loan collection. This consists at the present time of about thirty 10 x 18 cardboard

sheets upon which are mounted colored drawings of American Indian art motives reproduced from designs on aboriginal articles of dress, earthenware, implements, and other materials in the Museum and in the leading museums of the eastern states. The art of many tribes is thus represented. Each sheet contains from four to six designs. Wherever possible, the Indian significance of these is given. It is the intention of the Museum further to extend this collection as the need for it arises. A loan of it may be obtained by schools, upon application to the Museum.

A notable Christmas gift received by the Museum is the council pipe of the former noted Wisconsin Winnebago chief Yellow Thunder (Wau-kaun-cha-ze-kah). It is presented by W. J. Langdon of Sumner, Washington, members of whose family have had it for years. The flat wooden stem of this great pipe is thirty-two and one-half inches in length, and its heavy mottled red bowl is six and one-half inches long. The latter is a particularly fine example of Indian stone carving, and is inlaid at both the bowl and the stem with several encircling lead rings. It is highly polished. It makes a valuable addition to the collection of pipes of notable Wisconsin chiefs which the Museum owns. One of the earliest of these dates back to 1820.

Yellow Thunder, the war chief, was born about 1774 and died in 1874. He figured prominently in the early history of southern Wisconsin. In 1828, he and his squaw, "The Washington Woman," were members of a party of Winnebago who went to Washington to interview the President. He was buried on a small piece of land which he owned in Delton Township, Sauk County. The Sauk County Historical Society has erected a monument over his remains. An oil painting of him hangs in the Indian history room of the Museum.

Recent gifts to the State Historical Museum include two Chippewa Indian yarn bags, presented by Mrs. W. S. Marshall, Madison; an old mariner's compass given by Mrs. J. A. Cadman, Stevens Point; old children's scrap books, by Alice Jackson, Madison; an Austrian pewter medal given to wounded World War soldiers, 1918, by Senator W. A. Titus, Fond du Lac; Geneva hand fluter (1866), tin spice boxes (1872), and tea strainer (1880), by Mrs. L. E. Stevens, Madison; tin diploma used by the State Board of Pharmacy for thirty years, H. J. Ruenzel, Milwaukee; thirty samples and patterns of wool embroidery (1870–1880), dance and reception programs (1869–73), by Mary E. Hazeltine, Madison; horse-collar machine, Frederick Bodenstein, Madison; Confederate shell, C. M. Larson, Madison; World War soldiers' aluminum identification tags, by F. C. Thiessen, Madison. The late John A. Hazelwood of Milwaukee presented a small collection of Indian stone implements made by him years ago in Jefferson County. The College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin has presented a butter bowl, butter ladle, milk pan, tin skimmers, butter printer, churn, and cheese press—a complete exhibit illustrating early home butter and cheese making in Wisconsin.

On the evening of November 6, 1922, an exhibit of homecoming posters and statuettes prepared by students of the applied arts department of the University of Wisconsin, and students of the art courses of the Madison high school and University high school, was shown in the north hall of the Museum. This exhibit was of a competitive character, the prizes for the best poster and the best statuette being two silver cups of unusual design. There were about fifty entries in the poster contest, many of them being of notable excellence. Seven clay statuettes were entered. The judges of the exhibit were Professor W. H. Varnum, A. N. Colt, Frank Riley, and Arthur F. Worth. A number of students and others came to view the exhibit, which remained in place for parts of two days.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society issued in February a new publication entitled *Monona*, in which the Indian history, and the native sites and earthworks on the shores of this beautiful Madison lake, are fully described. Charles E. Brown is the author of this publication, which contains information based on investigations conducted between the years 1908 and 1922. The total number of aboriginal earthworks formerly existing on and near the shores of Lake Monona is shown to have been 170. There were fourteen distinct groups of these, the largest and most important of which were located in East Madison, at Fairhaven Point and Fairhaven, in the Frost Woods, at the outlet of the lake, in South Madison, on the dividing ridge, and on Oregon Street. The principal Indian village sites were on both sides of the outlet, in East Madison and in the region between Ethelwyn Park and Hoboken. This publication is the fourth of a series of pamphlets describing the Indian history and remains of the five Madison lakes, those previously issued covering Lakes Mendota, Wingra, and Waubesa,

The July to November, 1922, issue of the *Wisconsin Conservationist*, which has just made its appearance, contains among others, short articles, on "Groups of Indian Mounds," "Indian Names of the Madison Lakes," "Lakes and Streams of Wisconsin," "The Earthmaker," and "Winnebago Legends."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. William Ellery Leonard ("Wisconsin") is associate professor of English in the University of Wisconsin. He has published several volumes of poems, as well as two plays, *Glory of the Morning* and *Red Bird*, based on events in Wisconsin history.

Superintendent Joseph Schafer ("The Yankee and the Teuton in Wisconsin") is preparing a series of articles under this title for the magazine, of which this is the second.

Hosea Whitford Rood ("The Grand Army of the Republic and the Wisconsin Department") is custodian of the G. A. R. headquarters at the state capitol. When a boy of sixteen he enlisted in Company E, Twelfth Wisconsin Infantry, and served throughout the Civil War, being mustered out July 16, 1865.

Honorable W. A. Titus ("Empire: A Wisconsin Town") is state senator from Fond du Lac. He has been a frequent contributor to our magazine; this article, concerning his native town, was contributed by request of the editor.

Samuel M. Williams ("Micajah T. Williams") prepared this sketch of his grandfather's life at the request of the editor. Mr. Williams, a son of Major Charles H. Williams, of Baraboo, is a lawyer at Milwaukee.

Lowell J. Ragatz, B.A. University of Wisconsin, 1920, took honors on his thesis, and has had two years of graduate work at Wisconsin and University of Pennsylvania. He sends us these interesting documents ("A Swiss Family in the New World: Letters of Jakob and Ulrich Bühler") from Paris, where he is continuing his studies.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Swedish Year Book. (St. Paul, 1922)

The historical societies maintained by our hyphenated Americans are all doing excellent work for the future of historical studies of American origins. The Swedish Historical Society of America, formerly centering in Chicago, has now removed its headquarters to Minneapolis. The library of this society has been incorporated with that of the Minnesota Historical Society on terms advantageous for both societies. After an hiatus of five years, the Swedish Society has once more issued a *Year Book*, for 1921–22. This contains several excellent articles on Swedish-Americans of note, and a number of typical letters from American immigrants written to friends and relatives in Sweden. These are printed both in Swedish and in an English translation, and form useful sources for the history of the Northwest.

Pioneer Courts and Lawyers of Manitowoc County, Wisconsin: Collections and Recollections. By James Sibree Anderson. (Manitowoc, 1922)

It is fortunate for the history of the state, when one of its influential and active pioneers undertakes the history of his own profession, and as thoroughly sets forth both the personalities and the institutions as Judge Anderson has done in this small book. The sketches, originally appearing in the *Manitowoc Pilot* in 1920–21, are well worthy of the larger circulation they will have when gathered into this volume. The bar and bench of Manitowoc has been and is still a notable one. Its presiding judges have been among the leading legal forces of our state; it has furnished judges to the supreme and other state courts; while one of its living members was appointed the first permanent incumbent of the office of state revisor of statutes. The Society is grateful to Judge Anderson for his *Collections and Recollections*, and hopes his example may prove an incentive to others to follow in his footsteps.

James W. Bashford. By George R. Grose. (New York: Methodist Book Concern, 1922)

Bishop Bashford is one of the exceptional men that Wisconsin has sent into the broader field. His biography by the president of DePauw University devotes the first two chapters to the Wisconsin portion of his life, being concerned with his "Early Years" and his days as "A College Student." James W. Bashford was born in Lafayette County, whither his father had migrated from New Jersey; while from his mother he inherited a Scotch-Irish strain from Virginia, Kentucky, and Illinois.

While a small boy he saw his cousin, John B. Parkinson, leave for the gold mines of California; and it was the same cousin who taught the school where young Bashford was prepared for the University. It was

the University of pioneer days which he entered in 1867; nevertheless there were professors there of the highest rank, and before his graduation Bashford came under the powerful influence of President John Bascom. It seems difficult to connect such men as Bishop Bashford, President W. E. Huntington, and Reverend I. S. Leavitt with college pranks; but his biographer assures us that Bashford was a "real boy," by relating some of his mischievous escapades. He was also concerned in "student activities," and with the late George W. Raymer of the *Democrat* founded the *University Press*, the predecessor of the *Daily Cardinal*. Bashford's senior oration was on "James Gates Percival," which made so profound an impression that plans were immediately laid for the erection of a monument to that neglected genius. It was while Bashford was still in college that he determined his life work, a choice which led him to the theological school at Boston, to the presidency of Ohio Wesleyan, and ultimately to the bishopric, the highest office in his church. When elected bishop in 1904, he at once chose for his field the mission in China, saying that from boyhood he had longed for the opportunity of working there. Of his great work for China, his resistance to the Japanese demands of 1915, his aid to the Chinese republic, this is not the place to speak. His death in 1919 removed from this world an eminent and noble son of Wisconsin.

Life Under Two Flags. By James Demarest Eaton. (New York, 1922)

This book is an autobiographical sketch of a missionary son of Wisconsin, who was graduated at Beloit in 1869. Samuel W. Eaton was a pioneer Congregational minister in Wisconsin, who in territorial days came by stagecoach to take charge of a log schoolhouse church at Lancaster. There his son James was born in the year Wisconsin was admitted to the union. "These," he writes, "were the days when prairie schooners were a common sight . . . when the Virginia rail fence was ordinarily used to make an enclosure; . . . when at times the heavens were almost darkened with enormous flocks of migrating pigeons; . . . when venison and bear meat could be had for our table; when in the winter our father would get a hind quarter of beef, . . . pack it in snow to be dug out at intervals for feeding his four hungry boys." Of these boys, two became physicians, one, president of Beloit College for over a quarter of a century, and the fourth, our author, home missionary to Oregon and foreign missionary to Mexico, for a lifetime of service. Now in well merited leisure in California he has written a brief sketch of the varied experiences of his life. The early and the college days are of especial interest to Wisconsin readers.

History of Langlade County. Compiled by Robert M. Dessereau. (Antigo, 1922)

A feature of this volume which distinguishes it from many other county histories is the unusual wealth of detailed records and statistical matter it contains. The list of settlers in 1880, the military records of the county, the records of the towns, their officers, and the records of schools, churches, even cheese factories within the towns; the apparently

complete reports on industrial, agricultural, commercial, and fraternal institutions, impart to the book something of the character of a compendious gazetteer. If this detracts somewhat from its claims as a literary venture, it enhances its value as a work of general reference.

We have had no opportunity to test the accuracy with which these records have been gathered and transcribed, but we welcome the book as a new and apparently very useful contribution to the local history of northern Wisconsin.

Printed as it is on good, clear paper, from apparently new type, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound, it makes a pleasing impression. It contains 352 double-column pages.

SOME WISCONSIN PUBLIC DOCUMENTS

The College of Agriculture has issued an historical pamphlet entitled *Fifty Years of Dairy Progress and Plans for Fifty More.* History is presented graphically in this small brochure, conditions of progress being illustrated in page after page of poster-like sketches. One of the earliest declares that "Fifty years ago in the days of the brindle cow, the dash churn, the butter bowl and the grocery store market, commercial dairying in Wisconsin was of little importance. The entire dairy output was worth less than a million annually." By competent leadership, science, and invention, this form of agriculture has been developed until now the yearly output is ten billion pounds of milk, which furnishes a quarter of Wisconsin's total income. Nor are our dairymen satisfied with the results attained. Plans are already making for increased production, marketing improvements, and continued growth.

The State Parks of Wisconsin is the title of a pamphlet issued last year by the Conservation Commission, full of interesting information on the location, natural features, and historical importance of this kind of public property. There are now nine parks, as follows: Devils Lake, Door County Peninsula, St. Croix Interstate, Nelson Dewey, Pattison, Perrot, Cushing Memorial, Brule, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Tower Hill. The state has also a small reserve at Old Belmont, the first capital. Among the parks with historic associations is the Nelson Dewey, at the mouth of Wisconsin River, with its outlook over the place where two and a half centuries ago the Mississippi River was first seen. Ascending that stream to Perrot Park one encounters famous Mount Trempealeau, discovered in 1680, at the base of which lies the site of one of the earliest French posts in Wisconsin. The associations connected with Tower Hill are mentioned in the preceding issue of this magazine. Cushing Park is a memorial of Civil War days. The commission announces its purpose to preserve the most historical and most unique sites in our entire beautiful state.

The twentieth volume of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters *Transactions* contains an appreciation of the Swedish

naturalist Thure Kumlien, resident in Wisconsin 1843 to 1888, by the late Publius V. Lawson. Kumlien was one of Wisconsin's most eminent scientists, who for over forty years after his immigration to Jefferson County conducted a large correspondence with European savants and prepared specimens for the museums of both Europe and America. In 1881 Kumlien's abilities were recognized by his appointment to the curatorship of the Milwaukee Museum of Natural History, where he labored earnestly until his death in 1888. His descendants live near his early Wisconsin home. An article from the pen of his granddaughter appeared in the September, 1922, issue of this magazine.

The Platteville Normal School has issued a special bulletin in memory of Professor Duncan McGregor, so long connected with that institution, who died May 30, 1921. Dr. McGregor was a man with whom the old world enriched the new. He was born in 1836 in Scotland, educated at the University of Aberdeen, and immigrated in 1857 with his father's family to Waupaca County. Enthusiastically accepting his new citizenship, he enlisted in the Civil War and emerged a captain. Thereafter his entire life was devoted to his chosen profession of teaching. He was a member of the Platteville faculty from 1867 to his demise, for two terms—1879–94, 1897–1904—serving as its president. For many years he was on the Board of Normal School Regents, and from 1911 to 1915 acted as private secretary to Governor Francis McGovern. His career was an honor to his adopted state.

The University of Wisconsin has issued within the last year three *Studies* of unusual value to historical students. That by Michael Rostovtzeff, professor of ancient history, is entitled *A Large Estate in Egypt in the Third Century B. C.* It shows that ancient history is not an ancient subject, since it is based on papyri discovered as recently as 1915. Essentially an economic study, it relates to the period of the early Ptolemies, concerning whose administration little has hitherto been known. The Greek usurpers of the Egyptian throne were faced with the necessity of restoring and consolidating the economic life of their recent conquest. The correspondence of the manager of an estate near Philadelphia (now Gerza in the Fayum) affords Professor Rostovtzeff the opportunity of setting forth the systematized irrigation, the leasing system, the methods of the distribution of seeds, the raising and harvesting of grains and oil plants, the grazing of herds, and the relations of peasants and owners in this distant land and epoch. Even in that time strikes were a menace, and friction engendered between the Greek conquerers and their subordinates made labor troubles on this large estate.

Professor Wayland J. Chase, associate professor of history and education, has translated and annotated a Latin textbook of the mediaeval schools, known as *The Distichs of Cato.* The vogue of this series of moral maxims was so great that it was used even as late as the eighteenth century. It was a Latin *Poor Richard's Almanac,* some of

its maxims being "Love thy wife"; "Keep thy word"; "Be moderate with wine"; "Fight for thy country"; "Be not easily imposed upon."

British Criticisms of American Writings 1815 to 1833 is William B. Cairns' recent contribution to American literary history. Answering Sidney Smith's sneering challenge, "Who reads an American Book?" Professor Cairns has authoritatively proved that the prejudices engendered by the War of 1812 quickly passed, and that Washington Irving, James Fennimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, and others commanded from the British attention not unmixed with respect.

VOL. VI N.4 1922-1923

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

PUBLICATIONS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN. Edited by JOSEPH SCHAFER, Superintendent

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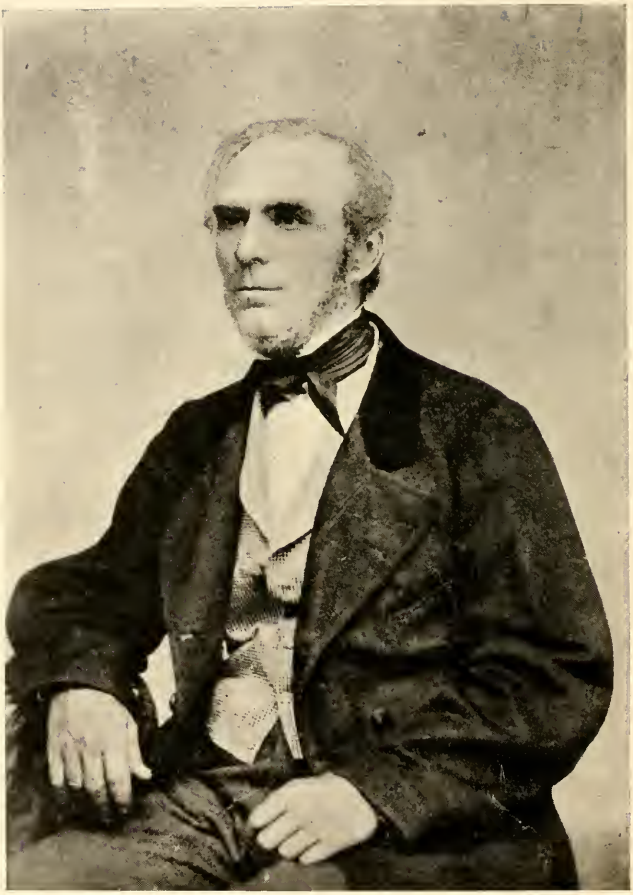
Paid for out of the George B. Burrows Fund Income



VINCENT DZIEWANOWSKI
After a photograph lent by Mrs. F. E. Walbridge

A POLISH PIONEER'S STORY

MRS. WILLIAM F. ALLEN

It was my good fortune in the later sixties to spend a few days in a Wisconsin log house among the hills a few miles from the village of Avoca. The house was in so lonely a spot that a yellow wolf had come within shooting distance of the door the night before we arrived. The country was both wild and beautiful. A clear stream ran through the valley, so cold that it served as an ice chest, and all the cream and milk was kept in the "spring house." But though the surroundings were charming and the primitive manner of life most interesting to one who had lately come from conservative New England, the family was even more so. And it was by the light of the blazing logs on their hearth in those evenings, that the farmer, Dziewanowski (usually pronounced Dev-a-nos'-ki), gave me this account of his early life in Poland, and of the wanderings that had brought him to Wisconsin in pioneer days. I wish he might have lived to rejoice in the present wonderful rise of Poland since the World War, and in its hope for the future, aided by its many friends—notably the American and English Quakers.

Poland lies like a great prairie, unprotected, save for a short distance on the south by the low range of the Carpathian Mountains. Thus it seemed an easy prize to Austria, Prussia, and Russia, the strong countries that surrounded it. They looked with longing eyes on its fertile grain fields, its rich mines, and its fine harbor of Danzig. They saw in the brave Polish youth good material for their armies. So they divided it among themselves, stole its wealth, took away its freedom, and even tried to prevent the people from speaking their own language. Of course the Poles resisted these robbers, long and des-

perately, but the robbers were too strong for them. Though the Poles won many battles, fighting with scythes and whatever rude weapons they could find, they at last were subdued. Their brave leaders were killed, or exiled from their native land, while the common soldiers were forced to serve in the armies of their conquerors.

Of Kosciusko, who came to this country and fought so valiantly in the Revolution, we have all read, as we have read of his later bloody defeat while fighting for the liberation of his own country. That incident seemed to end all hope of successful resistance. But, although thereafter Poland actually lay helpless in the power of her conquerors, patriots occasionally raised the standard of revolt, and in 1830 a great nationalist insurrection against Russia took place, which lasted more than a year and was put down with terrible cruelty. It is said that five thousand Polish families were exiled to Siberia as a punishment for participation in the uprising. It is the story of one of these Polish revolutionists that I will tell here, as he told it to me sitting by the fireside in his home among the Wisconsin hills.

The Polish troops had fought bravely, though their force was small, and hoped soon to meet reinforcements, when in a long march through the woods the foremost detachment suddenly found itself within the Russian lines. Then the men knew too late that their officers were traitors and had plotted to give them up to the enemy. It was impossible to march back, for their retreat was cut off by the Russian troops, but it was not too late for revenge. The officers were shot dead by the excited soldiers. Now the only hope for the men was to scatter in the woods, each one seeking for himself his place of rendezvous outside the Russian lines. Here a fresh difficulty occurred. Sending out spies to discover the position of the enemy, they found themselves nearly surrounded by a strong Russian guard.

And worse still, this guard must have owed its position to the information given to its commander by the traitor, the Polish general, concerning the exact movements and plans of the Polish troops. Yet night was approaching, and they still had some chance of safety. So they parted in the woods, hoping but hardly daring to believe that they should meet again.

The Pole whose story I tell reached the place of rendezvous and found but twenty-four of the twenty-five who were to unite there. They waited long and anxiously, listening for each footfall, and hearing only, as the wind brought it, the measured tramp of the guard in the Russian camp, which was just beyond the low hills that surrounded them. They had waited till past midnight, and all chance of their companion's coming seemed gone, when Dziewanowski begged his comrades to wait but one hour more while he went back through the wood, between the Russian guards, to search for his friend. It was a dangerous undertaking, for the slightest noise would arouse the sentries, and this would mean certain death. But love for his friend conquered all fear. He crept through the low bushes, and watched the guards approach and pass each other, leaving an open space between them from which each was turned away. Then seizing this moment, he crept in the shadow through the unguarded space and gained the wood. There he searched long and painfully, crawling on hands and knees under the low bushes to feel for his friend, for he dared not call. At last his fidelity was rewarded. He found him quite worn out with fatigue and just ready to give up all hope. Now help had come and all was changed. Together they safely repassed the sentries and reached their comrades among the hills.

Here they held a council, and decided that their best course was to separate, each seeking his own safety, and then to wait for brighter days when there should be some

chance of winning back their country's freedom. So, just as the morning light was coming over the hills, they wandered away by different roads—some to be taken prisoner within a few hours and to be executed before another sun should rise; some to lurk for weeks and months in the woods, nearly starving and yet not daring to come out for food; others, more fortunate, to reach friends who helped them to escape into foreign lands; and still others to fall into the enemy's hands after long months of concealment, betrayed by seeming friends, and led away to languish for weeks and months in Russian dungeons, till their fate should be decided.

But none of these fates was that of Dziewanowski. Traveling by night and hiding by day, he reached the house of a Polish count, a friend of his, who, though a secret helper of the revolt, had never joined it and was unsuspected by the government. The count disguised him as far as was possible, and to render the deceit more perfect, made him his agent and let him attend to the selling of the cattle from his estate. Thus he lived for many weeks. He would go to the city whither the drover took the cattle, sell them, and return with the money to his friend the count.

But one luckless day, while walking in the streets of Warsaw, he met a priest, who was also a government spy and who had come from his native town. Dziewanowski hastily pulled up the long fur collar of his Polish cloak, and drew his hat down over his eyes. But it was too late; the priest had recognized him and followed him from street to street. At length, after many rapid turns through lanes and alleys, he thought he had escaped. So he hurried to the house where he was to spend the night, since he had to wait till the next morning to get the pay for the cattle. But he was mistaken. In the middle of the night he was roused by the officers at his door. He grasped his

pistol, but it was useless to fire, they were too strong for him. He was seized, placed under guard, and hurried out of the city before daylight. On and on he was taken, from station to station, sometimes treated with kindness, then with great cruelty, as suited the whims of his guards. In the course of these journeys he was brought to the house of his friend the count, whom the Russians still supposed faithful to them. But now instead of the pleasant room where he had passed so many hours during the time of his disguise, he was lodged in a dark stone cell beneath the castle, that in old times had been used as a prison, but now for many years had been almost forgotten. Here coarse food was brought him, and here he sat for long hours, his only light and air coming through the grated window above his head.

Through all this time—and they were here for several days—he did not for a moment doubt that the count and the countess were his friends still, and would most gladly help him if they could. He soon had proof of this. On the third night, for several hours he heard no guard in the passage by his door, but he did hear a great carousal in the kitchen over his head, and then all was still. It was soon explained. His cell door was opened in the middle of the night by his friend the count. A swift horse was ready for him in the courtyard. His guards were sleeping in the kitchen above and would not recover for many hours from the effect of the drugged wine which the countess had given them. He was urged to fly. He was told of other true men in the country with whom he could find a refuge before morning. But he refused steadily, because his flight would bring almost certain ruin on his friends. They would without doubt be suspected of aiding him, and the punishments for giving such aid were very cruel in those days. Dziewanowski preferred his allotted fate, hard as it might be, to bringing his friends into trouble. So after

pleading with him long but vainly, his friend parted from him in that dark, lonely cell, never to meet him again, and the next day Dziewanowski was led away beyond the Polish frontier, receiving from his captors harsher treatment than ever.

At length, from his guards' talk, he learned that the Austrian Emperor was near. In his days of prosperity, before the revolt, Dziewanowski had known the Emperor and had been at his court, for he belonged to one of the noble families of Poland and had formerly possessed great wealth. Being sure that the Emperor at least would know him, which his guards did not—since he had given them only his assumed name—he demanded to be taken before him. This was done.[1] He was received with great kindness, but was told he would have to choose between two courses: he must either go to America or he should be sent to Siberia, there to labor in the mines with other Polish exiles. In America there was hope for him, in Siberia there could be none; and I need not tell you which course he took.

After a long and stormy voyage Dziewanowski landed in New York, with just fifty dollars in his pocket—not a friend in the country, and no means of earning his living. He could not even speak our language. He wandered up and down the streets, in and out the lanes and alleys, seeking work. At length a French family took him to board, since he could speak French and so make his wants known to them. Then in another street he found a job of wood chopping. He never had chopped wood, and did not know how. His serfs had done such work for him when he was rich in his own country. His hands were so soft that any work raised great blisters on them. But he must live, and live by whatever work he could find, since he would never beg. So he bought an ax and began his

[1] This may refer to Prince Ferdinand, who was to be crowned emperor in 1835. Dziewanowski's children understand that Ferdinand interceded with the Russian emperor in their father's case.—EDITOR.

job, knowing where there is a will, there is a way. The way here was full of trouble, as he soon found. For after the first few strokes, when he had begun to swing his ax more freely, he missed his aim, and instead of the stick of wood, cut his own foot half through. Here was an end of work, and for many weeks he lay still in the house, while a poor old black woman who lived next door, and who pitied him, came in each day to dress his wounded foot. Long before it was well his money was all gone, and sad but not discouraged he started out again to seek his fortune. Hearing so many people talk of the "Great West" (for by this time he had begun to understand our language), he thought it just the place for him—a place where a man could start with almost nothing, and by hard work build up a fortune. How to get there without money or friends was the question. At any rate he could start. To what fortune it would lead he did not know.

So he went out from the great city of New York, to walk to the "Great West." It was a serious undertaking, but there was nothing else to be done. On he trudged hour after hour; just at evening he came in sight of a hay field where the men were on the point of leaving their work. Was there a chance for him to get work here? He asked, and they readily took him, for they were short of men. That night he slept in the barn with the haymakers, and worked with them till all the hay was in. Then taking to the road again, he went on toward the West, here and there getting a job which helped him to a night's lodging or a little money, till he came to a small town in western Pennsylvania, where he took his first decided step toward success.

He there met a peddler, who took a fancy to him and engaged him as assistant. For weeks and weeks he went the peddler's rounds, selling pins and needles and tape, dishes and plates and forks, at the farm homes, everywhere

meeting with kindness. He spent little, and the money in his pocket steadily increased. But he was not content; he had not reached the "Great West." He told this to his kind friend Mr. Hobbins, the peddler. "Ah!" said he, "there's nothing easier than that. I know a man who will sell you a Canada pony very cheap, and with a little wagon and some small stock like mine, you're all right. You can pay your way and save some besides."

Such a chance was not to be neglected, and soon we see him on the road, cheerily urging on his little pony, and full of hope for the future. In those times there were but scattered farmhouses where villages and towns now stand, and wild prairies where we now see miles and miles of grain fields. There were few stores, in most of that country none, so the peddler readily found a market for his wares with every farmer's wife—and more than that, a hospitable welcome. The farmer also, when he came home from his work, was glad enough to learn from him how Jones's crops were getting on, how Smith's cattle had sold, or how much harm had been done by the fire they had seen reddening the sky to the eastward some nights before. Many were the little bundles and baskets that he carried to a mother or daughter in the next clearing, and many were the acts of kindness the women did him in return.

At length, as winter was approaching, he reached the town of Galena, near the Mississippi. Here were the great lead mines, and the work of this region was mining and smelting lead ore. Dziewanowski knew how hard a peddler's business is in the winter. So, selling his pony and wagon, and the part of his stock which still remained, he engaged as smelter at one of the furnaces. He worked there all winter, trying his best to become expert at his trade, and succeeding so well that soon his services were in demand through all the surrounding country, and he could get as much work as he wanted.

But this was not the life he had meant to lead; he wished to be his own master, to own land and have a home. And as the spring came on, he left Galena and found work in the southern part of Wisconsin, still at smelting lead, but nearer, as he thought, to the home which he sought. He had heard much, through the winter, of the pleasant valleys and hills of Wisconsin; and often at night, after his work was done, he sat dreaming, while awake, of a cozy little home among those hills. Before May was half through, he was on his way to seek that home. For many miles he followed the course of Wisconsin River, thinking from day to day that he had found it in some pleasant valley or among some fair meadow lands. But day by day he was disappointed—the land he wanted had been taken by others, or there was no spring. Fields that looked so fair at a distance proved to be deceitful marshes.

One day, in following the course of a clear, winding brook, he came to a lovely valley. Here the great hills shut off the bleak north wind, the wild strawberry blossoms were white among the grass, and a clear, cold spring bubbled up from a rocky basin shaded by great oak trees. He had found his home. Here he built his log cabin, here he raised his first crops, here he brought his first cows and horses, bought of his nearest neighbor, five miles away, and here he felt that he had at last begun his home. The next year he returned to the place where he had before worked, and brought back with him his fresh young wife, riding behind him on his horse through the narrow forest paths, or among the waving prairie grass.

Everything prospered with them. They were both strong and willing to work, and soon more and more land was added to their farm, and their dairy was noted in all the country round. As years go on, we can imagine their little children feeding the chickens or driving the cows, or in the winter evenings climbing into their father's lap to

hear the wonderful stories of his boyhood in Poland. And as he went on to tell of the great Polish battles for freedom, and of the brave men who fought them, his boys' hearts were all on fire to lead lives like theirs. They little thought that their chance would come. But it did. His brave boy Micolay answered the call for volunteers in our war of freedom against slavery, and the winters from 1861 to 1865 found him by distant camp fires, ready to prove by his own bravery that he had some of that old free Polish blood in his veins. His boy's letters brought back to the aging Wisconsin farmer the days of his youth, and he longed to be with his son, fighting for freedom again. But his strength was not what it had been in the old days, and he had to be content to give a son to the cause.

Later they were all together again in their home among the hills, and the stories of two wars for freedom were told around their winter fires.

The above charming and dramatic narrative is not a memoir but a contemporaneous report of Mrs. Allen's conversation with Dziewanowski. She wrote the paper promptly after her return to Madison from the visit described, and fifty-five years later, at the editor's request, she sought for and found the yellowing manuscript among quantities of old records preserved in her home. The article, therefore, in its historical character, has the validity of an interview carefully written out by an intelligent and interested auditor while the memory of what had been said was still fresh.

By good fortune we are able to supplement the story with other data which were furnished by Mary Esther Dziewanowski, daughter of the Polish refugee, who is the wife of Dr. F. E. Walbridge and lives at River Pines, Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Mrs. Walbridge very kindly supplied material copied and summarized from a diary kept in Polish script by her father, together with other information which he and Mrs. Dziewanowski at various times communicated to their children. From these

sources the following brief digest of facts supplemental to Mrs. Allen's narrative has been compiled:

Vincent Dziewanowski, who was born in Podolia, Russian Poland, April 5, 1804, was the youngest son of that distinguished and wealthy Dziewanowski family with whom as a lad Chopin spent his vacations.[2] His father, Count Dziewanowski, died when Vincent was but two years of age. Thereafter the Countess Salomea, his mother, managed the estate, which had upon it five hundred serfs, and superintended the education of the children. As a student in the university, Vincent was required to perform military service and he was a member of the very guard before which his two brothers-in-law, Polish noblemen who had participated in the Polish revolt begun in 1830, were tried by court martial and exiled to Siberia. That experience induced him to desert and join the Polish revolutionists, with the result so graphically described by Mrs. Allen. In the Polish army he rose to the rank of major, the title by which he was commonly known in pioneer Wisconsin.

A tradition in the Dziewanowski family confirms Mrs. Allen's statement that the major was granted an interview with the emperor of Austria, or more probably Prince Ferdinand, who interceded with Czar Nicholas in behalf of the Polish revolutionists. He induced the Czar to permit four hundred of them to be exiled to America instead of to Siberia. Austria, also, it is said, supplied a fund of $20,000, which was placed in Dziewanowski's charge and which he distributed equally among these men on their arrival at New York, retaining his own share, $50. This shipload of exiles sailed from Trieste, November, 1833, and arrived in New York, March, 1834.

Dziewanowski's diary, parts of which are yet preserved, shows that he remained in New York and in Newark (New Jersey) until May 21, 1835, and that he arrived at Galena, Illinois, November 17, 1835. The diary is explicit with respect to his itinerary, which lay through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Illinois was to him the "land of promise," the government having set aside in that state a body of land for

[2] Frederick Niecks, *Life of Chopin* (London, 1890), i, 47.

the benefit of these Polish refugees, and his hope was to obtain his allotment. But finding an American in possession, being averse to lawsuits, and at best a stranger to the country, he abandoned the quest and went to Galena, where William S. Hamilton gave him work as a lead smelter.

In November, 1836, he was sent by Hamilton to do the smelting in a new establishment which he erected on the Wisconsin River at the present Muscoda (then sometimes called Savannah or English Prairie), which place and its neighborhood became Dziewanowski's permanent home. He appears to have worked for Hamilton until at least 1839, meantime (September 4, 1838) taking up the first of a number of tracts of land which he acquired from the government in township 8, range 1 east, Iowa County. This town, when organized in 1849, was named Pulaski, either at his suggestion or in his honor, for he became a prominent citizen of both town and county. Dziewanowski lived on that farm in that town the balance of his days. He died February 22, 1883.

Dziewanowski was married, February 7, 1843, at Walnut Grove, the home of General Charles Bracken near Mineral Point, to Mary Jane McKown, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Miss McKown, born on a plantation near Martinsburg, Virginia, was a niece of General Charles Bracken, of whose family she was a member at the time of her marriage. Mrs. Dziewanowski died at Milwaukee, May 15, 1890.

Mrs. Allen, in conversation, told the editor about the distinction of Major Dziewanowski's bearing, his courtly manners, and charming courtesy. His daughter, in the notes before me, speaks of his early religious training in the Greek church as influencing his entire life. He and his wife became leaders of Methodism in their neighborhood. He was a lover of music, a good singer, and knew several languages. "He never took a foreign newspaper, but read exclusively in English. He read the English Bible through five times and reached Second Kings in the sixth reading." He became an American in spirit as well as by adoption, and despite his aristocratic upbringing, was an uncompromising partisan of the democratic rule of life.

Dziewanowski received but a single letter from home after his exile. That one was written by the friendly count mentioned in Mrs. Allen's article, and was dated August 1, 1833. It is before me as I write. All his life was overshadowed by the doubt as to the fate of his mother and other members of the family, none of whom could safely communicate with him, a convicted revolutionist. The count's letter was mailed from Brünn, Austria.

In the story of Dziewanowski we have something more than merely a dramatic narrative. It illustrates the richness of the historical and literary treasure which lies just beneath the surface of the pioneer history of our state.—Editor.

THE YANKEE AND THE TEUTON IN WISCONSIN

JOSEPH SCHAFER

III SOME SOCIAL TRAITS OF YANKEES

Harriet Martineau, the English traveler who in 1837 published a book entitled *Society in America*, was deeply impressed with New England's concern for education. "All young people in these villages," she says, "are more or less instructed. *Schooling is considered a necessary of life*.[1] I happened to be looking over an old almanac one day, when I found, among the directions relating to the preparations for winter on a farm, the following: 'Secure your cellars from frost. Fasten loose clapboards and shingles. Secure a good schoolmaster.'"

We do not know what almanac Miss Martineau consulted. But a glance at a file of the *Farmer's Almanack*, begun in 1793 by Robert B. Thomas and circulated by him for more than half a century all over New England, shows her quotation to be fully justified in spirit if not in letter. As early at least as the year 1804, Mr. Thomas included in his directions for the month of November, the indispensable item of education in connection with other activities: "Now let the noise of your flail awake your drowsy neighbors. Bank up your cellars. Now hire a good schoolmaster and send your children to school as much as possible."

The nation was young in 1804. Parts of it were new and for that reason had made but meager educational progress; other parts were backward for different reasons. But in the older states of New England popular education had flourished for one hundred and fifty years. This point,

[1] Editor's italics.

stressed by a score of writers, illustrated by legal enactments, court decrees, town records, and anniversary sermons, cannot be over-emphasized in a summary of the social contributions which the Yankees made to the new western societies they helped to build. Notwithstanding all that has been written to prove the priority, in this or that feature of American educational progress, of other social strains or geographical areas, history may confidently assign to the Yankee priority in the attainment of universal literacy on an extensive scale.

Once the Puritan had convinced himself that the temptation to ignorance came from "ye old deluder Satan," whose fell purpose was to keep men from a knowledge of the Scriptures and thus the more readily win them for his own, he hesitated not to require the maintenance of schools in all towns and neighborhoods under his jurisdiction. He was also concerned to recruit an "able and orthodox ministry" to take the places of the aging pastors who had come from England and to supply the needs of new settlements. Harvard College could turn out the ministers, if it had properly prepared young men to work upon. So the larger towns were required to maintain grammar schools in addition to the common schools. Thus we have, as early as 1647, provision for schooling from the lowest rudiments up through the college course.

The original religious motive for maintaining these schools persisted. But other motives were added as the Puritans perceived how notably secular interests, as well as religious, were served by schooling. For one thing, young persons who could read, write, and cipher had a distinct advantage in worldly matters over those who could not. Cheats and "humbugs," of whom every community had its share, made victims of the ignorant, while they fled from the instructed even as their master, Satan, was supposed to flee from them. Many New England stories were

designed to carry the lesson, especially to parents, that the best legacy children could receive was good schooling, without which wealth and property would quickly melt away.[2]

Apart, also, from such negative worldly advantages as we have named, one who had enjoyed good schooling might thereby hope to share in many special social privileges from which the unlettered were debarred. New England life on the religious side centered in the church, on the civic side in the town. Each of the two institutions required a full set of elective officers, ranked according to the importance of the offices filled, and all of these were chosen from the instructed portion of the community. To be a deacon in the church or a selectman on the town board might not be financially remunerative, but it imparted a dignity to the individual and a social status to the family which caused these offices to be highly prized. The older theory was that only good churchmen could fill either type of office. Gradually, the town offices, which paid something in cash and yielded considerable political power, came to be sought with increasing frequency by men who might have no interest in the church. "Jethro Bass" was typical, not unique, in his scheming to be chosen selectman, and the training offered by the district school was looked upon as a minimum basis for such preferment. Said the *Farmer's Almanack* for November, 1810: "Send your children to school. Every boy should have a chance to prepare himself to do common town business."

The great majority were satisfied with the elementary training afforded by the district schools, kept for a few months in winter. But the presence of learned men in every community and the existence of secondary schools and colleges tolled a good many on the way to advanced instruction who had no plans for professional careers. From

[2] An example is in Abram E. Brown, *Legends of Old Bedford* (Boston, 1892).

farm, factory, and counting-room, even from among those before the mast, went boys to academy and college, while female seminaries springing up here and there took care of the educational interests of selected groups of girls. Such schools were not free, but their benefits were easy to attain, the principal requisite being pluck and a willingness to work both at earning money and at the studies. Girls and boys alike could usually earn their way by teaching in the common schools. Thus the educational system propagated itself, with the result that men and women of intelligence, culture, and refinement became widely dispersed through Yankeedom, and learning was recognized as an aid to the good life as well as a guarantee of the successful life. This was a fundamental condition of that literary flowering which marked the middle decades of the nineteenth century. It insured the poets, historians, orators, and novelists an audience which waxed ever larger as province after province in the West was added to New England's spiritual empire.

Let us not, however, picture to ourselves a Yankee society wholly suffused with intellectual and spiritual light. The Yankees had no such illusions about themselves. Listen to Timothy Dwight's description of a class of New Englanders who could not live "in regular society. They are too idle, too talkative, too passionate, too prodigal, and too shiftless to acquire either property or character. They are impatient of the restraints of law, religion and morality, grumble about the taxes by which rulers, ministers and schoolmasters are supported—at the same time they are usually possessed, in their own view, of uncommon wisdom; understand medical science, politics, and religion better than those who have studied them through life . . ." He represents the type as the pioneering or *forester* class, who had "already straggled onward from New England" to far distant settlements, and whose going he was not

disposed to lament. "In mercy," he says, "to the sober, industrious, and well disposed inhabitants, Providence has opened in the vast western wilderness a retreat sufficiently alluring to draw them from the land of their nativity. We have many troubles even now, but we should have many more if this body of foresters had remained at home."[3]

The above citation doubtless contains an element of exaggeration, due to Dwight's ingrained conservatism. He was outraged by the radical views no less than by the erratic and ignorant harangues he heard "by many a kitchen fire, in every blacksmith's shop, and in every corner of the streets . . ." Yet we must not lose sight of the fact that he here sketches for us some Yankee social traits of rather extended application which were important in the building of the West. These people belonged to the outstandingly non-conformist type. They were sufficiently independent—contemptuous, one might say—of established customs and institutions to be willing, with what ignorance or awkwardness soever, to bring about changes, some of which were sadly needed. Religiously they were apt to be *come-outers*. It was largely among this class that were recruited the Millerites, Millennialists, and original Latter Day Saints, together with many other minor sects and factions. In politics, when all orthodox New England was Whig, they were mainly Democratic; many, however, backed the program of Nativism; in the person of John Brown they exemplified the principle of direct action as applied to slavery. The social innovator, the medical quack, and the political demagogue found among them welcome and encouragement, sometimes to the temporary distress of society, often to its ultimate benefit. Not unlike the original Puritans who represented "the dissidence of dissent and the protestantism of the protestant religion,"[4] they constituted a dynamic social

[3] Timothy Dwight, *Travels in New England and New York* (New Haven, Conn., 1821), ii, 459, 462.

[4] Edmund Burke, *On Conciliation.*

element although wanting in the intellectual and religious training, the political morale, and perhaps the heroism which distinguished the original planters of Massachusetts Bay. They had the spirit of the revolutionary New Englanders, who were described, not inaptly, as "hard, stubborn, and indomitably intractable." They were the backbone of Shays's rebellion. In many ways they illustrate the qualities which, at various times in our later history, have served as the fulcrum of revolutionary change.

Dwight's *foresters* were merely the extreme manifestation, the caricature, of a much larger class of heady, self sufficient, opinionated, and troublesome persons who equally with the sober, church going, instructed, conformist type were the product of New England conditions. The cords of restraint were drawn so taut in the parishes and towns, that the person who was determinedly "different" was compelled to break them and become a kind of social pariah in order to gain the freedom his soul craved. It was not an accident that so large a proportion of that class went to the frontier. They found there a less rigorous church discipline, freedom from taxes for the support of the established church, and a more flexible state of society in the midst of which they might hope to function. In western Massachusetts and Connecticut, in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, they were numerous at the opening of the National period. Soon large numbers emigrated to western New York, to northern Pennsylvania, to Ohio, thence throughout the West. They made up an appreciable part of the thronging Yankee immigration which seized upon Wisconsin's prairies and oak openings between 1835 and 1850, and their presence has left its impress upon our social history. Still the experiences of older frontiers, such as western New York, had already modified the type.

When all necessary deductions have been made, however, the church remained equally with the school a domin-

ant note in the Yankee's social landscape. His "meeting house," not infrequently in New England a gem of ecclesiastical architecture, fulfilled his artistic ideal; the congregation was the "household of faith" which claimed his undeviating loyalty; the pastor was "guest and philosopher" in his home whenever he chose to honor it with his presence. To men and women alike, attendance upon the church services was the principal Sabbath day duty and the chief physical and mental diversion of the whole week. It was an old custom to linger after the morning sermon for a social chat either in the church yard, when the weather permitted, or else at a near-by tavern; and while the talk was ostensibly about the sermon, gossip, bits of practical information, and even a shy kind of love making were often interwoven, tending to make this a genuine community social hour.

The tradition that the minister must be a man of learning was of incalculable social importance. His advice was called for under every conceivable circumstance of individual and community need. He assisted about the employment of schoolmasters and was the unofficial supervisor of the school. He enjoined upon negligent parents the duty of sending their children, and he had an eye for the promising boys—lads o'pairts, as the Scotch say—whom he encouraged to prepare for professional life. He fitted boys to enter the academy and sometimes tutored college students. In the rural parish the minister occupied the church glebe, which made him a farmer with the rest. He was apt to read more widely and closely in the agricultural press, or in books on husbandry, than his neighbors, thereby gaining the right to offer practical suggestions about many everyday matters. Some ministers were writers for agricultural journals. Many contributed to local newspapers items of news or discussions of public questions in which their parishioners were interested with themselves.

The home missionary idea was inherent in the New England system both as respects religion and education. Older, better established communities always felt some responsibility for the newer. Since settlement proceeded largely by the method of planting new townships of which the raw land was purchased by companies from the colonial and state governments, it was possible for the larger community to give an impetus to religion and education under the terms of township grants. This was accomplished by reserving in each grant three shares of the land—"one for the first settled minister, one for the ministry forever, and one for the school." Other grants of raw land were made for the support of academies. Here we have the origin of the system of land grants in aid both of the common schools and of state universities, in the western states. The grants for religion necessarily were discontinued after the adoption of the national constitution.[5]

The religious unity established by the Puritans, and maintained for a time by the simple method of rigorously excluding those holding peculiar doctrines, gave way to considerable diversity in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Episcopalianism made some progress in the older settlements, and Unitarianism created a great upheaval, while toward the frontiers the Methodists and Baptists flourished more and more. These several elements, by 1820, were powerful enough politically to secure the abolition of the ancient tax for the support of the established (Congregational or Presbyterian) church—a tax which had long caused ill feeling between West and East, and no doubt had contributed to the growth of dissenting churches. These frontier churches had the characteristics of the frontier populations. Their ministers were less learned, their morale less exacting, their religion less formal and

[5] The Ohio Company's grant, 1787, contained a reservation for religion as well as grants for education. Joseph Schafer, *Origin of the System of Land Grants in Aid of Education*, Wisconsin University *Bulletin*, History Series, Vol. 1, No. 1 (Madison, 1902).

ritualistic, their ordinances less regularly and habitually enforced. But there was an emotionalism which in a measure compensated for defects of training, for looseness of habit and negligence in the practice of religion. In a word, the camp meeting type of Christianity prevailed widely along the frontier, and that type entered Wisconsin Territory with the numerous Methodist and Baptist settlers from New York and New England. As early as August, 1838, such a camp meeting was held under Methodist leadership in the woods near Racine; it was attended by hundreds of pioneer families drawn from the sparsely settled neighborhoods for many miles around. Its appointments were of the typical frontier kind, though one would expect less boisterousness in the manifestations of emotion among those people than seems to have accompanied similar gatherings in the Southwest.[6]

The stated religious services in early Wisconsin, as in every frontier region, were apt to be less frequent than in older communities. Ministers were too few in number and neighborhoods too impecunious to justify each locality in supporting a minister. The circuit riding custom prevailed generally among all denominations. One preacher traveled, on foot, six hundred miles, making the round in six weeks. Each group of churches also had its conferences, which were occasions for planning missionary effort, for unitedly attacking special religious or social abuses, and for promoting constructive community effort. The ablest speakers addressed such gatherings; the membership of the churches concerned and others attended, in addition to the delegates; and important religious, social, or moral results sometimes flowed from them.

Another peculiar Yankee institution allied at once to the school and the church, was the lyceum or local cooperative organization for bringing lecturers to the com-

[6] See Edward Eggleston, *The Circuit Rider* and *The Graysons*.

munity. The settlements in southeastern Wisconsin had their lyceums at an early date, and many distinguished public men from the East had occasion to visit this new Yankeeland in the capacity of lecturer. Among them were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, and James Russell Lowell.

Reform movements, however, though usually receiving valuable aid from churches, lyceums, mechanics' institutes, and other permanent organizations of men for public discussion, had a way of creating special organizations to propagate themselves. That was true of the temperance movement, which by the time of the Yankee immigration into Wisconsin was under vigorous headway. Beginning, in serious form, about 1820, the intervening years witnessed the creation of hundreds of local temperance societies in New England and New York, and the federation of these societies into state societies. These central organizations stimulated the movement by sending out lecturers, conducting a newspaper propaganda, and issuing special publications. Some of their tracts are said to have been scattered "like the leaves of autumn," all over New England and New York.

One of these tracts affected the social history of Wisconsin very directly. It is known, traditionally, as "The Ox Discourse," because it was based on Exodus 21:28-29: "If an ox gore a man or woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death." The sermon on this text produced a great sensation and gained many new adherents to the temperance cause. Among these were two brothers, Samuel F. and Henry Phoenix, who were storekeepers in a New York village and sold

much whisky. They publicly destroyed all the liquor they had on hand and became crusaders in the temperance cause. In the spring of 1836 Colonel Samuel F. Phoenix selected in Wisconsin a "Temperance Colony claim," on which he settled that summer. Then he rode to Belmont and induced the first territorial legislature to set off from Milwaukee County a county to be known as Walworth, in honor of the chancellor of the state of New York, who was a noted temperance leader. He named the village begun by him Delavan, in honor of E. C. Delavan, pioneer temperance editor and at that time chairman of the executive committee of the New York State Temperance Society. Colonel Phoenix lectured on temperance, helped to organize early temperance societies, rebuked his neighbors—especially the New Yorkers—for employing whisky at raisings, and, before his death in 1840, had succeeded in giving a powerful impulse to the movement in southeastern Wisconsin.

Another dramatic figure in early temperance annals was Charles M. Goodsell, who in 1838 settled at Lake Geneva and built the first mill operated in Walworth County. He was of Connecticut birth, and his father owned and managed, among other properties, a whisky distillery. Goodsell, however, when he came west from New York State, was a most determined opponent of the traffic in intoxicants. Soon after opening his mill a local company erected in Lake Geneva a distillery for making corn whisky. Goodsell warned them, he says, not to expect him to grind their grain and they installed a grinding apparatus of their own. But, their machinery proving inadequate, they finally sent a grist of corn to Goodsell's mill, demanding, as under the law they had a right to do, that it be "ground in turn." Goodsell refused, thereby producing a tense situation, for the pioneer farmers looked to the distillery as a cash market for their grain. Finally,

the distillers brought suit, won a verdict, and Goodsell appealed. But meantime, he rode to Madison, where the legislature was sitting, and procured the adoption of an amendment to the law regulating milling, to the effect: "Nothing in this section contained shall be construed to compel the owners or occupiers of mills to grind for distilling, or for sale or merchant work." This proviso, adopted in 1841, remained a feature of the statute for many years.[7]

It must not be supposed that pioneer Yankee society, even in Walworth County, was prevailingly of the temperance variety. All testimony, both of the reformers and of others, tends to show that a large majority was at first in the opposition. Frontier history would indicate that excessive indulgence in whisky was apt to be more common during the primitive phase of settlement than later, due perhaps to the looser social and religious organization.

Wisconsin may be said to have been born to the temperance agitation which, in a few years' time, produced societies pledged to total abstinence all over the southeastern part of the state and in many other localities. In March, 1843, a legislative temperance society was organized with a list of twenty-four signers. The house of representatives at the time had twenty-six members, the council thirteen, or a total of thirty-nine. So a decided majority was aligned with the movement. Moses M. Strong was chosen president, which was considered a triumph for the cause, and much interest was aroused by the adherence of William S. Hamilton, who is reported to have addressed one of the society's meetings.[8]

The temperance agitation everywhere received a notable impetus from the adoption in 1851 of the prohibition law

[7] Goodsell, who was one of the founders of Beloit College, removed later to Northfield, Minnesota, and became one of the founders of Carlton College. S. A. Dwinnell, Reedsburg (Wis.) *Free Press*, December 24, 1874.

[8] *Madison City Express*, March 14, March 23, and April 27, 1843. Strong and Hamilton are not reputed to have been total abstainers.

by the state of Maine. Immediately other states moved for the same objective, and in Wisconsin a referendum vote was taken in 1853 which resulted favorably to prohibition, though no enactment followed.[9] In that election the southeastern counties were overwhelmingly for the Maine law. Walworth gave 1906 votes for it and 733 against, Rock 2494-432, Racine 1456-927. Milwaukee at the same time voted against prohibition by 4381 to 1243. This shows where was to be found the powerful opposition to legislation of this nature, which was destined to increase rather than diminish with the strengthening of the German element already very numerous.

From the time of the Maine law agitation the communities dominated by Yankees were generally found arrayed in favor of any proposal for limiting or suppressing the liquor traffic, although, as we shall see in later articles, no large proportion of their voters ever joined the Prohibition party. They did not succeed in abolishing drunkenness, though it became very unfashionable to indulge heavily in spirituous liquors and the proportion of total abstainers among the younger generation steadily increased. Yankees furnished a very small per cent of those who gained their livelihood through occupations connected directly with intoxicating liquors, except as such traffic was carried on incidentally as a feature of the drug business. The disfavor with which saloon keeping, brewing, and distilling have long been regarded among that class of the population is explained by the fervor and thoroughness of the early temperance campaigns.

Because of their attitude on the liquor question, on Sunday laws, and other matters pertaining to the regulation of conduct, the Yankees have always been looked upon by other social strains as straight-laced and gloomy. In this judgment men have been influenced more than they

[9] The vote stood, for prohibition, 27,519; against, 24,109.

are aware by the traditions of Puritanism which it was supposed the Yankees inherited. They recalled the story of how Bradford stopped Christmas revelers and sent them to work; they pictured Puritan children as forbidden to laugh and talk on the Sabbath day; and some may have heard the story of how Washington, while president, was once stopped by a Connecticut tithing man who must be informed why His Excellency fared forth on the Lord's Day instead of resting at his inn or attending public worship.[10]

Two remarks may be made on this point. First, while Puritanism unquestionably had a somber discipline, there was not lacking even among Puritans the play instinct which persisted in cropping out despite all efforts of the authorities at repression. Second, the nineteenth century Yankees register a wide departure from early Puritanism in their social proclivities, and the difference was particularly marked in the West. Even church services were modified to fit the needs of the less resolute souls. Music became an important feature and it was adapted more or less to special occasions.[11] Sunday Blue Laws were gradually relaxed, though never abandoned in principle. Well-to-do city people allowed themselves vacation trips, visits to watering places, and to scenic wonders like Niagara Falls.[12] In town and country alike dancing became an amusement of almost universal vogue, though protested by some religionists, and rural neighborhoods found bowling such a fascinating game for men and boys that the almanac maker thought well to caution his readers against over-indulgence therein.[13] Ball playing, picnicing, sleighing, coasting, skating were

[10] The story was printed in the *Columbian Centinel*, Boston, December, 1789.

[11] See *Diary of Sarah Connell Ayer* (Portland, Me., 1910), 227.

[12] See *Almon Danforth Hodges and His Neighbors* (Boston, 1909), 217-218.

[13] "At sun two hours high," says the *Farmer's Almanack*, 1815, "the day is finished and away goes men and boys to the bowling alley. Haying, hoeing, plowing, sowing all must give way to sport and toddy. Now this is no way for a farmer. It will do for the city lads to sport and relax in this way, and so there are proper times and seasons for farmers to take pleasure of this sort, for I agree that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

among the outdoor sports much indulged in by Yankees, while family and neighborhood visiting, the quilting bee, donation parties, church socials, and the like furnished indoor recreation. The circus and the "cattle show" were events in the western Yankeeland equal in social significance to Artillery Day in Boston.

Thus, while it is true that Yankees were a sober people, of prevailingly serious mien and purpose, they were not averse to the relaxations of play and recreation. The question whether or not the Yankees were fun loving cannot be answered by yes or no. If we mean by fun the rollicking joviality characteristic of irresponsible, carefree folk, the answer is no. Many Yankees found their best fun in work or business. To the David Harum type, which was fairly numerous, a horse trade was more fun than a picnic. Some Boston merchants were so immersed in their business that, though very pious, they nevertheless spent Sunday afternoon going over their books and writing business letters.[14] Being serious minded, they tended to make their chief concern an obsession, and could hardly be happy away from it. But the majority were quite as ready to amuse themselves out of working hours, as are the Italians or other social stocks that have a reputation for fun and frolic.

The Yankees also found intellectual enjoyment in cultivating quickness of retort, in giving utterance to clever if homely aphorisms, and in a kind of whimsical humor. These traits emerge in their vernacular literature like "Major Jack Downing's" *Thirty Years out of the Senate*, and especially Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. "The squire'll have a parson in his barn a preachin' to his cattle one o' these days, see if he don't," said one of "Tim Bunker's" shiftless neighbors by way of summarizing the squire's over-niceness in caring for his Jersey cows. "Ez big ez wat hogs dream

[14] See *Hodges and His Neighbors*, 94.

on when they're most too fat to snore"; "that man is mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog"; "the coppers ain't all tails"; "pop'lar as a hen with one chicken"; "quicker'n greased lightnin'"; "a hen's time ain't much"; "handy as a pocket in a shirt"; "he's a whole team and the dog under the wagon"; "so thievish they had to take in their stone walls at night"; "so black that charcoal made a chalk mark on him"; "painted so like marble that it sank in water"—the above are all Yankeeisms of approved lineage and illustrate a characteristic type of Yankee humor. The example below is of a rarer sort. "Pretty heavy thunder you have here," said the English Captain Basil Hall to a lounger in front of a Massachusetts tavern. "Waal, we do," came the drawling reply, "considerin' the number of the inhabitants."

About the time that Yankees began to emigrate to Wisconsin a talented French writer, Michel Chevalier, gave the world a brilliant and on the whole favorable characterization of them. "The Yankee," he says, "is reserved, cautious, distrustful; he is thoughtful and pensive, but equable; his manners are without grace, modest but dignified, cold, and often unprepossessing; he is narrow in his ideas, but practical, and possessing the idea of the proper, he never rises to the grand. He has nothing chivalric about him and yet he is adventurous, and he loves a roving life. His imagination is active and original, producing, however, not poetry but drollery. The Yankee is the laborious ant; he is industrious and sober and, on the sterile soil of New England, niggardly; transplanted to the promised land in the west he continues moderate in his habits, but less inclined to count the cents. In New England he has a large share of prudence, but once thrown into the midst of the treasures of the west he becomes a speculator, a gambler even, although he has a great horror of cards, dice, and all games of chance and even of skill

except the innocent game of bowls." Chevalier also says: "The fusion of the European with the Yankee takes place but slowly, even on the new soil of the west; for the Yankee is not a man of promiscuous society; he believes that Adam's oldest son was a Yankee."

The Yankee was not more boastful than other types of Americans, though his talent for exaggerative description was marked. Yet he had a pronounced national obsession and was uncompromising in his patriotism: "This land o'ourn, I tell ye's got to be a better country than man ever see," was put into a Yankee's mouth by one of their own spokesmen and represents the Yankee type of mild jingoism. It is full cousin to that other sentiment which also this writer assigns to him:

> Resolved, that other nations all, if set longside of us,
> For vartoo, larnin, chiverlry, aint noways wuth a cuss.[15]

These are but cruder expressions of ideas dating from the Revolutionary War, and of which Timothy Dwight, who was not a poet by predestination, gave us in verse a noble example:

> Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
> The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
> Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
> While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
> Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
> Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
> Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
> Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

It need not be supposed that all Yankees who came to Wisconsin or other western states were familiar with these glowing lines. But it is almost certain that, in the common schools of Yankeedom, most of them had thrilled to the matchless cadences of Webster's reply to Hayne. What more was needed, by way of literary support, to a pride of country which, if a trifle ungenerous to others, was based on facts all had experienced.

[15] J. R. Lowell, *Biglow Papers.*

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC[1]

Hosea W. Rood

A UNIQUE ORGANIZATION

The Grand Army of the Republic is entirely unlike any society that ever existed before it. Nothing of the kind could come from any but a volunteer army of citizen soldiers—men who fought for principles dear to them. There is no other nation-wide organization of old men. It is now sixty-one years since the beginning of the War for the Union, fifty-seven since our army was disbanded; and a hundred thousand of its members are still compactly bound together, their objects being to perpetuate the spirit of patriotism, to preserve the fraternal relations of those days when as boys and young men they served and suffered together in what was to them a holy cause, to give aid to those who are so unfortunate as to need help, and to honor the memory of their heroic dead. Truly it is a unique organization. And it is as systematically organized today as was the army in which its members served more than half a century ago. To be sure, most of the posts are dwindling away—one by one going out of existence. So it was with our companies and regiments in war times. But while they could be recruited, we cannot. We are not far away from the inevitable. Yet we do not mourn because of it. When an aged good man dies we do not mourn his loss. We attend his funeral and say it was beautiful—beautiful in the memory of what he had been, the good he had done. So may it be with the passing of the Grand Army of the Republic.

OUR ALLIED SOCIETIES

The allied societies of the Grand Army of the Republic are the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies of the Grand

[1] For the preceding installment on this subject, see *ante*, 280-294 (March, 1923).

Army, Daughters of the Grand Army, Sons of Veterans and their Auxiliary. At the National Encampment in Denver in 1883, the Woman's Relief Corps was made the auxiliary to the Grand Army, and its members are zealous co-workers in all that interests the Grand Army. The organization is open to all patriotic women. The Ladies of the Grand Army is made up of women who are directly related to Civil War veterans. They, too, are earnest, patriotic workers with the old comrades. The Daughters of the Grand Army are what their name implies. They have a particularly beautiful service for taking in new members. They are zealous in teaching patriotism. The Sons of Veterans are organized to honor in every way their fathers and grandfathers of the Civil War, and their Auxiliary members are their co-workers. In general, these six allied patriotic societies work in harmony, vieing with one another in manifestation of honor and respect and helpfulness for the Grand Army comrades who are slowly marching down the sunset slope and disappearing one by one in the gathering twilight. These patriotic societies have exercised an influence for good not only upon the Grand Army of the Republic, but upon the state and the nation as a whole. Their good deeds have been widespread. We hope they will continue their work after the Grand Army has been mustered out.

MEMORIAL DAY

In the spring of 1868, when General John A. Logan was commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, a letter was received by his adjutant general, N. P. Chipman, from a comrade who had served as a private soldier in the Union Army, in which he said that in his native country, Germany, "it was the custom of the people to assemble in the springtime and scatter flowers upon the graves of the dead." Comrade Chipman was pleased with the suggestion of

this German soldier that "the Grand Army of the Republic inaugurate such an observance in memory of the Union dead." Accordingly, he made a rough draft of a general order upon the subject, and laid it, with the soldier's letter, before General Logan. The commander approved the order and, after he had added something to it himself, it was published, as follows, and sent to every Grand Army post in every state:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1868.

General Orders, No. 11.

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating, the graves of Comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and those whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance, no form of ceremony is prescribed, but Posts and Comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, Comrades, as our Regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths a tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon the nation's gratitude—the soldier's and the sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed Comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of Comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this Order effective.

By Command of—
JOHN A. LOGAN, Commander-in-Chief.
N. P. Chipman, Adjutant General.

At first some people doubted the wisdom of establishing such an observance. They feared it would tend to keep alive memories of the war, and foster animosities that would better be forgotten; some also objected to the expense that might be incurred for music and flowers. But from that day to this, more and more attention has been paid to Memorial Day and the services connected with its observance. Never has the day been more fittingly, impressively, and universally observed than it was last year. As the comrades of the Civil War are becoming less and less able to take the initiative in preparations for the day, those of the Spanish-American and World wars are taking up the work. All along, the patriotic societies allied to the Grand Army have been active co-workers with us in all memorial services, and they have worked in full harmony with us. Moreover, the boys and girls in both public and parochial schools have taken an essential part in all memorial exercises. They have presented patriotic programs in their schoolrooms on some day just before the thirtieth of May; and everywhere they are chosen to strew flowers on the graves of our fallen comrades. No one can fully comprehend the patriotic influence upon our national life of this sacred custom in which every year millions of our little citizens happily and seriously take part.

There is also Memorial Sunday—next before May 30—when the members of every Grand Army post in the land have for fifty years attended divine service in a body, in some church to which they have been invited, there to listen to a memorial sermon and the best of patriotic music.

For the public exercises of Memorial Day it is the custom everywhere to secure the best speakers and the most impressive music suitable for the occasion. In many cases school children are given places on the program. The procession to the cemetery is as imposing as it can be made, with bands, civic societies, city or village officials, the Grand Army and its allied organizations, veterans of our later wars, and long lines of school children bearing the prettiest posies they can find. Deep and lasting must be the impression made by such observance of Memorial Day.

It is unfortunate that the name of the German soldier through whose suggestion the first Memorial Day orders were issued by General Logan has been lost. It is the custom everywhere to have those orders read as a part of the memorial program, also Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address.

PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTORS

Every Grand Army post, under the general rules and regulations, has an officer known as patriotic instructor, whose duty it is to help in every way to cultivate, especially in our little citizens, the spirit of patriotism. Over these there is in every state a department patriotic instructor, and over them a national instructor. So far as practicable all these work together for a common purpose. In the same way all of our allied societies have patriotic instructors—local, departmental, and national. Who can estimate the full value of their united efforts!

WISCONSIN VETERANS' HOME

At the Department Encampment in Milwaukee, in February, 1887, twenty-two years after the close of the war, there arose a discussion concerning the needy condition of some of our comrades and their wives; some widows also of our dead comrades were in sore need. Many of those comrades had been disabled by wounds or disease. They had, at their discharge, received nothing in the way of bonus, and very few of them were granted pensions. Such pensions as were granted were small, not at all sufficient for even a scanty support. No general service pension law was made until 1907, forty-two years after Appomattox. Several national homes had been established, one being located at Milwaukee; yet no women could be admitted to them. If a disabled soldier went there, he must leave his wife, which few were willing to do. There was no place for a wife or a widow but the almshouse. In some counties both soldiers and widows were in the poorhouse. The Grand Army posts had done much to aid individual cases, yet they could not care for all. In many communities there were no posts to give needed aid. Because of this, many a war widow who had been braver even than the soldiers at the front in her heroic battle with the wolf at the door, was forced to go to the poorhouse. It was indeed sad that in the country for which a soldier had given his life his widow and children must thus suffer the pangs of poverty. Moreover, it was said that in some of the poorhouses the soldiers and widows were not receiving good treatment. This discussion led to the adoption of the following resolution at that year's encampment:

Resolved, That this Department Encampment take steps at once to establish a Veterans' Home for honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, and their wives or widows who were such during the time of the Civil War, and to secure from the state legislature an annual appropriation depending upon the number of inmates.

It was also provided that a committee of five be elected to have full power during 1887-88 to undertake to get through the legislature then in session a bill providing for an appropriation to aid in the support of such home when once established, to the amount of three dollars a week for every inmate; also to incorporate the home, secure a proper location for it, and do whatever else might seem to them necessary. The following named comrades were elected members of such committee: F. A. Marden, A. O. Wright, B. F. Bryant, James Cumberledge, and J. H. Marston. They were to report at the next encampment.

The following is a summary of this report: During the year they had succeeded in getting an appropriation from the state, though not all they had hoped for. Through the active aid of people in Waupaca, they had obtained possession of Greenwood Park Hotel, four miles west of Waupaca, a beautiful site on the well known Chain-o'-Lakes, with seventy-eight acres of land. There, with $5388.32 contributed by Grand Army posts, the Woman's Relief Corps, and by individuals, they had already opened a veterans' home. The committee closed its report with the following paragraph:

> We now have seventy-eight acres of land on the shores of a beautiful lake, with a group of buildings, consisting of a center building, a chapel, six cottages, and a farm house, accommodating, all told, fifty inmates. This is now the property of the Department Encampment, to be used as a Soldiers' Home. We can make it what we please. We are not obliged to grumble at its management, as we do with the National Home, or as we should be likely to do with this State Home if it were managed by state authorities. We can direct its management ourselves and make it a practical example of what we believe a Soldiers' Home should be. Thus far the Home is in its infancy. Your committee have carried it through the opening of its life and now take pleasure in presenting this institution to you. We ask for it your loving care and thoughtful attention. Our work as corporators is done. It now devolves upon you to elect a board of trustees as a permanent body to govern this Home.

The committee on corporation had indeed accomplished much in a year—established a Wisconsin Veterans' Home

and put it into operation. The encampment, recognizing their valuable service and experience, elected as the first trustees of the home: J. H. Marston and A. O. Wright, for three years; Benjamin F. Bryant and R. N. Roberts, for two years; J. F. Woodnorth and W. D. Crocker, for one year.

So, through the initiative of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Wisconsin Veterans' Home came into being. It still exists, having grown from that small beginning to be one of the finest philanthropic institutions in the state. During the thirty-five years since it was established it has sheltered, fed, clothed, and been a real home to thousands of Civil War veterans and their wives or widows. The place is now a neat, well kept little village of twenty-three large halls, seventy-three cottages and smaller buildings, with twenty-six outbuildings. It carries fire insurance for $456,624. There are ninety-three acres of land, twenty-three of which are a fine large garden. On the thirty-first day of July, 1922, there were six officers, with 140 employes on the payroll. The members of the home that day were: men, 156; women, 296; total, 452. There are a neat chapel for religious services, a large amusement hall, library, and everything else to make the life of the old people there—they average about eighty years of age—pleasant and comfortable. The hospital, with about a hundred patients, is fully equipped and well managed. The halls and cottages are supplied with all the modern conveniences of city homes. Wisconsin people may well be proud of the institution.

All this property now belongs to the state. The governor appoints on the board of managers such persons as are recommended to him by the Grand Army Encampment. The department commander is *ex officio* a member of the board. The present members are: Robert Law, president; Mrs. May L. Luchsinger, vice president; Charles Cowan, treasurer; Hosea W. Rood, secretary; Henry C. Smith,

and Francis A. Walsh; and James F. Carle, *ex officio*. The commandant is Colonel John Turner, Spanish-American and World War veteran.

WISCONSIN MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL FOR SCHOOLS

It may not be generally known that the *Memorial Day Annual*, sent out from the office of the state superintendent of public instruction to every school in the state, as an aid in patriotic instruction, had its origin in action taken by the Grand Army of the Republic. The following paragraph copied from the proceedings of the forty-third annual session of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, December 27, 1895, tells how it was done:

> A delegation from the E. B. Wolcott Post, Grand Army of the Republic, consisting of Colonel Jerome A. Watrous, Dr. O. W. Carlson and Lieutenant H. A. Valentin, appeared before the association. Colonel Watrous made a brief address, thanking the teachers for inculcating patriotic sentiments among the children, and asking them to have special services in all public schools and private schools on Fridays before Washington's birthday, Lincoln's birthday and Memorial Day. On motion, Professor A. O. Wright, Hosea W. Rood and W. H. Beach [all Grand Army men] were appointed as a committee to consider the question and report.

The proceedings of the association, December 28, same year, contain the following:

> Committee on the memorial of the E. B. Wolcott Post, Grand Army of the Republic, reported as follows:
>
> "We cordially concur in the suggestion of the memorial. We believe that it would be in the highest degree appropriate and profitable to encourage the sentiments of patriotism in the schools and the homes by special exercises or oratory, poetry and song commemorating the traditions and example of the founders and preservers of this republic. To this end we recommend that all public schools observe the national holidays and the birthdays of eminent men, especially Memorial Day and the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln.
>
> "We also recommend that this committee request the state superintendent to prepare and furnish to schools a list of exercises and recitations appropriate to be used on such occasions."

The recommendations were adopted without dissent.

At that time the Honorable J. Q. Emery was state superintendent, and he was heartily in favor of the proposed

plan of patriotic instruction. He began at once the preparation of a little booklet in harmony with the recommendations of the committee of Grand Army comrades for the teachers' association. Here are two paragraphs of Superintendent Emery's "Foreword" to the first edition of the *Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual for Schools*, published in 1896:

To the Teachers in the Public Schools:—The Grand Army of the Republic and the Wisconsin Teachers' Association have requested by formal vote of those bodies, that a program of exercises for all public schools on Memorial Day be prepared and distributed, which will suggest suitable means by which pupils in all these schools will unite in observing that day, and become interested in the purposes and sentiments which make the day significant.

In compliance with that request, and in recognition of the value which such exercises may have in promoting the spirit of grateful appreciation of great public service, high and pure ideals of loyalty and patriotism, and a larger and clearer comprehension of the cost by which civil institutions are preserved when imperiled, and when national unity and perpetuity can be preserved only by the bloody arbitrament of war, this circular has been prepared, and is now sent forth to assist teachers and pupils in their preparation to participate in the public observance of the 30th of May as Memorial Day.

From then until now this *Memorial Day Annual* has been published and has gone not only into every school and public library in the state, but to the patriotic instructor of every Grand Army post and every local organization of the allied societies of the Grand Army. Where the *Annuals* have been preserved from the beginning, and bound, they constitute a reservoir of the best patriotic literature from hundreds of authors.

For the last fourteen years the *Memorial Day Annual* has been compiled and edited by the late O. S. Rice, school library clerk in the office of the state superintendent.[2]

NAMES OF COMMANDERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF WISCONSIN GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

James K. Proudfit,* June 7, 1866; Henry A. Starr,* 1867; Jeremiah M. Rusk,* 1868; Thomas S. Allen,* 1869-70; Edward

[2] In the death of O. S. Rice, which occurred January 25, 1923, the state lost an educator of great ability, who had given long and devoted service to our commonwealth.

Ferguson,* 1871-72; Andrew J. McCoy,* 1873; G. A. Hannaford, Boise, Idaho, 1874-75; John Hancock,* 1876; Henry G. Rogers,* 1877; F. S. Hammond, 1878; Griff J. Thomas, Harvard, Neb., 1879-81; H. M. Enos,* 1882; Philip Cheek,* 1883-84; James Davidson,* 1885; Lucius Fairchild,* to Sept., 1886; Henry P. Fisher,* unexpired term, 1886; Michael Griffin,* 1887; Augustus G. Meissert, Milwaukee, 1888 to March, 1889; Leander Ferguson, Brandon, unexpired term, 1889; Benjamin F. Bryant,* 1890; William H. Upham, Marshfield, 1891; Chauncey B. Welton,* 1892; Eugene A. Shores,* 1893; Jerome A. Watrous,* 1894; William D. Hoard,* 1895; D. Lloyd Jones,* 1896; Edmund B. Gray,* 1897; Charles H. Russell,* 1898; Henry Harnden,* 1899 to March, 1900; S. H. Tallmadge,* unexpired term, 1900; David G. James,* 1900; Allen H. DeGroff, Oakland, Cal., 1901; James H. Agen,* 1902; Joseph P. Rundle, Milwaukee, 1903; Pliny Norcross,* 1904; Frederick A. Copeland, La Crosse, 1905; John W. Ganes, Ripon, 1906; John C. Martin, Mineral Point, 1907; Edwin D. Coe,* 1908; Robert B. Lang,* after May, 1909; William H. Grinnell, Beloit, 1909; Frank A. Walsh, Milwaukee, 1910; Hiram J. Smith,* 1911; George W. Spratt, Sheboygan Falls, 1912; Charles H. Henry, Eau Claire, 1913; Samuel A. Cook,* 1914; William J. McKay,* 1915; O. L. Rosenkrans, Milwaukee, 1916; William A. Wyse,* 1917; George D. Breed, Chilton, 1918; Robert R. Campbell, Green Bay, 1919; Walter O. Pietzsch, Madison, 1920; Matthias L. Snyder, Waukesha, 1921; James F. Carle, Janesville, 1922–.

Two of those here named have served as commanders-in-chief—Lucius Fairchild, in 1886; A. G. Weissert, in 1892.

* Deceased. Of the fifty-four, twenty-one are still living.

AN HISTORIC COLLECTION OF WAR PORTRAITS

Louise Phelps Kellogg

A portrait as an interpretation of character and personality is worth infinitely more to the historian than a photograph. Granting the personal equation of the artist, one finds in a well painted portrait a valuable historical document. It is thus a matter of congratulation to historians, as well as to appreciators of American art, that in 1919 certain American artists were chosen to paint the portraits of the great personalities of the war.

The idea was conceived by a group of artists and art patrons who obtained the coöperation of the Smithsonian Institution and of the American Federation of Arts, as well as that of the American Peace Mission to the conference at Versailles. Eight eminent American artists were chosen, and plans were made whereby they visited Paris and secured sittings from the premiers and generals of the allied nations there gathered to end the war. This collection of portraits is designed to form the basis of an American Portrait Gallery to be assembled at the National Museum at Washington, there to become an historic collection for the benefit of future generations. Several cities of the United States are coöperating by purchasing and presenting to the new enterprise the portraits of their choice. Thus far New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and San Francisco have responded to the appeal.

The artists chosen by the National Art Committee were Cecilia Beaux, Joseph De Camp, Charles Hopkinson, John C. Johansen, Jean McLane, Edmund C. Tarbell, Douglas Volk, and Irving R. Wiles. The subjects were also assigned by the committee in coöperation with the artists themselves.

To Cecilia Beaux, the eminent Philadelphian, was granted the signal honor of portraying three persons of three nations who were among the chief personalities of the war: Premier Clemenceau, Cardinal Mercier, and Admiral Beatty. Of the first she has made an unusual portrait, showing the man of tempestuous action in a moment of severe restraint. She has given us not "Clemenceau the Tiger," but Clemenceau the Vendeéan Frenchman, powerful and masterful, yet supreme in his love for France. Miss Beaux's Mercier is striking in the extreme; the tall, slim figure in the brilliant robes of the cardinalate, with its background of battered churches and violated cities, arrests and holds the attention vividly. It is, however, Mercier the prelate, rather than Mercier the spiritual leader, that she has portrayed; the fire that burns in the deep-set eyes is the gleam of the ascetic rather than the glow of the humanitarian. It is in the man of the Anglo-Saxon race that Miss Beaux makes her supreme contribution to the portraiture of our day. Her Admiral Beatty is worthy to rank with the world's great portraits. In simplicity and sincerity the admiral stands, the type of the English fighting seaman. From his eyes look out the soul of the heroes of the past from Drake to Nelson. His is the will that believes that "England expects every man to do his duty." Here is the victor of Jutland Bank, unafraid and undismayed. To him plaudits and honors are of no account. The safety of England is his sole concern. By heroic hearts such as his the sea wall was kept intact.

Among the American participants, the typical soldier of our race is presented in the full-length standing portrait of John J. Pershing, holding by the bridle his mettlesome horse. Easily he stands in his uniform of dull khaki, enlivened only by a Sam-Browne belt—a splendid soldierly figure, urbane, self controlled, and masterful. This portrait by Douglas Volk is companioned by one of Albert of

Belgium, finer and more expressive than that of the American soldier. The young king is a figure of splendid altruism as he stands, one clenched hand on the sandbags of a fortified place, with his ravaged country behind him, and on his face a grave look of suffering and determination from which personal passion has been burned away. Volk's third portrait is that of David Lloyd George—a careworn face, in which are graven deep lines of responsibility and effort. It is not the usual conception of the British premier, but probably truer to the facts of his life than the merry, insouciant countenance one usually sees.

John C. Johansen, the eminent Chicagoan, has succeeded best, to our thought, in his portrait of Marshal Joffre. Here we have a new and spiritualized presentation of the French soldier who is more than a soldier. Nor is this the "Papa" Joffre of popular fame. Rather, in this portrait the artist shows us Joffre the idealist and the patriot looking into the future and gravely careful for the fate of the France he has so nobly saved. Johansen's other portraits are those of the Italians, General Diaz and Premier Orlando, both of them somewhat overpowered by ornate backgrounds of sculpture; and Field Marshal Haig, a thoughtful, quiet portrait of a typical British officer. To this artist was also granted the honor of painting the great hall of Versailles, with the treaty signatories and negotiators grouped around the central table. This is a well composed and well grouped ensemble. As portraits, however, the faces are not sufficiently individualized. The artist has therein sought symmetry and subordination rather than personality.

Edmund C. Tarbell was assigned the honor of presenting Wilson, Hoover, Foch, and Leman. The first two of these are purely neutral, being painted from photographs only, not from sittings. They are to be withdrawn and repainted as soon as personal studies can be made. In his Marshal Foch on horseback, with a beautiful French landscape as a

background, Mr. Tarbell gives us an interesting and attractive picture, which is however hardly an adequate interpretation of the famous victor of France. This artist has best succeeded with the portrait of General Leman, of Liége, who has died since 1919. Leman's portrait is half length, seated, in full uniform including visored cap. The face is strong and silent; the lights and shadows are admirably arranged.

Charles Hopkinson, a Boston artist, had the most picturesque of the several subjects to paint, since to him were assigned the premiers of Roumania and Serbia, as well as the prince envoy of Japan. Many consider the portrait of the last mentioned, Prince Saionji, the outstanding success of the entire collection. The inscrutable yellow mask of the Japanese statesman is excellently painted, and the whole conception is simplified to a degree that produces a powerful impression. With the Serb premier, Pashich, Hopkinson has also attained a success, portraying him as the patriarch of a pastoral people. In Premier Bratiano, however, the artist has been more ambitious and less successful. Picturesque the portrait is without doubt; but one may reasonably doubt whether the veneered barbarian Hopkinson has painted fitly represents the Roumanian statesman.

Joseph De Camp has painted the two Canadians, Premier Borden and General Sir Arthur Currie; both are given honest, forthright, uncomplicated treatment. The same may be said of Irving R. Wiles' Admiral Sims, an effective presentation of a candid and sincere character. Elizabeth Queen of the Belgians, Premier Hughes of Australia, and Venizelos of Greece are not yet painted—Jean McLane (Mrs. John Johansen), chosen to portray them, not having as yet been able to secure from them personal sittings.

The collection as it now stands is composed of one large

group picture and twenty individual portraits. It is being shown in various cities of the United States, before final deposit at Washington. Wisconsin was fortunate in having the opportunity of viewing these remarkable portraits, which, during the month of December, 1922, were exhibited at the State Historical Library by the Madison Art Association.

A FOOTNOTE TO THE STORY OF A GREAT COURT

LUCIEN S. HANKS

How interesting, indeed, is *The Story of a Great Court*, under the gifted pen of the distinguished jurist, the late John B. Winslow, chief justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin; an interesting story, an instructive story, an historical story, clothed in delightful diction, reminding us of his endearing personality. As I read on and on, about the several justices, dating back to the spring of 1860, when I first began my stewardship in the old State Bank of Madison as teller, I am reminded how customary, and indeed how necessary, it was in those days for the justices to piece out with borrowed money their meager salaries; some in silent but apparent protest, and others with outspoken criticism of the law respecting their compensation.[1]

I recall a remark made to me by the late Chief Justice Dixon when applying for a loan of $500. "I came to Madison from Portage, easily worth $15,000; there is nothing left now, and I am obliged to rely upon my salary." The loan of $500 was granted because it was hard to refuse. Inasmuch as it could not be considered a prudent loan for any banker to make, and because of his attitude, I (then cashier of the bank) reported it to Samuel Marshall, then president, who at the time resided in Milwaukee. I well remember his reply, that he thought the compensation accorded justices under the law was inadequate, and instructing me to grant credit to Judge Dixon from time to

[1] The constitution adopted in 1848 fixed the salaries of the justices of the supreme court at $1500; in 1852 that sum was raised to $2000, and five years later to $2500. At this figure it remained until 1867, when it became $3500, and the next year $4000. During the decade from 1857 to 1867 prices enhanced rapidly; thus the salary of 1860 was extremely meager in 1865.

time, when applied for, up to $2000, and when the loans reached that extent, to charge the amount to his account and use the letter as a collateral voucher, and further requesting that I mention his action neither to Mr. Dixon nor to anybody else.

But now comes the refreshing sequel, which well reveals Judge Dixon's keen sense of justice. His several loans had reached $1500, when, one morning, finding me alone at my desk in the directors' room, he walked in, saying: "Hanks, at one time, I *did* think you were a good banker, but I have now concluded you are a damn-fool; because any man who would loan me $1500 when I have nothing but my homestead, is not competent to be in the business of banking. I am owing you at this time $1500, and I want $500 more." Whereupon, he handed me his note for $2000, together with a mortgage upon his homestead to secure the payment of the same, duly executed by himself and wife, saying: "This will take care of the past and serve as well for the present. The future will take care of itself."

I also recall memories of the late Justice Byron Payne, whose salary from the state being also inadequate, found it necessary to borrow money to meet living expenses. He was most keenly sensitive concerning his repeated applications for loans, and would shrink from the necessity of them, and I well remember the incident attending our response to his last application. He seemed to be greatly disturbed, and with tense emotion said: "It is a burning shame that the judges of the supreme court of this state are denied a living salary," adding, "Here am I, having nothing but my salary and my little home on the shore of Lake Monona." He was so impassioned in his manner, that his utterance would have thrilled anybody, as it did me.

Whereupon, I suggested that he take out life insurance. To that he replied: "Why do you suggest that, knowing

as you do that I have no money to pay the premium?" It so happened, that at that time I had been recently induced by a former officer of the State Bank to accept the agency, for Dane County, of the National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America, of which he was general agent for the northwest. The situation so impressed me, that I informed Judge Payne that I was an agent of a good life insurance company that allowed me sixty per cent commission on the first year's premium, and I said: "Give me your note for one year without interest for the premium, and let the future take care of itself."

But my offer was declined with most cordial and hearty thanks, whereupon the interview ended. The next morning, however, Judge Payne again called at the bank, and when meeting me said, with a broad smile: "*Mrs.* Justice Payne has 'handed down *her* decision,' that if your offer is still open, it be accepted." Whereupon, his application was taken for $5000, in the National Life Insurance Company, duly accepted, and the policy issued, dated January 12, 1870.

I had noticed at that time, that none of the policies of the National Life recited the *hour* of the day upon which policies would lapse for non-payment of premium. It was usually recited in other companies as twelve o'clock noon, but the matter at that time caused no comment, nor did it again occur to me, until within a short twelve months thereafter, when early in December following, Judge Dixon called, appearing greatly concerned, and informed me that Justice Payne was *very* ill, and inquired if I knew anything about his financial circumstances. I told him of the five thousand life insurance policy, which together with their homestead was all of his property of which I had knowledge.

Late in December Justice Dixon again called, and with a glad smile told me that Justice Payne was much better.

But soon thereafter, sunshine and balmy air in January, I was told, induced Justice Payne to sit out in the hall of his home, which caused a relapse. Justice Payne lingered until the twelfth day of January, 1871, when at twenty minutes past nine o'clock in the evening he passed away.

I had immediately, upon learning of his illness, made provision for the second life insurance premium due January 12, and credited it to my account as agent. The day after the funeral, I wrote the company advising it of the maturity of the policy, and in my letter added a subsequent paragraph, stating that a friend of the deceased (but did not mention my name as the friend) had raised the question that inasmuch as no hour of the day was stated in the policy for its expiration, did not the first premium paid carry the policy until twelve o'clock at night, and inasmuch as Justice Payne died at twenty minutes past nine, should not the subsequent payment of premium which had been made be remitted.

I had just written and signed this letter, when Judge Dixon again called, and inquired if the life insurance which I had before mentioned was still in force. Whereupon I showed him the letter above recited. He read it, and said: "Hanks, you may add down at the bottom of that letter, that 'the remaining judges on the bench concur in that opinion.'" I, of course, made no such addition to my letter, but I wrote a private letter to the general agent, and told him about it. It is perhaps needless to say that the second premium was refunded and the policy paid in full.

I now recall an incident relating to Chief Justice Edward G. Ryan. It was a fiercely hot afternoon in August, 1875, when a message came from Chief Justice Ryan that he would like to see me, if convenient, in his room in the capitol. I immediately went over, and found the judge in his chamber which, it will be remembered, was located in the north

corner of the capitol building—a very large chamber indeed, with a spacious bay window in the north corner. I rapped upon the door, but receiving no reply, quietly opened it, and entered; there was the judge, walking up and down the room, alone, and evidently very much disturbed, sans coat, sans vest, suspenders hanging over his thighs. He immediately turned and greeted me cordially, and after a moment said: "Mr. Hanks, I have sent for you at the suggestion of Justice Cole. I am in trouble, and he said that at times he had found you prolific of ideas.'

His expression amused me exceedingly, but I immediately responded: "Such ideas as I have, are entirely at your service."

Whereupon, he stated that a merchant in Milwaukee had recovered an unfair and unreasonable judgment against him, and that the merchant was in fact indebted to him, but the time had expired to appeal the case, that he had been very negligent regarding his financial matters, but that now he apprehended that possibly his salary from the state might be disturbed.

I suggested that he might appoint some person his attorney-in-fact, to draw his salary from the state treasurer a few days before due. The attorney then could take the money to the bank, receive a draft on New York, payable to E. G. Ryan, while he could use the same as a certificate of deposit, which would surely defeat any garnishee, as there would be no deposit in the bank, nor with the attorney. We were walking to and fro in his room during this conversation. Whereupon, to my surprise, he gave me a sharp rap between my shoulders, and said: "You are right, and you are my attorney-in-fact. Prepare the necessary power of attorney, and bring over for my signature."

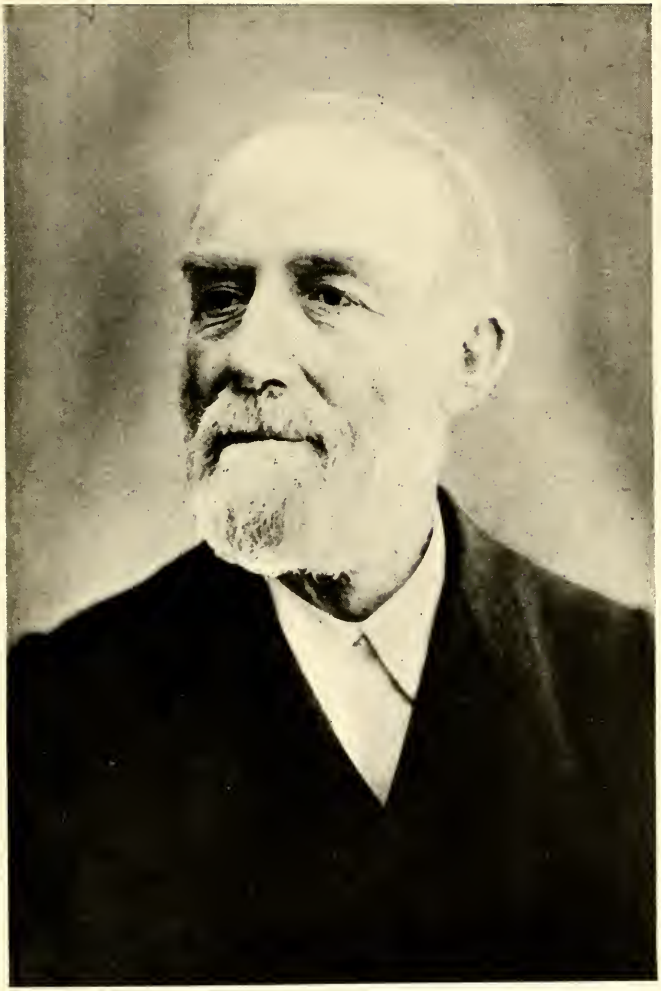
This was done, and the "power of attorney-in-fact" then granted by Chief Justice Ryan remained in force until his decease.

CHARLES HENRY WILLIAMS—A SKETCH

SAMUEL M. WILLIAMS

Charles Henry Williams, of Welsh Quaker parentage, the eldest child of Micajah Terrell Williams and Hannah Jones Williams, was born on the twenty-first of December, 1818, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. In the private school conducted by General O. M. Mitchell, a graduate of West Point, he became so interested in mathematics and military tactics as to form a desire to continue his education at West Point, to which his Quaker parents demurred. He then quietly began reading Blackstone's *Commentaries*, with the purpose of becoming a lawyer. This plan also received the Quaker parental negation.

But there were other fields for conquest, and Charles Henry was employed in the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company Bank, of which his father was president. During his employment with the bank, he was often directed to carry large sums of currency from Cincinnati to Chillicothe or to Columbus by stage. In later years he entertained his children with an account of what he thought the safest way to carry the money. At the bank it was carefully wrapped and safely tied in a package; the trusted young messenger would then roll it up in an old soiled newspaper tied with common string, put the bundle under his arm, slide out of the rear door of the bank, go around a few blocks, then down to the stagecoach, engage his passage, throw the bundle under the back seat of the coach, and climb up with the driver. When the stage arrived at his destination, the soiled package would be pulled out and he would then go in a roundabout way to the back of the bank, deliver the package, and receive a proper receipt therefor.



CHARLES HENRY WILLIAMS

With the approval of his parents, he selected the profession of civil engineer, beginning as rodman in the surveys being made on the White River Canal in Indiana, under his uncle Jesse L. Williams, of Fort Wayne. He steadily followed engineering until 1837, when all work of that nature upon the canal was suspended, he having by that time risen to the position of assistant engineer. In the wilderness of Indiana, working as a civil engineer, absorbing the ozone and nectar of the natural life, conversing with the settlers, trying out his young strength against hardships, Mr. Williams developed a love for country life that resulted later in his becoming a farmer in the Baraboo valley of Wisconsin, though engineering and the study of its problems interested him to the end of his days.

The early death of his father, in 1844, left him in charge of a large estate chiefly in lands heavily encumbered at Toledo, Ohio, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This charge forced Mr. Williams to relinquish his own life plans, to go to Milwaukee, and to devote most of his time to the settlement of the estate in the interest of his mother and her seven children. His duties as executor, however, did not require all of his time, for history records the fact that in 1846 he married Sarah Clark Thomas, of St. Clairsville, Ohio. The marriage was solemnized according to the Quaker or Friends ceremony, the engagement having been announced six months previous at the Friends meeting, and at each monthly meeting thereafter. At the wedding, when the spirit moved them, the bride and groom arose in the presence of their friends and repeated the marriage ceremony. In after years, Mrs. Williams amusingly stated that on the occasion of their marriage, Charles Henry was so serious and reflective that she thought the spirit never would move him, and she "just gave him a little kick with the toe of her shoe" to hasten the moving of his spirit.

In 1849 he was elected to the common council of the city of Milwaukee and was a member of the committee on city grades that cut down Spring Street (now Grand Avenue) fifteen feet at Seventh and Eighth streets. At or about the same time he was appointed receiver of the public land office by President Taylor, with headquarters at Milwaukee. But the yearning for farm or rural life that found root in the heart of the young engineer, while working through the forests of Indiana, was not to be overcome by the attractions of city life, for the Baraboo valley had been visited and Meadow Farm, with its lure of the wild and its natural grandeur, was beckoning to a heart and soul already seasoned with desire.

Meadow Farm was located in the town of Excelsior, Sauk County, Wisconsin, adjoining the farm of Stephen Van Rensellaer Ableman, whose name has been given to the little village nestled among the bluffs at the intersection of Narrows Creek with the Baraboo River. The purchase of land in this valley was made because Mr. Williams understood that the proposed Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad would pass through it. Instead it turned aside and passed through Kilbourn, fourteen miles farther north. The farmhouse was located in a grove of native black oak forest trees, that stood as a shade and shelter to the home and grounds as long as Mr. Williams owned the farm; but now alas! "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!" The trees have passed into firewood and the grounds to the yield of crops. The farm consisted of nearly a square mile of land, very rolling, in parts rocky, with high-faced bluffs of rock upon which here and there were a few large old white pine trees, but it was redeemed by being well wooded and watered, and by possessing large tillable areas and meadow. Besides being suited to stock raising and a variety of uses, it pleased the eye and charmed the soul with its diversity and sublimity of landscape.

Mr. Williams took great pride in Meadow Farm. It was the place where he first became a tiller of the soil, a breeder of shorthorn cattle, merino and Cotswold sheep, Chester White swine, and Brahma chickens. To this farm in 1853 he brought his young family, rearing them to know the practical side of life and to realize in some degree the hardships of the frontier. Always, in talking about it, he said, "The greatest business of life is in raising good men and women, and in my opinion there is no better place than a farm." When the boys demurred at some kinds of objectionable work, he would say, "I do not mind that kind of work when I am dressed for it," which of course sounded wise to us; but with a twinkling eye, that bespoke the humor of the situation, brother Charles would observe, "Yes, father, but we notice you do not get dressed that way very often."

The farm neighbors then were Americans—John Young, General Starks, Alfred Williams, Moses Chaplin, James Colwell, George Young, Philip Cheek, Edward Watson, who married Colonel Ableman's daughter Laura, Aunt Dolly Pearl, Mr. Ableman's sister who used to go fishing with us children in the Baraboo River, and, neither last nor least, Colonel Ableman himself, weighing 325 pounds in his shirt sleeves. And then a half mile north of Meadow Farm, up a road that passed the Sugar Loaf and climbed to the top of the bluff that holds the Baraboo River on the east, just before it reaches the village of Ableman, two Quakers, Benjamin and Johanna Thomas, from St. Clairsville, Ohio, the father and mother of Mrs. Williams, located a small farm of eighty acres, and with their sons Terrell, Oliver, William, Corwin, and Charles, cleared it up, set out an orchard, and built a little cottage upon it, almost the last of the houses of that early day to fall beneath the power of time and decay. But eighteen months ago it stood in all the quaint charm of its peaceful Quaker origin,

overlooking the magnificent valley reaching out toward Baraboo, and recalling to those who in the past had found comfort, cheer, and welcome beneath its Quaker roof, a feeling of profound respect and tenderness for even the flagstones that led to its threshold. It seemed a part of Meadow Farm to us children, as in the shifting events in the life of the family at Ableman it was home. Here Benjamin Thomas died; here Johanna Thomas, our grandmother, lived with her sons, and when the war broke out in 1861 gave four of them to her country's need.

As a civil engineer Mr. Williams knew about farming only through books, observation, and intercourse with other men, but providence brought to him an experienced English farmer, William Bell, whose practical knowledge of farm labor was as nearly perfect as possible. Every kind of farm work Mr. Bell could do with skill and perfect integrity of workmanship. In butchering, care and handling of stock, management of men, seeding, cultivating, harvesting, he was always proficient, never boastful, never conceited, while his temperament and integrity of character drew him into a relation of mutual respect and coöperation with his employer that continued to the end of their business relations.

In 1858, while operating Meadow Farm with the assistance of William Bell, his farm foreman, Mr. Williams accepted an invitation to return to Milwaukee and become the treasurer of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, which then extended from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien, and was the beginning of what is now the great Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul system of railway from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean. In this capacity he served for two years. Often he related with relish that while living in Milwaukee, prior to his appointment as treasurer, and at the time when subscriptions to the stock of the company were first being taken, he was asked to subscribe, to which

he replied, "I am land poor, but I will make a subscription of twenty-five dollars," thereupon pulling the money out of his pocket and paying it in cash; and that, he said was the first cash subscription to what is now the great railway company. As treasurer he rode upon a pass, but when his term ended he refused to accept such favors, maintaining that passes were usually given to those who could afford to pay their fare, while those who could not were compelled to pay. He preferred the feeling of independence, notwithstanding his classification with those who could not afford to pay.

The breeding of thoroughbred Durham or shorthorn cattle was the branch of Mr. Williams' farming to which he devoted the greatest amount of labor and conscientious care, both on Meadow Farm at Ableman, and on Elmwood Farm at Baraboo, beginning at the latter place in 1871. At Elmwood Farm he introduced and carried on a system of public sales of shorthorns that brought together farmers from various parts of the state. At this time—1879—he was the veteran breeder of the state, having bred them since 1853. The beginnings of his herd and all new additions thereto came from Kentucky, except a later purchase from the herd of George Murray, of Racine, and one from W. B. Dodge, of Waukegan, Illinois. In an article by Clyde De Forrest Dopkins, entitled "A History of Shorthorns in Wisconsin from 1850 to 1890," is clearly described Mr. Williams' work in breeding Durham or shorthorn cattle. Mr. Dopkins says:

> In many respects the most important breeder of the period was Charles H. Williams, Baraboo, Sauk County. Mr. Williams, as will be remembered, was an old-time breeder of short-horns, having pure-bred stock from almost the beginning of the period preceding the Civil War. He had a large herd of well bred animals of good quality which he had developed through years of faithful, conscientious selection. His herd was subject to some criticism in that it lacked the blood that would command the highest prices. His animals, however, were just the type that were needed in Wisconsin; that is, well bred animals, of good

quality, which could be purchased at prices favorable to the general farmer and to the small breeder. During all the years of his breeding, Mr. Williams had been tireless in his efforts to impress upon the live stock breeders of the state the advantages to be derived from good cattle. He had been a faithful exhibitor at the various fairs, had written unceasingly about the good points of the breed, and at the same time had always sold his animals at a figure low enough for the poor stockman who had the desire to improve his herd and at the same time benefit his community. Because of these things, it can be said that Mr. Williams was the most important breeder of the time. He was superintendent of cattle at the state fair in 1871. His report to the secretary of the society shows the charitable nature of the man, his love of his state, and at the same time it sums up the live stock situation of the time.

The last paragraph of that report concludes as follows:

> Farmers of Wisconsin, our interests and those of our state lie largely in improving our domestic animals, growing the best of its kind is the most profitable. Raise, then, the best only—the best cattle, the best horses, the best sheep, swine and poultry—your means will warrant it; if not, go as many steps toward the best you can, and, by a gradual improvement, you will in time reach the desired goal.

Of Mr. Williams Mr. Dopkins states:

> Too much credit cannot be given him, for his thirty years' work with shorthorns in Wisconsin. No one man exerted such a lasting influence toward the improvement of the live stock of the state as did this man. He was a conscientious breeder, possessing unimpeachable business integrity, a good neighbor and a man, who had the interests of his community, his state, and his country foremost in his heart.

When President Lincoln called for "Three Hundred Thousand More," Mr. Williams left Meadow Farm in the care of William Bell, raised a company in Sauk County that was known as Company F of the Twenty-third Regiment Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, of which Colonel J. J. Guppey of Portage was the colonel, and of which he became the major. In the handling of a regiment of men, without criticism from his superior officers, he grew to doubt his capacity to command a large body of troops under difficult and trying conditions, where the lives of the men were in danger and the peril multiplied. This doubt weighed upon his mind and he resigned his commission as major after eight months of service around Vicksburg, Arkansas Post,

and Fort Heinman; but he always said he would like to have remained in the army just as captain of Company F. There was another side to this army life. While major of the regiment, he fulfilled his duties with such scrupulous care and commanding intelligence that he attained the record of being one of the best regimental majors in the entire army corps, and was in line for early promotion at the time he resigned. Mr. Williams loved to recount the superior quality of the men of the regiment, and to describe the soldierly character they acquired through the military training given them by Colonel J. J. Guppey, for whom he entertained the highest respect and admiration as a soldier.

In an interesting paper written and read by Mr. Williams in 1886 at the reunion of the Eleventh and Twenty-third regiments at Madison, he describes the high character of the regiment and the praise and admiration extended to it everywhere on the journey from Wisconsin to Ohio and through Kentucky, for the soldierly bearing of the men, their military precision of movement, and the absence of disorderly or immoral conduct. In a small plat known as Williams' Second Addition to the city of Baraboo, on the south limits thereof, on the old Devils Lake Road, as a last mark of respect for Colonel J. J. Guppey, Mr. Williams named a street Guppey Street.

In the summer of 1865, at the close of the war, Mr. Williams built a new house at the east end of Meadow Farm. It stood upon an eminence overlooking the road from Ableman to Baraboo, about a mile from the former place, in what would be called "white oak openings." The white oak trees were two and a half to three feet in diameter at the butt, without a limb for fifty to sixty feet—staunch old pioneers, that survived for more than two hundred years.[1] Here the family lived until 1871, when they

[1] It is interesting to note that the old home of Mr. Williams' great-grandfather Richard Williams, in the neighborhood of Guilford Court House, North Carolina, in 1781, had the same setting of grand old white oaks; it was known as the "New Garden Oak." See the *American Review of Reviews*, lxvii, 302 (March, 1923).

moved to Elmwood Farm, south of Baraboo, on the old Devils Lake Road. The writer recalls that here in the white oak openings he learned to drive a yoke of oxen before the drag in seeding time.

In the garden at the rear of this new farmhouse, Mr. Williams conceived the idea, growing out of his ever sturdy advocacy of diversified farming, that we should have a few swarms of bees. Now it is perfectly easy to handle bees, if you know how, and are to the manner born. He had never handled bees; his knowledge came from a book, wherein it was said that as summer waned an examination should be made of the hives, to see in what proportion the honey should be divided between the swarm and the owner. When fall came, he directed each of his elder sons, Micajah and Charles in turn, to make the necessary examination. Usually obedient to parental direction, on this occasion the boys said they would rather split wood, to which their father replied he was sorry, indeed, that he had no son sufficiently courageous to perform the necessary service to the bees, and would do it himself. The boys raised no objection to this. Reference to the book disclosed the information that the time of least hazard for such an enterprise was the night, when the bees were at rest, and suggested the use of a lantern. Mr. Williams selected the night, lit the lantern, and announced his purpose of searching for honey. Mrs. Williams and the boys of course volunteered to bring up the rear of the procession. There must have been some mistake in that bee book, for the bees came out in great numbers, lighting upon Mr. Williams with murderous intent, until the family were soon engaged in search, not for honey, but for a bee more bold than his comrades, that had got inside the major's clothing and was promising a sword thrust. The anticipation of that sting was too much; it temporarily broke up the battle front of the invaders. But a few days later a professional

bee man performed the task with perfect skill and grace. The family thus had a never-failing source of amusement over father's midnight quest for honey, in which he heartily joined, saying that he had got the most honey out of the humor of the situation, and declaring that farming should not be too diversified.

In the spring of 1883 Mr. Williams was appointed a regent of the University of Wisconsin by Governor Jeremiah M. Rusk. During the entire six years of his regency he served upon the standing farm committee, and continuously advocated and urged the establishment of a short course in agriculture that would be adapted to the needs of the average farmer boy of limited time and means. In 1885 this farm committee, comprised of Hiram Smith, H. D. Hill, and Charles H. Williams, prepared and presented a special report on ways and means of conducting farmers' institutes.

Mr. Williams had no political ambitions, nor could he be influenced by purely party or political arguments. It was the right or justice of the thing in hand that gained his approval. However, any needed service to the community met his prompt and devoted response. Always at the caucus, a member of the district school board, the county board, the common council, he gave his best endeavor. In religion he was a Unitarian, in politics a Republican, for many years a devoted reader of the *New York Tribune*, and naturally a disciple of Horace Greeley, until Mr. Greeley joined the Democratic party in order to become president.

In Mr. Williams' later life, when declining years made retirement from the farm necessary, his active mind turned to the study of the great human problems and he devoted many years to the special study of the treatment of oppressed peoples, more especially the negroes. Upon these subjects he wrote, published, and circulated at his own

expense hundreds of brief articles, many of which found their way into the daily papers. This brought letters to him out of all parts of the United States, and some parts of Europe, from people sympathizing with or opposing his views; to these he always replied, writing himself, in longhand, up to within a year before his death. Walking with him on the street in Baraboo, I called his attention to a negro on the opposite side of the street, and said to him, "There, father, is a friend of yours," to which he replied, "My son, he is no more a friend of mine than of yours; I wish it understood that in all I have said and written upon the subject of the cruel and unjust treatment of the negroes, I am the friend of the oppressed man, the world over, no matter what his race or color, and I wish you to remember that."

Mr. Williams died at Baraboo on the seventeenth of October, 1908, within about two months of ninety years of age, perfectly clear of mind, and conscious of all going on about him. The funeral services were conducted by Joe Hooker Post, Grand Army of the Republic.

JOHN COUMBE, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER IN RICHLAND COUNTY

CAMILLE COUMBE

John Coumbe was born March 25, 1808, in Devonshire, England. A part of his boyhood days was spent in the city of London, where he received his education. Early in life he exhibited a love of adventure, which trait no doubt accounts for the fact that he later devoted his life to conquering the wilds of the territory of Wisconsin, and establishing there an estate, which he modeled after the estates of old England.

In 1828 his parents migrated to America, locating in Gambier, Ohio. From there the young man made frequent journeys by stagecoach and on foot to the unsettled portions of that state. The inborn characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race prompted him to push on into the unknown regions of the interior to continue "the course of empire." In the fall of 1836 he went to Galena, Illinois, where it was rumored great wealth lay in the lead mines. He worked there until the summer of 1838. Having heard of the rich lands north of Wisconsin River, he at last induced two of his young companions, John La Rue and Frank Hubbard, to accompany him through the pathless wilderness, that they might see for themselves this land of promise. When they reached Wisconsin River near the mouth of the Blue, they obtained an Indian canoe and crossed the swiftly running stream, landing near the place now occupied by the north end of the Blue River bridge.

The newcomers were charmed by the beauty of the country. They pushed through the forest to the northward and westward, and just as they climbed over the crest of the hill, where the old Coumbe homestead was later built and still stands, they discovered the tepees of a large Indian village spread out below them in a clearing that sloped down to the river. The smoke could be seen curling out of the tops of the tents, and the bones of animals used for food lay strewn over the ground. Scattered about the clearings were the Indian corn fields, composed of

hills of corn planted at irregular distances apart and without regard to rows. When the corn came through the ground the dirt was scratched or raked about it, making a hill. This, of course, was the work of the squaws. Year after year corn was planted in the same hills. These corn hills may still be seen about the farm in considerable numbers.

The three young adventurers were greatly surprised to find Indians present in such numbers, having supposed that they had been permanently removed to the west of the Mississippi River as a result of the Black Hawk War. In 1837 the Winnebago had ceded to the government all the lands east of the Mississippi, and had agreed to move west of the Father of Waters. The compact had not been carried out. Due to the fact that Richland and other adjacent counties afforded such choice hunting grounds, the natives were loath to leave their old haunts.

For centuries the Indian name of the place had been Tippesaukee, but the young men christened it Trip Knock. Having come with the intention of settling, they built a log cabin about two rods east of the stone bridge in the present village of Port Andrew. The braves, however, became so troublesome and arrogant that the young pathfinders, being in a hopeless minority, resolved to return to the "diggins."

For John Coumbe, however, the new country held a peculiar fascination. He was ever a lover of nature in her more beautiful aspects, and the broad clearings covered with blue grass, which sloped gently down to the banks of the silent and majestic river, formed a picture which was stamped indelibly upon his memory. Thus was the sturdy Englishman again lured to the village of Tippesaukee. He had a rare combination of faculties which made him a practical man as well as a dreamer. He began to speculate upon the possibilities of this new region in the future. Many trading posts had already been established along the river, and he knew the vast extent of the fur industry about the Great Lakes. The possibility of railroads was as remote as flying machines; consequently, he figured that the Wisconsin River with its deep channel, then a navigable stream almost to its source, would be the connecting link between the Great Lakes

JOHN COUMBE

HOUSE BUILT BY JOHN COUMBE, 1861-1862

and the Mississippi. This highway would be the artery draining the rich country of the interior.

In June, 1840, he set out alone from Galena, with two yoke of oxen, and a wagon loaded with household effects and farming implements, blazing a trail as he went. He arrived at the trading post of Muscoda, where he was confronted with the problem of getting his possessions across the river. He finally succeeded in inducing one team of oxen to swim across to a sand bar which extended for some distance into the river, and then the others followed with little difficulty. He constructed a raft on which were loaded all of his possessions. Mr. Coumbe then hired a man to float the raft down the river to the particular site he had chosen, while he drove the oxen across country. After cutting his way through the brush in many places, he arrived at Byrd's Creek. He encountered much difficulty in crossing the stream, because of the marshy condition of the banks. At last he reached the other side safely. The head team of oxen went up the bank with a great burst of speed and just missed a young sapling. The two teams were connected by a heavy log chain. The less fortunate cattle of the second team chose opposite sides of the tree, and were skidded well up the sapling, where they hung suspended a few feet in the air by the yoke, until Mr. Coumbe hurried to their assistance and chopped down the tree.

When he reached his destination, a point about one-half mile north of the village of Tippesaukee, he discovered a large patch of wild strawberries. He attached a bell to one of the oxen and turned them loose to feed upon the rich growth of blue grass, that sprang up wherever the Indians had cleared the timber by allowing the fire to run through it. Without further delay he picked a hat full of delicious berries, which he devoured with expedition, not having taken time to eat anything all that day. He then proceeded to the river, where he expected to join his companion with the raft, but the latter was nowhere to be seen. Feeling some consternation concerning the whereabouts of the rude float which contained all of his worldly possessions, Mr. Coumbe made his way to a clump of tall pine trees on a high part of the bank, climbed one of them, and obtained a view of the river for miles in each direction. He retraced his

steps up the river for a half-mile to another group of pines, which may still be seen rearing their stately heads to a dizzy height on the very brink of the stream they seem to guard. From the top of one of these trees he scanned the shore for miles, but could catch no glimpse of man or craft. All was quiet; nothing broke the tranquillity of the late summer afternoon, save the twitter of a bird in the trees, or the scamper of small game through the wilderness.

He decided that the man must have missed the landing and floated on down the river, in spite of the definite description given him. There seemed to be nothing to do but to go in search of him. So the worthy pioneer set out on foot down the river bank, nothing daunted by the fact that he had already traveled some fifteen miles that day over rough country. A few miles farther on he met the man just starting to walk back up the river. He had drifted by on the south side of the island, following what is known as Big Tiger, instead of keeping to the right as he had been instructed. Finally, realizing that he had missed the place, he came to the bank and tied up the raft at the mouth of Knapp's Creek. The prospect of spending the night alone in a region infested with Indians was not very comforting, and as he caught sight of John Coumbe coming to meet him he exclaimed, "My God, Coumbe, where am I?"

The problem now was to get the raft up the river to the desired landing place. The travelers slept that night at the improvised camp, and arose early next morning to find a brisk breeze blowing up stream. Fortune was beginning to smile upon them. With true frontiersman's sagacity, Mr. Coumbe prepared a rude sail out of blankets, and in a short time was carried up the stream to Tippesaukee as easily as if he had been traveling on one of the finest steamships of modern times.

The cabin which had been erected two years before was still intact, and the settler immediately took possession. One day after he had been out clearing, he returned in the evening to find his cabin a heap of smouldering ruins. The wily savages had visited the place and applied the torch in his absence. Without wasting time in useless repining, he went to work and built another cabin about a half-mile west of the first site. This was

also burned by the savages. Nothing daunted, the white man applied to the military for protection, and requested that the Indians be driven out of the country. The commandant sent a detachment of soldiers under the command of a lieutenant. Upon hearing that the Indians were encamped in force west, near Knapp's Creek, the officer lost his nerve and declared his intention to give up the expedition and return to the settlements. The soldiers were eager to make a forward movement, and when they found that their officer lacked courage, by unanimous acclaim they chose John Coumbe to lead them. From this incident resulted the name by which he was ever afterward known—Captain Coumbe.

The party advanced to the Indian village west of Tippesaukee, near Knapp's Creek. The young leader, acting as spokesman and addressing the Indians in their own language, told them that they would have to move on. By way of illustrating his meaning and securing immediate results, he leaned over and pulled up one of the tent pegs. At this an old Indian squaw flew out of the midst of the dark group of savages, and chattering in a wild jargon, came up to Captain Coumbe with a series of menacing gestures. He picked her up and flung her lightly to one side, where she remained at some distance from the rest of the party, a muttering heap of beads, blankets, and shawls. He then shouted, "Puck-a-chee," which in the language of the Winnebago means, "Get out." The Indians knew him to be absolutely fearless, and gradually gave way before the stern, determined man. As they retreated sullenly and silently through the forest, several of the braves came up to the captain, holding up all of the fingers of their two hands and glowering darkly in his face. This was a threat that they would kill him sometime within the next ten years.

The Indians have continued to return each year during the hunting season up to the present time, but in ever diminishing numbers. Mr. Coumbe always treated them with kindness and fairness, and many times on stormy nights his cabin floor was covered with the forms of sleeping savages. One night a party of twelve or more applied for shelter. He welcomed them, but soon discovered that a few of them were much the worse from

the effects of "fire water" which they had obtained from the traders at Muscoda. He remarked many times that he always got along pretty well with the Indians until they got some whisky, and then they were inclined to be very troublesome.

A brief description of the interior of Coumbe's cabin may be interesting. The walls, of course, were formed of the rough logs which made the framework. The entire house was put together almost wholly without the use of nails, for they were expensive and difficult to obtain. The floor was covered with uneven boards hewn out of the trunks of great trees, for there were no sawmills in those early days. Coumbe built a sort of rude counter across one end of the house, behind which he kept his supplies. At one end was an immense fireplace where logs eight feet long might be burned. There were some pegs driven into the wall to the left of the fireplace. It was here that the pioneer always placed his trusty gun when indoors. On the particular night of which we were speaking, one of the tallest bucks of the party approached the spot where the gun rested. He was twice told by the host not to touch it, but the half-drunken redskin continued to meddle with the flintlock. Quick as a flash the powerful white man sprang upon him, seized him by the hair with one hand and the breech clout with the other, and pitched him head first out into the darkness. The other braves recognized the justice of the action, and expressed their approval by loud shouts of laughter. Afterwards the settler said that if he had discriminated against any of the orderly members of the party, they would all have been upon him in a moment.

Sometime after the incident just related, Mr. Coumbe took his plowshare, or lay, to Muscoda to have it repaired. He crossed the river and took the Indian trail on the south side, which led through tall grass as high as his head. Just as he had covered about half the distance (five or six miles), there in the narrow path directly in front of him stood the very Indian whom he had thrown out of his lodging so unceremoniously but a short time before. He was an unusually large buck of powerful stature, and towered high above the head of the white man. He asked Mr. Coumbe for some tobacco, but the latter said curtly, "Got none!" and walked on without so much as turning around to see

what the Indian was doing, although he fully expected an arrow in his back the next minute. Such bravery could not but strike this savage with awe and admiration. He is reported as having remarked later to another settler: "Coumbe, heap much brave."

During the three years John Coumbe was living a lonely life in his solitary cabin on the site of Tippesaukee, he often made excursions into the wilds north of Wisconsin River. Before starting on these journeys, he always put all of his tools in the cabin and secured them by a strong hasp. This was necessary, for prowling Indians would carry away everything on which they could lay their hands. One day when he was returning from one of these exploring trips, and was within a half-mile of the cabin, he heard a noise below him on the edge of the trail near the river bank. Soon he could see an Indian hiding behind the trees. He called to the Indian to come out, but the savage continued to skulk under cover. At last, after repeatedly commanding him to come forward, Mr. Coumbe succeeded in getting him to show himself. The Indian presented the appearance of having rolled in an ash heap, and the pioneer's suspicions were aroused. He then asked the savage where he had been and what he was hiding under his blanket. The Indian answered, "Me good Injun. Smoke peace pipe." This Mr. Coumbe refused to do until the red man showed what he had under his blanket. The Indian tried all kinds of artful dodges to escape detection; but seeing that his questioner was deeply in earnest and was handling his gun in a threatening manner, he complied with the white man's request and drew forth several loaves of bread. He had climbed to the top of the chimney of the fireplace and had gained entrance through this sooty opening to the room below. Mr. Coumbe gave the Indian a severe lecture on the evil of his way, and then compelled him to return the bread to the cabin. It must be kept in mind that bread was precious to that lone pioneer, for his meal and flour had to be brought from Galena. The journey thither was a long and fatiguing one, which he aimed to take once each year when he hauled his flailed wheat to mill. This usually took place in winter, when the ice afforded a bridge upon which to cross the river. Sometimes, when he was unable to cross the river on the ice, he was obliged to carry his wheat to

mill in the summer. In order to cross the river it was necessary for him to take his wagon-load of grist up stream a mile by ox team. At this point the wagon was unloaded, taken to pieces, placed on two Indian canoes, and poled to the opposite bank. The return trip was then made and the wheat loaded onto the canoes, to be transported in like manner. Then the oxen were forced to swim across the river, where the wagon was again set up and the journey resumed along the blazed trail to Galena. The process was repeated in crossing the river upon his return.

By continuing his practice of always treating the Indian squarely, the young man managed to remain on his claim; he lived alone in his hut and worked constantly, clearing the land and preparing it for cultivation. It was not an enviable situation, to dwell miles from any other white men, alone in the midst of a wild country. Had he not been inspired by a purpose and possessed of indomitable courage and will power, he would soon have given up his project and returned to the comforts of civilization. It was three long years before other settlers followed him to the region. His brother Edward was among the first to come, and soon afterward two of his sisters, Lottie and Mary Coumbe, migrated to the new country. Lottie was later married to Captain Andrews, who operated a large boat on the river and founded the village of Port Andrew, which still bears his name. Mary became the wife of Judge J. T. Mills of Lancaster, a learned and eminent gentleman.

After the burning of his second cabin, Mr. Coumbe built a more pretentious log house not far from his last hut. After having lived in the new country alone for nine years, he was married, May 31, 1849, to Sarah Ann Palmer, daughter of Thomas Palmer, who was also a pioneer of Richland County. In this new house they began their wedded life.[1]

The Coumbe homestead is situated on the hilltop before alluded to, about one-half mile west of the village of Port Andrew.

[1] Seven children were born to them—three girls and four boys. The eldest son, Thomas, a talented young man, died at the early age of nineteen. The youngest child, Lottie, died in childhood. Sarah Sophia, commonly known as "Pet," died at her home in Blue River, Wisconsin. Will Coumbe lives at present in Kansas City, Missouri, where he is engaged in the real estate business. Robert Coumbe, of Blue River, is a banker. Warner Coumbe, a physician, lives at Richland Center. Mrs. Mary Powers, the only living daughter, now occupies the old homestead. She has in her possession many Indian relics and souvenirs of by-gone days.

The beautiful elevation on which it is built affords a splendid view of the Wisconsin River. It needs no stretch of the imagination to picture the noted pioneer sitting on the broad veranda and gazing out over the rippling water of the river studded with green islands, or watching the changing shades on the distant hills. These bluffs, which are often seen through a blue haze that seems to enhance their loveliness, complete the panoramic view. One cannot help thinking of Irving and his immortal pictures of the region along the Hudson, and wishing for some modern dreamer who could gaze into the vistas of former years and crystallize the stories of those brave pioneers.

John Coumbe was a man of high ideals, keen intellect, and nobility of character. He was always on the side of right, and championed the cause of the weak and the oppressed. Many a poor settler has Mr. Coumbe to thank for having rescued his claim from the hands of fraudulent land sharks. He raised his family in a remarkable way, considering the times, for he sent all of his seven children away to school and college. His tastes were those of a cultured English gentleman, and he brought into the home he founded in the new country many of the refinements of the most civilized parts of the world. Music and art found a liberal patron in him. It was a great day when the large, square rosewood piano, the first in the county, was brought into the parlor of the big white house on the hill, and all the neighbors from far and near came to view the wonder. He was always a hard-working man. In later years he rode a fine riding horse when overseeing the estate and his outlying farms.

This venerated pioneer died, at the age of seventy-four, in his home on the bank of the river he loved, having carved for himself a unique and highly honored place in the history of Richland County.

DOCUMENTS

THE SPEECH OF HONORABLE JOHN E. CASHMAN, SENATOR FROM THE FIRST DISTRICT, ON BILL NO. 108, S[1]

PROHIBITING THE USE OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEXTBOOKS CONTAINING PROPAGANDA FAVORABLE TO ANY FOREIGN GOVERNMENT

The history of a nation is its proudest asset. It includes the record of its great men, their ideals, sacrifices and achievements. To preserve that history in all its original purity and teach it to the rising generations is a nation's first duty.

To pollute that history, rewrite it from a foreign viewpoint, malign the nation's founders and defenders, assail their ideals and question their integrity, and teach that to the children in the schools, is treason to the nation; it poisons the wells where the children drink, destroys their patriotism and love of country.

No nation since time began has a grander or more sublime history than ours. The bravest and most liberty-loving people from out the mother land of Europe laid the foundations of this republic. The Dutch settled New Netherlands, now New York, the English settled many of the colonies, the Swedes settled Delaware, the Germans were numerous in Pennsylvania, the Irish in Maryland and in all the colonies, the French were the trail blazers of civilization.

But all these different peoples braved the long voyage of the Atlantic and the hazards of an unknown wilderness inhabited by wild men and wild animals, in order to escape civil and religious persecutions in the lands where lay the bones of their fathers for a thousand years, in order to be free.

We owe much to the countries whence they came. Back of the common law of England was the civil law of old Rome, adopted in continental countries. To Holland we are indebted for the written ballot, and for town and county representation

[1] Delivered March 1, 1923, in the Wisconsin State Senate.

in a legislature; our free public school system came from Prussia. But the spirit of liberty breathed into the Declaration of Independence was the American spirit, native to American soil and borrowed from no other place.

The broad Atlantic and months of voyage separated and shielded the American colonists from the king-ridden tyrannies they had left, and enabled them to breathe the atmosphere of freedom and stand up free men, willing to kiss the hand of no tyrant or bend the knee to no human power.

So when tyranny followed them here they resisted, not as Englishmen but as Americans, all standing together. The navigation laws enacted by parliament required the Americans to trade only with England and on English ships. The laws of trade and manufacture passed by parliament forbade the Americans to manufacture even the nail for a horseshoe without the consent of parliament. Taxation without representation, the treason act, deporting Americans for trial and imprisonment—all these and others constituted a procession of tyrannies which compelled the Americans to resist, for, be it remembered, they had come here to escape tyranny. They petitioned the king and parliament. The king refused to see the petition, and parliament would not permit it to be read within its walls. The Americans were looked down upon as an inferior class of people, and even the common people of England spoke of the Americans as "our subjects in the colonies."

Then came the War for American Independence, wherein our Revolutionary sires fought, suffered, and sacrificed, as never men fought and sacrificed since Leonidas and his three hundred Spartan heroes braced themselves in the Pass of Thermopylae to win or perish for the liberties of Greece.

And on July 4, 1776, George Washington and the patriot fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. To that proposition and to the new-risen republic they pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honor, and after eight years of the most heroic suffering and sacrifice on a hundred battle fields from Lexington and Bunker Hill to Valley Forge and Yorktown, they defeated the tyrant enemy of their country,

his Tory and Indian Allies, and brought into being this new nation. Then they wrote, and the states adopted, the supreme law of the land, the American constitution, the most sublime public document that ever came forth from the mind and the soul of man, establishing a system of government based upon the consent of the governed, with religious liberty protected, inherent rights guaranteed, to be written in indestructible letters into the pages of the nation's laws.

That priceless heritage of a free republic and a fundamental law erecting a government based upon the consent of the governed, the patriot fathers founded and transmitted to our keeping with the solemn warning of Washington to keep out of all entangling alliances with foreign powers. That policy of America and that warning of Washington's was the guiding star of the Republic for 140 years, down to the time of Woodrow Wilson. Adhering to that advice and following that policy of minding our own American business and letting Europe mind hers, our country prospered, became the splendor of nations, the home and heritage of the free. American children looked back through the century from the American schoolroom with pride to their country's founders. Patriotism was the natural product of every American school.

Then came the foreign propaganda, aided by the Carnegie treason, the Rhodes scholarships, the enemies within the gates. Then came the new dispensation, the disregard of the advice of Washington and the policy of America for 140 years, the foreign war, and foreign entanglements that tie us up with empires and imperialism.

The dream of Carnegie and Rhodes and Woodrow Wilson must be realized. Professors are subsidized, histories rewritten, and American inspiration poisoned at its source. The republic must be tied up with leagues to guarantee bankers' loans and victors' spoils. The will of the people is forgotten as soon as the votes are counted. The purpose is to undermine the Republic by reaching the future citizen in the schools.

Yesterday American history was written from the American viewpoint. Today so-called American history is written from the British viewpoint. Yesterday American history taught the

glory of the Republic and the pure ideal of its founders, today it maligns them. Yesterday you and I were taught the Revolutionary War was the outstanding struggle of all time for human freedom. Today the revised histories teach our children that the Revolutionary War was a mistake, a quarrel between the Whigs and Tories.

We were taught to look upon George Washington as a patriot soldier and unequaled statesman, the Father of his country. Our children are told in these histories that Washington was a sorehead, sore because he didn't get a job from the British government. In the old histories the minutemen were lauded as firing the shot that echoed around the world. In the new histories our children are taught that the minutemen were cowards and ran away at Lexington, leaving their dead behind. Yesterday we were taught that the men of the Second Continental Congress who formulated the Declaration of Independence and upon the ruins of despotism erected the structure of the Republic, were far-seeing statesmen. Our children are taught that the Second Continental Congress was composed of "narrow minded, office-seeking, office-trading plotters," and that only for them we might still be part of the glorious British Empire.

According to these treason texts the Declaration of Independence was falsehood and the Revolutionary War was a mistake and a farce.

In these treason texts there is no room for Nathan Hale, whose only regret on the British scaffold was that he had but one life to give to his country; no room for Anthony Wayne, who when he fell wounded, ordered his aides to carry him so that he might die at the head of the column; no room for General Francis Marion and the leaders who delivered the Carolinas from the British; no room for Betsy Ross and the birth of the American flag; no room for the words of the dying Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship"; no room for Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty.

Talk about teaching Americanization and deporting reds, while un-American professors head our colleges and write our histories. One of these treason texts can do more harm in ten months than a hundred shiploads of reds could do in ten years.

The security of this Republic does not depend alone upon great battleships and big armies. It depends upon the patriotism that lives in the hearts of the people, implanted there by the history of its great men, and the inspiring story of their noble deeds handed down untarnished to the generations of children as they appear upon the scene.

Rewrite and poison the history that goes into the children's hands and the nation goes down to dependence, serfdom, and death as surely as the sands of Egypt cover the buried glory of its people, as surely as the ruins of Rome are the mute monuments of its ancient greatness.

This priceless heritage of liberty did not come to you and me by accident. It was not the gracious gift of a king, parliament, or kin across the sea.

The barefoot soldiers with Washington in the awful winter at Valley Forge, the crimson footprints of the ragged heroes retreating across the frozen fields of New Jersey, the 2400 picked men crossing the Delaware with Washington amid the drifting ice and blinding sleet of that Christmas night—these are some of the price of the liberty that we enjoy.

The granite walls of Quebec where brave Montgomery fell, the bloody field of Camden where De Kalb died at the head of the Continental regulars, the plains of Savannah where Pulaski laid down his life at the head of his legion, the bloody decks of *Old Ironsides*, whose thunders shook the mighty deep, the shallow trench at New Orleans where Jackson and the Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen stood like a wall of iron defending their country—these are some of the events amid which the nation was born and preserved.

I say to you, Mr. President, if our country is to live, the wells of history must be kept pure for our children.

The taxpayers' money must no longer be used to teach treason and defame the nation's founders and defenders.

We love our schools and spend millions for their support, but we would rather see those schools perish and the grass grow where they stand than that they should become agencies of propaganda to undermine the Republic.

In the name of the patriot founders of this nation who gave us a country and freedom,

In the name of that love of country that is native in every American heart, and which should be transmitted to the coming generations, I ask you to drive these treason texts from the schools of Wisconsin.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

POPULAR CENSORSHIP OF HISTORY TEXTS

Wisconsin has now a unique law on the subject of school history texts. That law provides, section 1:

> No history or other textbook shall be adopted for use or be in any district school, city school, vocational school or high school which falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence or the War of 1812 or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and cause for which they struggled and sacrificed, or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government.

The method provided in other sections of the law for banishing textbooks which have been adopted but which are repugnant to the above provision is as follows: Upon complaint of any five citizens, filed with the state superintendent of public instruction, a hearing shall be arranged, to be held before the state superintendent or his deputy, in the county from which the complaint came. Previous notice must have been given through the press to the public and by mail to the complainants and to the publishers of the textbook complained of. A decision must be rendered within ten days. If the book shall be found obnoxious to the provisions of the law, that fact shall be noted by the state superintendent in the list of books for schools which he publishes annually. Thereafter the book so listed may be used only during the remainder of the year in which the state superintendent publishes it as proscribed. The penalty for retaining it beyond the time limit shall be the loss to the school or district concerned of the state aid normally falling to its share.

The passage of this bill in the senate with only one vote against it, created a good deal of surprise, which changed to admiration for the oratorical powers of its author and sponsor, Senator John Cashman of Manitowoc County,

when it was learned that his impassioned appeal to patriotism figuratively swept senators "off their feet."

History students can have no quarrel with the motive assigned by Senator Cashman for the passage of this law. He says: "The history of a nation is its proudest asset. It includes the record of its great men, their ideals, sacrifices, and achievements. To preserve that history in all its original purity and teach it to the rising generations is a nation's first duty." With every word in that stirring exordium the historically minded man or woman will cordially agree. Thoughtful persons, whether historians or not, will also sympathize with Senator Cashman when he undertakes to rebuke anything approaching levity in characterizing the fathers of the Republic or captiousness in criticizing their policies, motives, and achievements. Unfortunately, there always have been among writers some who display a certain air of "smartness" or superciliousness which hardly comports with the inherent dignity of the historian's office, or with the aim of doing equal and exact justice to all persons and to all causes discussed. Yet it will probably be no light task to convince an impartial umpire that writers of textbooks which have been adopted for use in the schools, after careful scrutiny by boards of education and other school officers responsible to the people, have been guilty of "treason to the nation," as Senator Cashman seems to think has often been the case.[1] The framers of the constitution, with wise prevision, limited the application of the word "treason" in such a way as to exclude that indefinite class of crimes known elsewhere under the name of *constructive treason*, which in England and other countries had provided a favorable soil for plotters of revenge against individuals and in times of high tension always yielded a sinister harvest of oppression and suffering. So they defined treason against the

[1] Speech of Senator Cashman, *ante*.

United States narrowly as consisting only in "levying war against them or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," and they also provided that conviction under a charge of treason could be secured only on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act or confession in open court.

This view of the fathers as relates to treason was of course lost sight of during the Civil War, when in the North it used to be fashionable for men to pillory as "fool" or "traitor" (with an emphatic expletive) anyone who had the temerity to vote the Democratic ticket; it was lost sight of in the recent war when men were called traitors because they refused to buy liberty bonds or because they declared the draft a violation of the rights of the individual; and it is likewise lost sight of when we condemn under the term treason opinions on history which we may regard as too favorable to our nation's one-time enemies, or too contemptuous of the characters or the acts of our own distinguished men of a past age. It would be strange if the impulses engendered by the war and the peace were not reflected more or less in editions of books prepared since 1917. It is probably true that some authors have overstressed the "hands across the sea" sentiment, while others perhaps lean unduly in an opposite direction. But that any of them have been guilty of treasonable acts or even intentions is what no one who knows the historical profession can believe without the most explicit proof.

But this question of treason aside, the problem still remains to determine what is the history of our country "in all its original purity." What shall be the test of purity inasmuch as, happily, there is no established list of authorized books or records from which writers must derive their facts? Are they not compelled either to investigate each point for themselves or to accept as probably correct the results of other men's investigations? To be sure, every

important event creates its own legend or tradition, and such legends tend to be preserved and to be handed down from generation to generation. But legends are not history. No one worthy to rank as a careful historian would presume to write the history of the Great War on the basis of legends now crystallizing about it. No more can one write the history of the Revolution on such a legendary basis. This view, that much which once was thought to be history but was in fact mere legend, is not in any sense new. James Russell Lowell, who ranks among the very distinguished Americans of the last generation, wrote, in 1864, that the early reports of the battle of Lexington claimed for the Yankee minute-men a non-resistant attitude.

> The Anglo Saxon could not fight without the law on his side. But later, when the battle became a matter of local pride, the muskets that had been fired at the Red coats under Pitcairn almost rivalled in number the pieces of furniture that came over in the Mayflower. Indeed, whoever has talked much with Revolutionary pensioners knows that those honored veterans were no less remarkable for imagination than for patriotism. It should seem that there is nothing on which so little reliance can be placed as facts, especially when related by one who saw them. It is no slight help to our charity to recollect that, in disputable matters, every man sees according to his prejudices, and is stone blind to whatever he did not expect or did not mean to see. Even where no personal bias can be suspected, contemporary and popular evidence is to be taken with great caution, so exceedingly careless are men as to exact truth, and such poor observers, for the most part of what goes on under their eyes.[2]

It is hardly necessary at this late day to insist that no writer is justified in building his narrative of events on unverified tradition. He must try to penetrate to the truth that lies behind the legend (which in some cases will differ very widely from the legend itself). It is no easy task at best to perform a successful piece of historical research, and the questions on which final agreements have been reached are not numerous. Accordingly, if the law should be so construed as to enforce banishment from the schools of any book which can be proved incorrect

[2] Essay on *The Rebellion.*

in some of its alleged facts without regard to their importance, no textbooks will be left in the schools, for none are impeccable. True, the Cashman law would condemn only for falsifying the history of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, leaving four other foreign wars in which our country has engaged, and the great Civil War, to be treated without other restraint than that contained in the last clause of section 1, denouncing propaganda in favor of any foreign government. But under that sole provision it might still prove embarrassing for a writer to tell the truth about the Mexican War and possibly the others also, for the term propaganda—as the whole world has learned lately—is a most elastic one. Presumably, the propaganda test applies as well to other phases of history as to the military phases, wherefore an author of a textbook is apt, under a strict construction of this law, to be haled into court on the charge of propaganda if he should consider it his duty to say a single thing in commendation of any other nation. For, will there not always be found, in any school district, five citizens whose views collide with those of the author; and if so, what is to prevent a case being called? Surely a word in favor of France would be resented by some; a word in favor of Great Britain would be resented by others; a word in favor of Germany would offend still others; and so on through the list. In the present mournful state of general unrest and want of confidence among nations, an author would tread unsafely on any ground outside the "three-mile limit."

It does not follow from the fact that under the law it is easy to bring cases, that convictions would be equally easy. Presumably the state superintendent has had knowledge of all books now in use in the schools and, in effect if not in form, has approved them. This he would not have done had he considered any of them purveyors of treason or excessively faulty in statement. Moreover, as judge in

cases that may arise under this law, the superintendent will be bound to take judicial notice of some things. For example, it is common knowledge that no history text is perfect either on its factual side, in its literary qualities, or in the author's perspective of events; that few writers display at all times perfect taste, and none perfect judgment, in their criticisms of men and their comments on historical actions and movements; that a given textbook may be valuable, despite minor defects in all of the above points, by reason of its superior arrangement, its psychological adaptation to children's needs, and the success with which it communicates to them the main features and the spirit of American history. He will also be obliged to rule that the truth is not malicious propaganda and he is bound to maintain an author's right to liberty of research.

It goes without saying that if a book is palpably and grossly inaccurate; if it gives the child a wholly erroneous view of history; if it is crassly censorious of America's great men; if it is written in a spirit tending to destroy American ideals; if it tends to make boys and girls ashamed of American character and achievements, not in exceptional instances here and there, but generally; then there would hardly be a question about the duty of getting rid of it with all convenient promptness. But would it not be strange if, with the superintendent and other educational experts on guard, such a book had got itself adopted? On general principles one would expect that only in the rarest cases would this law come into operation; for it ought not to be easy for a thoroughly unworthy book to elude the critical eyes of publishers, editors, school superintendents, teachers, and school boards, to be finally detected and exposed by some school patron or other private citizen. No doubt such cases are possible, but one could hardly conceive them to be of common occurrence. Misgivings are aroused, therefore, by the report that at the

legislative hearing Senator Cashman denounced, by name, five well known and widely used textbooks.

If the Senator's historical views, as published in the *Senate Journal* under date of March 1, 1923, are intended to be made the platform in a campaign to purify the history teaching of our schools, the upshot may prove widely different from what is now anticipated; for among those views, the derivation of which is not indicated, are some which it would be difficult to find expressed in any existing textbook. For example, Senator Cashman holds that our country is indebted to Holland "for town and county representation in a legislature." Americans have long been taught that, in the picturesque phrase of John Fiske, "self-government *broke out* in Virginia" in 1619 by reason of the fact that these people were English. We are aware of no investigations which have brought forth evidence compelling the abandonment of that view, though some very extravagant claims have been made for the Dutch influence upon both colonial politics and colonial education. He also holds that "our free public school system came from Prussia." If by this were meant merely that Prussian influence has been felt in the creation of a system of state supervision of education, and in the strengthening of a school system already in existence, we would gladly concur. But the statement is too sweeping to admit of such an interpretation. Wisconsin Germans ought to be very glad to assign to New England colonies and states the chief influence in giving us the public school system because, in the present state of research, that appears to be where the credit belongs. To all that the Senator says about the selection of immigrants for America, the development in the colonies themselves of a new and vivid love of liberty which found expression in the Declaration of Independence, the stupid tyranny of George III, and the heroic sufferings and achievements of patriots in the Revolution, we utter a

hearty Amen; realizing, of course, that his statement is necessarily a crowded summary, cast in oratorical mould, and not designed as a complete exposition of his views. But, in thus concurring we do not yield up our sympathy with the aphorism of Edmund Burke, that in their reaction to tyranny the colonists "are descendants of Englishmen."

The same reservations might be made with reference to Senator Cashman's statement on the constitution. And yet a fair interpretation of what he says on that subject compels us to class him with those extreme worshipers of that document who, like the authors of the New York teachers' test oath, would maintain the constitution, unchanged, at any cost. Speaking of the fathers and their work, he says: "Then they wrote and the states adopted the supreme law of the land, the American constitution, the most sublime public document that ever came forth from the mind and soul of man, establishing a system of government based upon the consent of the governed, with religious liberty protected, inherent rights guaranteed, *to be written in indestructible letters into the pages of the nation's laws.*" [Editor's italics.] It is a well known view of the present progressives, as it was of the framers themselves, that, great as was the original constitution, it was still far from being perfect. Also, most progressives now accept in principle the conclusions of Charles A. Beard, the historian whose recent investigations on this point are now well known, that the constitution represents a partial reaction from the democracy of the Revolution, and was designed in part to set limitations upon the popular will. While venerating the constitution, progressives in the main believe that such restrictions as the legislative election of senators, the appointment and life tenure of judges (some would include the mode of electing the president), were intentionally anti-democratic, and that these and other defects which time has revealed ought to

be subject to modification whenever the people desire the changes. The mode of amendment having been designed to make changes difficult, or impossible (though in recent years several changes have been adopted), leading progressives have long held that that fundamental article ought to be amended first in order to facilitate other changes. This was Justice John B. Winslow's opinion, put forth in 1912; it was the burden of an important plank in the La Follette national platform the same year; that doctrine was preached, at least in spirit, by the late President Roosevelt. In short, it is a progressive principle that the constitution must cease to be a fetish—a dead hand upon the present and the future—and must be adjusted, from time to time, to existing social, economic, and political conditions. The document represents, for the time, a mighty triumph of constructive statesmanship, so progressive leaders believe, and it should not be changed "for light or transient causes," much less revolutionized, but "it was designed for a rural or semi-rural state." The men who made it "however able could not anticipate or solve the new problems of life and government which have come upon us in the last half century."[3]

To follow Senator Cashman's outline of American history into the recent period to the all-engrossing event of the World War and America's participation therein would be fruitless. Not one of us can conscientiously claim to be an impartial investigator with respect to things which have wrenched our souls. We cannot abdicate our own personalities. In treating the war, all that any historian at present could hope to do would be to state his views with becoming restraint and concede that those views may ultimately prove to be quite wrong. A censorship law of fifty years hence (if our people shall then still adhere to the censorship idea) would be sure to condemn the

[3] John B. Winslow, quoted in *La Follette's Magazine*, vol. iv, no. 20, p. 6.

teaching of what some of us now piously believe with reference to this feature of history; just as a censorship law of today, if it included in its scope the Civil War, would condemn the teaching of some things which nearly one-half the voters of Wisconsin sincerely believed in 1864. "Time is the great sifter and winnower of truth," and we must consent to leave these matters to the investigators of our grandchildren's generation. Yet the gravest danger to be feared from the law we are now discussing lies in the psychological probability that every second man's opinion of a given history will be based not on what the author says about the Revolution, or the Constitution, or the War of 1812, but on what he says about the recent war and the League of Nations. In other words, the reader who is prejudiced against an author on account of his last chapter, which is almost sure to be unsatisfactory to many, will find the first, the middle, and all other chapters reeking with faults, and this even while personally he may be unconscious of having imbibed a prejudice at all.

There is a possibility that, as an engine for expelling books now used, the law will become a dead letter, first, because it may prove unexpectedly difficult for a dissatisfied citizen to persuade four others to act with him in making complaint, which however is not probable; second, because of the clamor of those in the district who are not keen for or against the book, but who realize that if it is thrown out all old copies will be worthless and they will have to pay for new books at the opening of the next school year; third, because the first cases brought may go against the complainants and discourage others from multiplying complaints. But, the popular psychology being what it is, there is an equal chance that the law may foster a widespread disposition to attack history books, geography books, civics books, and even readers; that it may keep educational matters in a state of turmoil, engendering much social

bitterness due to the clashing of parties and interests over questions raised in the school-book fights. In such controversies teachers would be the first to suffer, because their opinions would be called for at once, which would place them between two fires; and no surer way could be found to degrade the social influence of our schools than by keeping the teachers in a state of perpetual anxiety.

We have reason to think that Senator Cashman, an acknowledged friend and promoter of education, would deeply deplore such a result. If he had anticipated anything of the kind, doubtless he would have refrained from offering his bill. But laws, like children, when they get out of hand, have a way of surprising their progenitors. However, we have the law and must use it to the best ends.

If every one in position of leadership or authority in relation to it—and among those are members of this Society —shall feel a responsibility for guiding discussion into proper channels; if debate on school-book questions shall be kept not merely free but also parliamentary in form and spirit; if we all insist that differences of view must be treated tolerantly; if we can secure from the public toward the arguments and facts in these cases a measure of that openness of mind which characterizes the American juror sworn to try a case fairly on the evidence, it may be possible to mitigate or prevent the evils apprehended.

And if, without discouraging research, the law shall merely enforce through future adoptions the idea that good taste is as obligatory upon the textbook maker as good manners are upon the private individual, one point will have been gained. We trust this may not be won at the expense of a disposition to whittle down the truth to fit a supposed demand, or that it will result in substituting books written by dishonest or spineless persons for those written by men and women of real character and scholarship.

In the midst of the late war the school supervisors of

a western state discovered what they believed to be propaganda favorable to one of America's enemies, and demanded the expulsion of the book from the schools. The superintendent, being a wise and thoughtful man, prepared and printed a page of corrective criticism, which all teachers were asked to paste in the accused book and to teach to the children with the regular text. By that simple device he saved the people of the state many thousands of dollars which would have been paid for an inferior text, if the book had been expelled. If the law shall permit such a handling of the borderline cases, does it not seem that in a time when we are at peace with all nations, we could act with equal calmness, equal justice to authors or publishers, and equal regard for the interests of the people who have to buy school books?

JOSEPH SCHAFER

COMMUNICATIONS

A CORRECTION

The writer would like to call your attention to a statement made at the bottom of page 255 in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for March, 1923, which reads as follows: "But the war record of these Germans, Scandinavians, and other foreigners? In the Civil War 'a Wisconsin regiment was worth a battalion' went the saying in the tents of the generals."

It is hardly flattering to the soldiers of the Civil War to say that it took a regiment of twelve hundred men to equal in fighting ability a battalion of approximately three hundred.

JOHN G. GRAHAM, *Tomah*

The author of the article in question used the term battalion in a general sense, such as is employed by the French *Marseillaise* when urging the formation of battalions. It would have been more exact, from the standpoint of American military language, had he said (as was intended) "a Wisconsin regiment was worth a brigade."

ERRATUM

Our attention has been called by an attentive reader to the misplacement of Bloomfield on page 362 of our March issue. Bloom Prairie church was located in the southeastern part of Walworth County, not in Waukesha County as we inadvertently stated.

THE SOCIETY AND THE STATE

During the three months' period ending April 10, 1923, there were twenty-two additions to the membership roll of the State Historical Society. Two of these enrolled as life members: William F. Funk, of La Crosse; and William H. Pugh, of Racine.

Eighteen persons became annual members, as follows: William H. Armstrong, Racine; Gilbert J. Davelaar, Milwaukee; David H. Flett, Racine; Zona M. Gale, Portage; Carl M. Grimstad, Mount Horeb; Benjamin H. Hibbard, Madison; F. E. Jaastad, Eau Claire; Alvin P. Kletzsch, Milwaukee; Mrs. H. A. Main, Fort Atkinson; Graeme O'Geran, Madison; Merton P. Peavey, Darlington; James L. Sellers, Madison; William B. Shaw, New York City; Lester B. Shippee, Minneapolis, Minn.; John C. Van Dyke, Milwaukee; Frank V. Van Ells, Milwaukee; C. H. Winkenwerder, Milwaukee; Edgar L. Wood, Milwaukee.

Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, enrolled as an institutional member; Concordia College, Milwaukee, became a Wisconsin school member.

The present number of this magazine completes the sixth year of its publication, and the first under the present editorship. Our readers continue to evince their interest in the varied fare we are placing before them. Our aim is not only to interest our readers, but also to recover for our state's records submerged or forgotten episodes and personalities, to present the history of social movements, and incidentally to furnish information concerning all the forces that are working for the conservation of our past.

A brief talk on "Garret Gleanings," urging the search for historical treasures, was prepared by our Superintendent, and broadcasted from the University radio station on the evening of February 27.

The Wisconsin Heights battle field, where the fleeing Indians under Black Hawk were overtaken by the American troops on July 21, 1832, will be marked by the John Bell (Madison) Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in coöperation with our Society and the Wisconsin Archeological Society. Readers of this magazine will find a description of this battle field in volume iv, page 55–60 (September, 1920). The monument will be placed by the roadside on the Mazomanie road, Dane County. At the time of the unveiling, on the afternoon of Labor Day, September 3, a field meeting will be held to which all of our members are invited.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

St. James Episcopal Church of Manitowoc is the oldest of that denomination in that part of the state. Manitowoc River was visited

in 1842 by the Reverend Richard Cadle, Indian missionary at Green Bay. Six years later a church was organized, which in April celebrated its diamond jubilee. The first pastor was the Reverend Gustavus Unionius, a Swedish graduate of Nashotah Seminary.

Rosendale Congregational Church of Fond du Lac County observed in May its seventy-fifth anniversary. This church possesses an unbroken series of records for its entire existence.

St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Racine held a sixtieth anniversary session February 19. This is one of the largest parishes in the Northwest.

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Wausau observed its sixtieth birthday on April 8-11, with music and social ceremonies.

In February last, the Methodist church of Reedsburg celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding.

LANDMARKS

The Landmarks Committee of the Society held an important meeting at the capitol, Madison, February 28, 1923. At this meeting the work of the committee was apportioned among the members, each committee member, except the chairman, H. E. Cole, being made head of a subcommittee on a particular line of landmarking activity, with authority to request assistance of others. The subcommittee heads, and their departments, are as follows: David Atwood, Indian landmarks; O. D. Brandenburg, educational institutions; A. H. Long, religious institutions; John G. D. Mack, industrial institutions; William A. Titus, taverns, courthouses, and other public institutions; Mrs. E. H. Van Ostrand, roads, trails, ferries, bridges.

Chairman Cole has general oversight of all committee work, and was authorized to arrange, if possible, for a field meeting on Labor Day.

The La Crosse chapter of the D. A. R. is planning a memorial for its founder and first regent, Mrs. Angus Cameron, wife of the United State senator from our state. This memorial will be placed in the new Wisconsin room of the Continental Hall at Washington.

Brown County Bar Association has decided to honor some of the pioneers of its profession at Green Bay, by erecting memorial tablets on the sites of their first residences. Henry S. Baird, first practicing lawyer west of Lake Michigan, and Timothy O. Howe, United States senator 1861-79 and member of the cabinet 1882-83, are among those to be so honored. A history of the bar of Brown County is being prepared under the auspices of the same association.

Beloit Historical Society plans a memorial for Alfred A. Ayer, charter member, and later president of the society.

The University of Wisconsin is arranging for a memorial service at commencement in honor of the late Bishop Samuel Fallows, an alumnus of 1859, a regent of 1866-74, and state superintendent of public instruction for Wisconsin 1870-74. In the latter capacity he obtained the first legislation leading to the University's accredited system with

the local high schools and academies. His ideal was a unified system of state education.

Early in January a memorial medallion of the late Dr. Charles McCarthy, of the Legislative Reference Library, was unveiled in the state capitol. The legislature of 1921 made provision for this memorial, which was executed by Merton Grenhagen, an Oshkosh artist, personal friend of Dr. McCarthy.

May, 1923, marks the hundredth anniversary of the advent of the first steamboat on the waters of the upper Mississippi. The first craft larger than an Indian canoe to navigate the Father of Waters was a small sailboat with lateen sails, called a felucca. This was employed in 1700 by Pierre le Sueur, who ascended from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Minnesota River in search of mines. The appearance of this sailing vessel caused great surprise among the Indians. One hundred and twenty-three years later, the natives were still more surprised by the appearance of the steamboat called the *Virginia*, which after some difficulty in passing the rapids at Rock Island, mounted to the newly-built Fort Snelling just below the present city of Saint Paul. The *Virginia* carried supplies and passengers for the garrison at this frontier post.

The city of Racine plans to celebrate in August the seventy-fifth anniversary of its incorporation, together with the entrance the same year of Wisconsin into the federal union.

The movement for state parks continues to occupy the attention of the lovers of Wisconsin's landscape and history. Four miles north of Beloit, on the west bank of Rock River, stands Big Hill, a favorite resort for Beloit College students and the site of many Indian mounds. This site was included in the legislative bill of 1921 with the Northern Lakes Park. Since it was not secured by legislative action, private enterprise is attempting to purchase Big Hill as well as the Northern Lakes site for the state.

The Wausau Kiwanis Club has purchased Rib Mountain in Marathon County, the highest point in our state, and has presented it to the Conservation Commission for a state park.

The activities of the local historical societies contribute largely to the growth of historical interest in the state. Among these, Winnebago County is exceedingly active. Stevens Point in February perfected an organization for a local historical society. At Appleton the Outagamie County Pioneer Association had a well-attended meeting on Washington's Birthday. The Milwaukee Old Settlers' Society met on the same day.

The Vineland Historical Magazine began in its issue for last October the publication of the diary of Dr. Henry W. Cansdell, formerly of

Whitewater. Dr. Cansdell in 1862 was physician in charge of Camp Utley at Racine, and his journal of that period is of great interest to Wisconsin readers.

In the March issue of this magazine Senator W. A. Titus, in his article on the town of Empire, Fond du Lac County, mentioned its earliest settler, Gustave de Neveu. Recent examination into the records of the courthouse of that county has disclosed the naturalization papers of this worthy pioneer. His eagerness to become an American citizen is evidenced by the fact that his first papers were dated July 29, 1836; his naturalization was completed June 5, 1844.

Comrade John Hill, of Eau Claire, the last of the custodians of the famous war eagle "Old Abe," died during the past winter. At Hayward, March 5, a public funeral was held for H. B. Shue, corporal of the guard that was stationed to watch the body of Lincoln, while it lay in state at Washington after he was killed.

A recent visitor to the Historical Library was Mrs. Walter Brennan, of Lancaster, who came in search of records of her forebears the Reverend Samuel Mitchell, one of the earliest Methodist itinerants in southwestern Wisconsin, and his sons James, John T., and Frank F., all like their father in the Methodist ministry. Mrs. Brennan presented to the Society such accounts of the early life of the Mitchells as she possesses.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters held at Beloit College, April 6 and 7, its annual session. Several of the papers presented were of interest to historical and archeological students. Professor G. L. Collie, of Beloit, described the Indian mound groups of the vicinity; Charles E. Brown showed Indian pictographs from a cave in Richland County; Dr. N. P. Jipson, of Chicago, the chief authority on the Winnebago, spoke of their Rock River chiefs and villages; followed by a paper on the removal of the tribe in 1833, by Louise P. Kellogg. Mrs. S. T. E. Tyler, of the State University, showed the value of Amerind designs for application to decorative art. H. M. Skavlem, of Janesville, gave a demonstration of the manufacture of Indian artifacts. H. E. Cole, of Baraboo, entertained the Academy with stories of stagecoaching days and the legends of early taverns. E. A. Richardson and Royal B. Way, of the Beloit College faculty, both presented papers of historical interest. These will be published in the Academy *Transactions*.

MUSEUM NOTES

The State Historical Museum has on display three new special exhibits. One of these consists of specimens of dried fish and other sea foods of the Japanese, and was sent from Tokyo by Forest C. Middleton, a former resident of Madison. Some of the small fish are neatly tied together in bunches or impaled on small bamboo sticks.

Some of the smallest, less than an inch in length, Mr. Middleton explains, are boiled in soup; others are pulled apart with the fingers and eaten raw. A squid, or devil fish, is prepared by being warmed on top of a hot stove. It somewhat resembles chewing gum.

Another exhibit illustrates children's scrap picture-books, the specimens which are being shown dating from 1860 to 1890. They bring back pleasant childhood recollections to many adult visitors to the Museum. A third exhibit consists of a collection of pocket and other small and curious atlases.

Near the south end of the corridor of the Museum a second case of World War flags has just been placed on exhibition. In this attractive exhibit are the colors of the 127th, 340th, and 341st Infantry regiments, and of the 120th Field Artillery. There are also the red guidons of Batteries D and E of the 121st Field Artillery, and a guidon of Troop F of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, which was presented to it in 1917 by the city council of Lake Geneva. This troop was afterward transformed at Camp McArthur, Texas, into Battery F of the 120th Field Artillery. At the top of the case hangs a dark blue chaplain's flag bearing a white cross; this was used by Chaplain William F. Hood throughout service of his regiment in the United States and France. On the floor of the case is the flag of the Third Infantry, Wisconsin National Guard, carried by the regiment in Mexican border service, and until mustered into service for the World War, on March 26, 1917. Colonel John Turner of Mauston was its commanding officer.

The spring plowing and cultivation of many farms in Wisconsin and the breaking up of new pieces of land, especially in the vicinity of ponds, lakes, and watercourses, are certain to bring to light numerous Indian clay, horn, bone, antler, stone, and metal implements and ornaments. The State Historical Society asks all citizens who find such specimens to present them to the State Historical Museum at Madison, where they may be exhibited for the benefit of its numerous visitors and made available to students of Wisconsin Indian history. It is important that the state should possess large collections of such specimens from every county, for purposes of present and future historical research and study. Fragments of broken earthenware vessels should be carefully gathered up. Broken and unfinished specimens of stone implements are as desirable for study purposes as are perfect and finished specimens. The presence on the surface of the soil of numerous flint chips and fragments, of cracked and burned stones, broken pottery, animal bones, and other debris often marks the location of a former Indian camp or village site. Collections of such specimens should be made and presented to the Museum. In past years hundreds of generous friends have aided the educational work of the Museum by making donations of such specimens, and it is hoped that many others may do so. Every citizen of the state should be proud to thus help in an important public work. Students of Wisconsin Indian remains may at all times address the Museum for information or assistance.

For the use of students who will attend this year's summer session of the University of Wisconsin the State Historical Museum is publishing two small but interesting leaflets, entitled "Wisconsin Indian Tribes" and "Flower Games of American Children." They are being printed by the University. Last year a similar leaflet, "Paul Bunyan Tales," was issued, and in previous years others entitled "Indian Folk Lore," "Little Walks About Madison," "Lake Wingra Mounds," and "Lake Mendota Historical Excursion," have appeared. The demand for these leaflets from school teachers and libraries has extended far beyond the borders of Wisconsin.

The Wisconsin Archeological Society is about to issue a report on the Indian history, trails, village sites, and earthworks of Waukesha County, prepared by Secretary Charles E. Brown. Part I of this report, which treats of the eight northern townships of the county—Oconomowoc, Merton, Lisbon, Menomonee, Summit, Delafield, and Brookfield—is now ready for distribution. It is illustrated with a map and a number of plates and text figures. Part II, describing the Indian remains in the eight southern townships, is in preparation and will soon appear. These reports will be of special interest to students of Wisconsin archeological history.

Archeologically Waukesha County is one of the richest of southern Wisconsin counties. There Dr. Increase A. Lapham from 1837 to 1850 did some of his best antiquarian research work. The Wisconsin Archeological Society began its researches in this county in 1901, and these have continued to date.

The Winnebago County Archeological and Historical Society is preparing for a state field assembly of Wisconsin archeological and historical societies to be held at Oshkosh on June 8 and 9. The program of the two-day meeting will consist of automobile pilgrimages to places of historical and archeological interest located along the Lake Winnebago shore, between Oshkosh and Neenah-Menasha, and to the westward on the shores of Lake Butte des Morts. Prominent speakers from various cities in the state will deliver addresses. In past years similar state field meetings have been held at Waukesha, Beloit, Menasha, Baraboo, Manitowoc, Two Rivers, Prairie du Chien, Madison, and Aztalan.

The central section of the American Anthropological Association held its second annual session in March at the Milwaukee Museum. Its object is "to advance the study of ethnology, archeology, and all other branches of anthropology in the Middle West, where the field for research is about limitless."

We regret to announce the recent deaths of Professor A. S. Flint, of Madison, and Thomas Bardon, of Ashland, both charter members of the Wisconsin Archeological Society and life members of the State Historical Society.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Mrs. William F. Allen ("A Polish Pioneer's Story") came to Madison in 1868 as the wife of a highly esteemed professor in the State University.

Superintendent Joseph Schafer ("The Yankee and the Teuton in Wisconsin") devotes this third article of the series to the social traits of the Yankee pioneers.

Hosea W. Rood ("The Grand Army of the Republic") is state patriotic instructor for the G. A. R., as well as custodian of headquarters at the capitol. In this article he concludes his contribution on this patriotic society.

Louise P. Kellogg ("An Historic Collection of War Portraits"), senior research associate of our Society, has given much attention to the history of art. She has recently completed a course of twelve talks on American art for the Madison Y. W. C. A.

Lucien S. Hanks ("A Footnote to *The Story of a Great Court*") was connected for many years with the State Bank at Madison. He has been since 1900 treasurer of our Society.

Samuel M. Williams ("Charles Henry Williams") of Milwaukee, who gave us a pen picture of his grandfather in the March magazine, adds thereto a sketch of his father, a well-known Wisconsin pioneer.

Camille Coumbe ("John Coumbe, the First White Settler in Richland County") is a granddaughter of the pioneer whose history she has sketched. She makes her home at Richland Center.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Boone Family. A Genealogical History of the Descendants of George and Mary Boone Who Came to America in 1717. Compiled by Hazel Atterbury Spraker (Rutland, Vt., 1922).

This large and handsomely bound book of nearly seven hundred pages is a valuable record of a family which has played a notable part in the history of America, especially of the trans-Allegheny West. While it is now conceded that Daniel Boone was not the first white man to explore Kentucky, it is well authenticated that he represents the type of borderers or frontiersmen who won the West for the new republic by their daring in exploration and their courage in defense of the settlements pushed far beyond the frontier of the first thirteen colonies. Boone was by no means a solitary figure; but upon all his adventures he was accompanied and aided by brothers, sons, sons-in-law, and nephews. Thus a Boone family history is for the most part a history of migrations and of restless pioneering. As its author well says: "In a family so imbued with the spirit of migration and adventure as this one, it is not surprising to find that much data has been lost or never recorded. . . . When, however, young people married and moved West with all their worldly goods on a few pack-horses, it is not strange that they failed to burden themselves with the old family records, and even failed to remember the family traditions, so filled were their later years with arduous labor in a new frontier country. I think we may well be all the prouder of them for this, and thankfully record what little they have left us."

This task Mrs. Spraker, herself a descendant of one of Daniel Boone's brothers, has undertaken and carried out with a thoroughness and carefulness that prove her work to have been a labor of love. She found the greatest possible aid for her work in the Draper manuscript collections of our Society; for Draper, our first secretary, planned to write a biography of Daniel Boone, and in his comprehensive way made a large collection of family and genealogical material. Mrs. Spraker gives ample acknowledgment of this source for her book, and publishes several facsimiles obtained through the courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Among these is a genealogical chart prepared by James Boone of Pennsylvania, which gives invaluable information, otherwise unattainable, of the English antecedents of the Boone family, and of the first emigrants to the early home near Philadelphia.

The volume also includes a careful biographical sketch of Daniel Boone by Jesse Procter Crump, one of his descendants, together with sketches of allied and cognate families.

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